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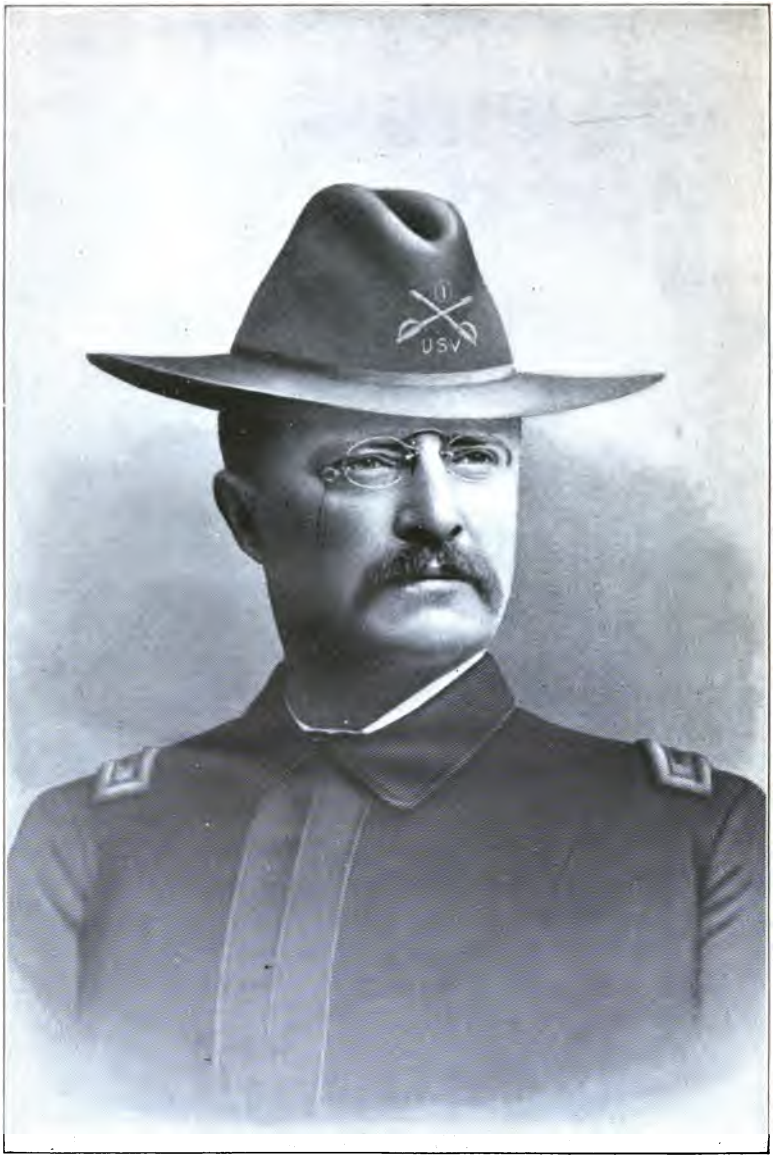

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Orations—Volume twenty-four

ORATIONS

FROM HOMER TO WILLIAM McKINLEY

EDITED BY

MAYO W. HAZELTINE, A.M.

ILLUSTRATED

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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ORATIONS

GAMBETTA

LÉON GAMBETTA was born at Cahors in the south of France, in 1838. He was undoubtedly of Jewish descent, but, as the termination of his name implies, his forefathers had sojourned for a considerable period in Italy. After obtaining a baccalaureate degree, he qualified for the bar and practiced his profession in Paris for some ten years preceding 1869, when he entered the Corps Legislatif as an advanced Republican, and became a conspicuous member of the Extreme Left during Emile Ollivier's brief and stormy administration. When the Second Empire was overthrown on September 4, 1870, and France was proclaimed a republic, Gambetta was appointed a member of the Committee of National Defence. In that capacity, after the German armies had begun the siege of Paris, he escaped in a balloon and, from Tours as a centre, undertook to organize the means of national defence in the country south of the Loire. By dint of extraordinary energy, he succeeded in placing two armies in the field, but, after some temporary successes, they were beaten. After the capitulation of Paris, he renounced his executive office, but was returned to the National Assembly which convened at Bordeaux and subsequently removed to Versailles. When the Government, established by the Constitution of 1875, went into operation in the following year, he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies and the leader of the party opposed to the Reactionists. It was mainly he who, at the time of the *coup d'état* arranged by the Duke de Broglie and M. de Fourtou, aroused not only Paris but the provinces to vehement resistance, and, at the succeeding general election, managed to obtain a decisive majority. It was he who compelled MacMahon to resign and brought about the elevation of M. Grévy to the Presidency of the Republic. In 1879, Gambetta was chosen President of the Chamber of Deputies, and in November, 1881, became head of the Ministry known as the "Grand Ministère." He held office only about three months, however, and died prematurely in December, 1882.

FRANCE AFTER THE GERMAN CONQUEST

SPEECH DELIVERED AT BORDEAUX, JUNE 26, 1871

GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—I did not desire to set foot in France again, after the labors you know of, or to take part in the responsibilities and work of the Republican party, without stopping in Bordeaux. Apropos of the grave situation in

which we find our country, I wish to tell you, without mental reservation, as I am not the candidate of this department, all that I hope, all that I desire to accomplish. [Cheers.]

Do not applaud, gentlemen! The hour is much too solemn for anything more than the exchange of esteem and reciprocal confidences. The actual situation in France, when closely examined, and when in such examination one is animated by a passion for justice and truth—that is to say, when, by the rules of reason, one guards against the illusions of the heart—is such as to inspire a profound sadness; but it invites us to the manliest measures and forbids any discouragement. Let us study it, and we will arrive at this conclusion—that the Republican party, if it desire, it can; and if it know how, it will regenerate this country and erect a government of liberty out of this abyss of surprises, reactions, and failures. This is the demonstration which it is necessary to make to-day in the face of our competitors of the monarchical parties not only to achieve the triumph of the principles to which we are attached, but, repeating it, we must not cease striving to give France her salvation.

At this hour what do we see in our country? We see men who had always slandered democracy, who hated it; who ignorantly or for gain, exploiting the credulity of others, had systematically misrepresented its methods—we see such men attributing all the excesses of the last few months to the Republic, to which they never should have been charged; and I find an analogy full of instruction between the condition of affairs in May, 1870, and the present hour. In 1870 France was put to the question—who then knew how and by whom it was done? But it

is not the less true she was invested with the right to pronounce on her destinies. Through the agency of complicated fears, excited by a suborned press, aiding the basest interests, the interests of dynasties and of parasites, France was taken unawares, and her vote was at a disadvantage, but, nevertheless, she pronounced her decision with a lightning-like rapidity. Three months afterward the decision accomplished its ends. She was punished, she was scourged beyond all justice, for having abandoned herself to the criminal hands of an emperor.

To-day, again, in diverse forms, the same question is put to her. Will she abdicate again, and throw her power into the lap of a dynasty?

Under whatever name the thing is disguised, it is always the same question—the question of whether France will govern herself in freedom, or will betray herself—of whether the terrible experience, from which she emerged mutilated and bleeding, has taught her at last to maintain her independence.

In spite of the excesses committed and the crimes which marked the end of the Commune in Paris; notwithstanding the flow of calumnies directed against the Republican party, there is one comforting fact—in the midst of a civil war the people preserved their coolness. The municipal elections attested that, on the very morn after this awful crisis, the country did not entertain reactionary schemes. This inspires us to set a like example. It should inspire us with patience and wisdom in our political actions. I really believe that all shades of Republicans can unite in France and present the spectacle of a disciplined party, firm in its principles, laborious, vigilant, and so resolute that it might convince France of its ability to govern—in a word, a party

accepting the axiom that power should be given to the wisest and most worthy.

Let us, then, be the worthiest! This will not cost us much effort, for the excellent reason that there is no wise, constructive politics but that of the Republican party. Let us be turned from the straight path of duty neither by calumnies nor injuries. If we will remain faithful at our posts, if, at all times and on all questions, we produce republican solutions, I am convinced we shall soon demonstrate, by comparison and contrast to the pretensions of those who have disdained or ignored us, that we are a governing party capable of directing public affairs, a party of intelligence and reason, and that among the men professing our principles are found those who afford the guarantees of science, of disinterestedness and of order, without which a government is merely an affair for the profit of the predaceous and unprincipled. Our Republic must be founded on, and maintained in, truth and right. Without discussing puerile differences, let me say that a government in whose name we make laws, conclude peace, raise milliards, render justice, suppress riots that would have sufficed to overthrow ten monarchies, is a government, established and legitimate, which proves its power and its right by its acts. Such a government imposes respect on all, and whoever would menace it is a factionist.

"To the wisest! to the most worthy"—this is a standard which we should accept without reserve! It is not a new formula for republicans; it is their dogma to see awarded the distinctions of public service only to merit and virtue. It is for merit and morality that we vainly appealed to the Empire; it was even because morality was opposed to all

compromise with a power founded on crime and maintained by corruption, that our opposition was irreconcilable and revolutionary. To-day, the opposition under a republican government changes its character and modifies its plan of conduct; it must guide and control, not destroy. Yes, we shall respect your authority, respect your legality, respect your decisions, but we shall never abandon the right to criticise and to reform; and as we have never asked of any one a favor, we shall let universal suffrage pronounce between those who disdain us and those who have the patience and constancy to contend for the Republic and for Liberty!

This conception of the rôle of an opposition under the Republic is due to the difference of the age and the time. It is certain, in the so-called heroic ages, chivalry of parties disappeared when one party realized its expectations. And to-day, to develop and apply our principles, we are under obligation to be as cold, as patient, as measured, as skilful, as we were vehement and enthusiastic when it was a question of repudiating the shams of the Lower Empire. And, gentlemen, let me tell you, the more we specialize, the more we centralize our efforts on a given point, the more rapidly we shall awaken devoted auxiliaries in the ranks of the voters who pronounce the final decision and end the delay which separates us from success. Unity, simplicity of object, should be our watchwords; but it does not suffice firmly to propose to make the Republican party at once the party of principles and practice, the party of the government. There must be a precise programme. It must be the enemy of Utopias, and of chimeras; nothing must divert it from its realizations. It must never cease active struggle to remake the nation, recast its morals, and,

snatching it from the hands of the intriguers, to see that it shall not be constantly forced from despotism to provoked rebellion.

We must get rid of the evil which causes our woes—Ignorance whence emerge alternately despotism and demagogy! Of all the remedies which can solicit the attention of the statesman and politician to prevent such evils, there is one that excels and includes all the rest; it is universal education. We must discover by what measures and processes on the morrow of our disasters, imputable not only to the government, to which we submitted, but to the degeneracy of public spirit, we can assure ourselves against the falls, the errors, the surprises, the inferiorities which have cost us so much. Let us study our misfortunes, and go back to the causes: First of all, we allowed ourselves to be distanced by other peoples, less gifted than ourselves, who, however, were making progress while we remained stationary. Yes, we can establish, by the proof in hand, that it is the inferiority of our national education which led to our reverses. We were beaten by adversaries who had enlisted on their side caution, discipline, and science. This proves that on a last analysis, even among the conflicts of material forces, intelligence remains the master. And looking within, is it not the ignorance, in which the masses were allowed to exist, that has engendered, almost at fixed epochs, the crises, the frightful explosions, which appear in the course of our history as a sort of a chronic ill, to such a degree that we could almost announce in advance the arrival of these vast social tempests?

We must disembarrass ourselves of the past! We must remake France! Such was the cry from every heart on the

morrow of our disasters. For three months that plaintive cry was heard from a people who would not perish. That cry is heard no longer. To-day we hear only of plots and dynastic intrigues. It seems to be only a question of which pretender shall seize on the ruins of this imperilled country. This must cease! We must resolutely discard these scandalous parleys, and think only of France. We must return to the disinherited and the ignorant, and make universal suffrage, which is the force of numbers, the enlightening power of reason. We must accomplish the revolution. Yes, calumniated as are to-day some of the men and the principles of the French Revolution, we should value them highly, pushing on with our work, which will end only when the revolution is accomplished. But, gentlemen, by the word "Revolution" I comprehend the diffusion of the principles of justice and reason which animated it, and I repudiate, with all my power, the calculated perfidy of our adversaries who would confuse it with enterprises of violence. The Revolution would have guaranteed to all justice, equality, liberty; it proclaimed the reign of labor, and it would have assured to all its legitimate fruits. But it had several checks. The material conquests in part remained, but the moral and political consequences are in great part yet to be realized. The workingmen and the peasants—these have had but few material benefits, assuredly precious and worthy our solicitude, but as yet insufficient to make them free and complete citizens. There is nothing more natural than the acts and votes of the peasantry, of which complaint is made, without taking into account the inferior intellectual state in which society keeps them. These complaints are unjust and ill-founded. They will react on those who make them.

They are the result of the organization of society without foresight. The peasantry is intellectually several centuries behind the enlightened and educated classes of the country. Yes, the distance is immense between them and us, who have received a classical or scientific education—even the imperfect one of our day. We have learned to read our history, to speak our language, while (a cruel thing to say!) so many of our countrymen can only babble! Ah! that peasant, bound to the tillage of the soil, who bravely carries the burdens of his day, with no other consolation than that of leaving to his children the paternal fields, perhaps increased an acre in extent! All his passions, joys, fears, are concentrated on the fate of his patrimony. Of the external world, of the society in which he lives, he apprehends but legends and rumors; he is the prey of the cunning and the fraudulent! He strikes, without knowing it, the bosom of the Revolution, his benefactress; he gives loyally his taxes and his blood to a society for which he feels fear as much as respect. But there his rôle ends, and if you speak to him of principles, he knows nothing of them. It is to the peasantry, then, we must address ourselves. They are the ones we must raise and instruct. The epithets the parties have bandied of "rurality" and "rural chamber" must not be the cause of injustice. Yes, it is to be wished that there were a "rural chamber," in the profound and true sense of the term, for it is not with hobble-de-hoys a rural chamber can be made, but with enlightened and free peasants, able to represent themselves. And instead of being the cause of raillery, this reproach of a "rural chamber" would be a tribute rendered to the progress of the civilization of the masses. This new social force could be utilized for the

general welfare. Unfortunately, we have not yet reached that point, and this progress will be denied us as long as the French Democracy fail to demonstrate that if we would remake our country, if we would return her to her grandeur, her power, and her genius, it is the vital interest of her superior classes to elevate, to emancipate this people of workers, who hold in reserve a force still virgin and able to develop inexhaustible treasures of activities and aptitudes. We must learn and then teach the peasant what he owes to society and what he has the right to ask of her.

On the day when it will be well understood that we have no grander or more pressing work; that we should put aside and postpone all other reforms; that we have but one task, the instruction of the people, the diffusion of education, the encouragement of science—on that day a great step will have been taken in your regeneration. But our action needs to be a double one, that it may bear upon the body as well as the mind. To be exact, each man should be intelligent, trained not only to think, read, and reason, but able also to act, to fight! Everywhere beside the teacher we should place the gymnast and the soldier, to the end that our children, our soldiers, our fellow-citizens, should be able to hold a sword, to carry a gun on a long march, to sleep under the canopy of the stars, to support valiantly all the hardships demanded of a patriot. We must push to the front these two educations. Otherwise you make a success of letters, but do not create a bulwark of patriots.

Yes, gentlemen, if they have outclassed us, if you had to submit to the supreme agony of seeing the France of Kleber and of Hoche lose her two most patriotic provinces,

those best embodying at once the military, commercial, industrial, and democratic spirit, we can blame only our inferior physical and moral condition. To-day the interests of our country command us to speak no imprudent words, to close our lips, to sink to the bottom of our hearts our resentments, to take up the grand work of national regeneration, to devote to it all the time necessary, that it may be a lasting work. If it need ten years, if it need twenty years, then we must devote to it ten or twenty years. But we must commence at once, that each year may see the advancing life of a new generation, strong, intelligent, as much in love with science as with the fatherland, having in their hearts the double sentiment that he serves his country well only when he serves it with his reason and his arm.

We have been educated in a rough school. We must therefore cure ourselves of the vanity which has caused us so many disasters. We must also realize conscientiously where our responsibility exists and, seeing the remedy, sacrifice all to the object to be attained—to remake and reconstitute France! For that, nothing should be accounted too good and we shall ask nothing before this—the first demand must be for an education as complete from base to summit as is known to human intelligence. Naturally, merit must be recognized, aptitude awakened and approved, and honest and impartial judges freely chosen by their fellow-citizens, deciding publicly in such a way that merit alone will open the door. Reject as authors of mischief those who have put words in the place of action; all those who have put favoritism in the place of merit; all those who made the profession of arms not a means for the protection of France, but a means of serving the

caprices of a master, and sometimes of becoming the accomplices of his crimes. In one word let us get back to truth, and let it be known to all the world that when a citizen is born in France, he is born a soldier; and that no matter who he is, who would shirk his double duty of civil and military instruction, he will be pitilessly deprived of his rights as a citizen and an elector. Let the thought enter the very souls of the present and coming generations, that in a democratic government whoever is not ready to bear a share of its troubles and trials is not fit to take part in the government. Thus, gentlemen, you enter into the verity of democratic principles, which are to honor labor and to make of industry and science the two elements constituting the whole of free society. Oh, what a nation we could make with such a discipline followed religiously for a term of years, with the admirable adaptability of our race for the production of thinkers, savants, heroes, and liberal spirits! In thinking on this great subject, we rise swiftly above the sadness of the present, to view the future with confidence. . . .

It is better to have a Republican minority—firm, energetic, vigilant in its attitude toward the acts of the majority—than to be one of a majority of inconstant, lukewarm men, who seem to be only able to carry on public affairs by compromising their principles.

Following this first line of conduct, I would demonstrate by such logic that there is to-day no other experiment in the way of national reform possible than this of public education and national armament.

In seeing the accomplishment of this double reform, I shall not take the time and patience to discuss lengthily the attendant and lateral questions which are subordi-

nated to the realization of these first and capital necessities.

It means the reconstruction of the blood, the bone, the very marrow of France. Know it well: we must give everything, our time, our money, to this supreme interest. The people will not haggle over the millions needed for the education of the poor and ignorant. They will question expenditure on the part of those whose designs tend always to the restoration of monarchies, to ridiculous disbursement, or to the subjection of the country itself.

And in passing, gentlemen, one reason why the monarchy cannot be restored among us is that we are no longer rich enough to support it.

As a result we shall have resolved thereby the most vital of all problems: the equalization of the classes, and the dissipation of the pretended antagonism between the cities and the country. We shall have suppressed political parasites and, by the diffusion of knowledge to all, shall have given to the country its moral and political vigor. Thus we may attain a double insurance—one against crimes threatening the common right, by the elevation of the standard of public morality; the other against risk of revolution, by giving satisfaction and security to the acquired rights of some and to the legitimate aspirations of others.

Such is the programme at once radical and conservative which the Republic alone can accomplish. Then throughout the world the friends of France would be reassured. She would emerge regenerated by her great trials, and even under the blows of ill fortune she would appear grander, more prosperous, prouder than ever.

SPEECH UPON THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAWS

DELIVERED APRIL 23, 1875

LET us come to the matter in hand and approach the subject of this discourse. Since our last meeting what has happened? After briefly recalling the events accomplished during the last two years we shall reach the present situation; we will examine it, and, taking account of the events and warnings that it still contains, we will together seek what cures, what resolutions, what conduct we must apply to reach at last that goal without which there is neither a future for our country, nor social peace, domestic or foreign policy, or government for France.

This goal, my dear fellow citizens, you well know: it is the Republic, definitely established and placed above all contest of party, all attacks of factions. Let us cast a glance over this space of two years past, at once so near us and so fortunately dead.

We have had, since our last meeting, an audacious, impudent attempt at the restoration of the monarchy that calls itself legitimate. In face of the repulsion shown by public opinion, in face of the shudder of disquietude and of horror that has stirred France, even where she slumbers most profoundly, this monarchical restoration, whether from faintness, fear, or impotence, has miserably miscarried; has miscarried because it was opposed, absolutely opposed, to the national spirit. No one in France wanted the return of monarchy, neither the peasant, to whom it is a terror, nor the workingman, who has never hidden the aversion it inspires in him, nor the army, whose flag it cuts down, that symbol of

its glory and of its honor. No one wanted it. Therefore, gentlemen, it is surprising that the very man who stands at the head of the State, that the First Magistrate of the Country pronounced the significant utterance which will act as the death sentence of monarchy? He has said that in face of an attempt at restoration the guns would go off of themselves; and monarchy has gone back into the gloom of night. . . .

After the decisive check upon the legitimate, another monarchy was held in reserve. Matters were not pushed as far as an open demonstration, but, on the contrary, the projected attempt was carefully masked, and, though events pass rapidly, you have not yet forgotten the name of the combination, as odd as it was inexplicable and frail, destined to serve as a screen for the projects that were in mind, which is known as the Septennat.

The Septennat has gone to join, in chaos whence it should never have been brought forth, the dreams of the partisans of traditional royalty.

This government, at once hybrid and nameless, yet endured long enough to paralyze confidence and to arrest national activity. It lasted long enough to bring back into the light of public life, into offices, into active politics, into the administration of the country, into the press, to group together and reunite in factious societies that no longer hid themselves for the contrivance of their tricks, and who, believing themselves assured of impunity, exposed themselves to the light of day,—it has endured long enough, I say, to bring back the men and the party that constitute the most shameful as well as the most sinister peril that can menace France.

Yes, gentlemen, certain statesmen, facile, improvident in their malice, wholly lost, and seeing but one way of escaping

the trend of the country, each day more powerful, which dragged them toward the Republic, did not fear to draw from its shame and ignominy the tattered faction of December, to lead it out before the eyes of France, that looked on amazed at such audacity and folly.

Gentlemen, there was not in that,—although perchance, certain clever characters may have had mental reservations touching it,—there was not in that solely a combination to bring dread upon France and to entice it toward their constitutional monarchy, made ready and sugar-coated under their byzantine Septennat; it was above all a means of checking the republican party, that was daily waxing greater throughout the land. But, gentlemen, these clever people were not of the right cut to take the field with their new collaborators, any more than they were to stand up against such accomplices and to keep dominion over them; and speedily it was seen that in this association of parties, wherein each detested the other, there was one that was becoming day by day more threatening because it had the fewest scruples and the greatest cynicism.

The danger was very great, and alarm was well founded. Conspiracy was felt to be everywhere. A complete revolution was about to meet the eyes of France and of the Assembly. When the day came, gentlemen, it must be said, a flash of patriotism lightened in honorable minds. A movement of political decency and of national honor took possession of the Assembly of Versailles; and, as ever, appeal was made to the only power that should be, in this country, in condition to drive back the cut-throats of despotism.

The Republic was appealed to. It became possible to make up a majority of honest men, of devoted citizens, of whom some have made real sacrifices of opinion, others con-

cessions of positions, whilst others still consented to postpone the immediate realization of their political tendencies. Gentlemen, the truth must be told, it was through horror of cæsarism, that hideous leprosy that threatens again to invade France; it was in order to be done with a provisional state, deadly and irritant, which was poisoning the very sources of national life, that finally led men to listen to the voice of universal suffrage. At the approach of peril, illusions fell away, eyes were opened, men of good purpose and of high faith entrusted themselves with resolution to democracy and to its spirit, and the Republic was born.

Ah I know well all that can be said. I know well that when one has right on his side, that when one is in possession of political truth, that when one has before him the justice of principles, it would be good and fine, great and advantageous, never to allow that in political action it could be lessened or restrained. I know above all that it would be a task, at once the sweetest and the noblest, to salute truth and justice in all their splendor and all their majesty.

Yes, my fellow citizens, we should be fortunate never to be reduced to treating with difficulties any more than with principles. But society does not begin with an ideal state of things. Human aggregations do not reach, at a single bound, either absolute perfection, or yet a better state. Progress is the work of time and of patience. The route is long; it is sown with perils and sacrifices; it is strewn with martyrs—and who, then, among those who know the nature of man, the conditions of society, the annals of history, has ever flattered himself that he could, before his life was ended, greet the full and absolute realization of truth among men?

No, no, let us pursue our task; let us carry on our labors of devotion; let us enlarge, by some small particle, the

patrimony bequeathed to us by our forefathers; let us, too, bring our tribute to this treasure that has been handed down to us, not only since the French Revolution, but ever since there has been a people breathing, working, suffering, struggling for right and liberty on the soil of our great, unhappy country, from the ocean to the Rhine, from the Alps to the Pyrenees. Have liberty, democracy, justice, and progress ever been, for this glorious and ill-starred people of France, otherwise than for an instant seen, greeted in fugitive moments, like a flash of lightning in the midst of storm? Could we wish any other issue in the midst of difficulties through which we struggle, than to put on our side law, legality, and, as far as possible, the respect of magistrates for the principles we represent, and to assure to this French Revolution, the conquests of which are shamefully denied, a régime at once lawful, definite, final, sheltered from the blows of violence and from the turns of fortune? Gentlemen, what have we acquired at the end of the reckoning? We have brought it about for our ideas, for our principles, for our government, that all Frenchmen, without exception, as well those at the head of the State as for the lowest subalterns, owe to them, under penalty of forfeiture and treason, both respect and obedience.

We were in a position of vexation, wearied, heavy with perils from abroad, that had to be suffered, for, gentlemen, let us never forget that, maimed as she is, France still remains an object of envy and of greed in the world. We had to make our way out of a formidable strait. The danger was extreme. What side should we take? Ah, gentlemen, reflect. As for your children, I know that they will never forget it,—there was a day when, under the inspiration of patriotism, lighted up by the perils to which France was ex-

posed, certain men under the mandate of their fellow citizens met and made a solemn treaty with the Republic that peace abroad and at home may be assured.

They made a constitution without much discussion. They organized powers, but not very minutely and, if I may say so, they did not examine and co-ordinate them very analytically. They were expeditious, and yet do you know what happened? It is this, that the work is better, perhaps, than the circumstances that engendered it; it is, that if we wish to appropriate to ourselves this work and make it ours, to examine it, to make use of it, to know it well throughout, that we may successfully apply it, it might well happen that this constitution, which our adversaries dread more than they mock, which our own friends know not well enough as yet, will offer to republican democracy the very best instrument for emancipation and liberation that has yet been put into our hands. . . .

Will you tell me in what country of old Europe, in guise of a democracy, they have made a better and more useful instrument? And if you sleep not, if you are not cool-hearted, lazy, or selfish, will you tell me if you have not in your hands the means of your enfranchisement? For note this: If your representatives be well chosen and from all districts at once, the result is certain. The French temper may be versatile, but it is very like unto itself, and there is not between those who dwell on the hills of Chaumont and those who live in the valley of the Rhône, the Vosges Mountains, or along the banks of the Loire, any very great distinction; the one that does exist is that you, citizens of Paris and of the towns, can, for all these obstacles, communicate with one another, and that our fellow citizens of the country cannot do so among themselves. The division wall that for-

bade communication has just been taken down. Henceforth we must act in concert, unite together, and deliberate how we shall act and vote in common. In the method of election of the Senate there is still another advantage, which is that of disciplining, solidifying, and arranging the gradations of democracy. In fact you will note that there have not been introduced into the organization of the electoral body persons from other places, with any different source than the choice of universal suffrage.

It was planned at one time to introduce certain functionaries, members of existing institutions, learned classes. In the end only men honored already with the confidence of their fellow citizens were let in, those only whom we elected by universal suffrage. In this manner we have naturally a homogeneous electoral body; a well-formed organization, with all that constitutes a compact and well-ordered hierarchy. Gentlemen, you will adhere to this organization, be sure, when you have put it into practice, and, if you are desirous of applying it, the same result will come from this law that came from that of the General Council: voted with enthusiasm by our adversaries to-day, they look upon it with distrust, and actually positions are changed. They would like well to undo it, and we are the ones to act as its defenders. . . .

Gentlemen, to struggle against the coalition of ideas that will be defended with eloquence, with art, with experience and talent, against a coalition that will always be agreed upon resistance to all measures of progress, to struggle against this immortal phalanx of belated conservatives, there must be battalions, youthful, determined, ever ready for strife, and in condition to serve and honor the republican party. The Senate ought, then, to be made up with much care and in-

telligence. I do not say that, at the first attempt, we shall succeed in creating a model Chamber, and that we shall have nothing more to desire; no, and I do not even wish that we might succeed so well at the first attempt, for that to which man clings is that which has been gained by slow degrees, painfully, with labor; it is that which he has obtained by the sweat of his brow and made his own by dint of perseverance and toil. It is the same in public as in private affairs: those fortunate from birth are often prodigal and ungrateful; those, on the other hand, who have fought against poverty, who have had a struggle to get the mere necessities of existence, and have succeeded in gathering the puny hoard that must serve to bless their old age and to assure an education to their children, those are the ones who know that the thing to which they cling the most is the thing that was the most difficult to win.

You see, my friends, that in my reflections upon the new Senate there are two very different elements: there is, on one side, that which pleases and reassures; and there is, on the other side, that which must disturb us and keep us awake. The pleasing part is that men nourished upon all the doctrinaire and royalist theories, men brought up for fifty years in the school of teachers who taught them a horror for democracy, an aversion for multitudes, should have reached the point where, under the pressure of events and of the public temper, they do not recognize as the origin of power, as the province of power, any other power than democracy.

Thus, if you look over the books of those who may be called the theorists of monarchy, Bonald, De Maistre, Guizot, the elder Broglie, you will see that they never have but one word in their mouths, never but one urgent call to address to public men, which they repeat and vary under all forms.

"Be very careful", they say, "not to let democracy creep into the constitution of government, not to let it get in, either at the time of preparation or of execution of legal voting."

Now, here, as I have just demonstrated, democracy in the very foundation, in that which constitutes the essence of this country, the Commune, is not only invited to take part in the execution of the law, it does even more: it names the supreme head of the State. Never forget that this Senate elected by your mandatories and your delegates will reform the law; that it will have the right to consult the country, to appeal to it by means of dissolution; that it co-operates in nominating the chief officer of the State; that it can even dismiss him in certain anticipated and stated cases. It is, then, just to say that by means of this institution of the Senate not only does democracy have a place in the law, because it is the principle of it, its source and origin, but it holds within its discretion the public powers, the executive and the legislative; it reigns and governs. By this institution of the Senate, if well understood and well applied, democracy is sovereign mistress of France.

But here is a difficulty; for our democracy, henceforth all powerful, there must be labor, study, patience; above all must there be political foresight. Under the penalty of seeing all designs it forms for the future miscarry, our democracy should learn to govern itself; to control its own eagerness; not wish to gain aught except after a period of time and through the progress of public reason.

I am not ignorant that the application and working of this constitution of the 25th of February is to begin in the midst of a democracy, that is very well disposed, but education and enlightenment have been too sparingly measured out to it

for it to be really in condition, without controversy, without error, without repulse, without faltering, to govern immediately; nor am I ignorant also that our country districts have been poisoned with false ideas, lying circulars, stories, each more ridiculous than the rest. I know that the peasant whose shrewdness is my supreme hope, whose probity is the veritable reserve force of French morality, is about to find himself exposed to many snares; that he will be solicited by selfish interests that stop at nothing to intimidate and trouble him. I know how many enemies he has to guard against, as often he does without having the appearance of it; I know to just what point fanaticism, ignorance, threats try to put upon him, to make him yield and to turn him from his true path, from his natural inclination, which is the democratic republic.

I know all these things, but I also know that, little by little, under the influence of the laws, of the institutions, in spite of the wicked humors and opposition of certain men, I know that liberty will come, even to him; that the propaganda of his brothers, of his fellow citizens, will take hold upon him; that his own reflection will emancipate him; that he will feel, of his own self, as he says familiarly, that he is master of his cabin, and that he must be so in his Commune, because he maintains, works for, suffers and dies for France; and when, joining these two ideas in his head, dominion in the Commune and sacrifice for his country, the peasant shall have reached the true conception of sovereignty, on that day the Republic will be founded indestructibly.

For the peasant does not change, not he: he is not variable; he is always engaged in procuring the same necessities; he is always sustained by the same thought; he always has his eye fixed upon the same goal; he has not always been free,

and a troop of ideas do not enter at one time into his head; but when an idea does reach there, in vain can parties or factions assail it.

It is like a wedge in the heart of an oak; nothing can draw it out. There lies his power, and if he has often disavowed us republicans, who have never ceased to labor for him, we have always regarded him as the real representative of the conquests of the French Revolution. We well knew that some day he would turn again toward republican democracy, toward the new France, the France of knowledge and of labor, sorry that for so long he has disowned her and is ready to become her most glorious and noble son.

Gentlemen, to-day an event of great import has taken place before our eyes, calling for our deepest meditation. We are present at the coalition of the toiler of the fields and the workman of the towns; between the small proprietors and the burghers; and this coalition must be made without passion, without prejudices, with a broadness of spirit and sincerity of heart, without reference to the past, without being either distrustful or exclusive. It means that all who understand that France has need of sap and fruitfulness, of morality and of order, of liberty and of justice, meet together in the fraternal and patriotic alliance of the proletarian class and the burgher. That is what is needed not only in Parliament, but in the nation itself, in the press, in books, in schools, above all, where future generations are to meet, those who will come after us and will carry forward still the task we shall leave behind. . . .

Government of the country by the country, such is the desire of France. This is the principle that has rallied under the flag of the Republic a certain number of men separated from us by memories. They are not numerous; not enough

so, gentlemen, and we must hope that their number may increase.

They have come to us to avoid falling back again under the inept and criminal dictatorship which led to the mutilation of our country. They have likewise come, it must be said, to take part in the life and destinies of the new France. What is left of the old régime is dead, and happily dead, and the living ought to, and desire to, live with the living. They have come to us and have helped us in founding this beginning of a nascent Republic. France receives it to-day from their hands and from ours, and I am convinced that if they are faithful to their new convictions, if they wish, with us, to demand public liberty, if they wish progress in the midst of order, as we wish order in progress, France will not cheapen her gratitude and rend the pact that we have joined in making for the protection of our country under the very eye of the foe. As for myself, I ask of them only sincerity, and I say that in all circumstances mastery dwells in sincerity. . . .

I know that some will try to alarm these newcomers. They know not yet what powers of abnegation and sacrifice you have within you. They know not, and they must learn it;—for that reason I say so here,—that you have ever been in patient readiness to reap the smallest fruit, ready for concessions provided they were not falsehoods, ready to support the whole. And was that in your own interest? Oh, no,—in the interest of those ideas of justice and advancement which you make incarnate in the Republic. Let them learn, then, that if we have been stranded for sixty years during the establishing of the conquests of the French Revolution, it is because their predecessors were strangers to democracy and hated without understanding it. Let them come here, then;

let them look upon and become familiar with these citizens who for twenty-five years have ever known how to respect the law, ever make wise choice, ever to wait, ever to have patience with these people who are ever eager to gather in men of high purpose and of sincere convictions, and they will see that all these chimerical apprehensions, these exaggerated and unwise alarms, are only means of reaction, that nothing is more simple and easy, and that nothing could be more salutary than to be done, once for all, with all these fears, all these dreads, these demagogic spectres, and to say in the face of Europe, listening and impressed by the spectacle of such a noble reconciliation—"Republicans and Frenchmen be reunited; the welfare of France and her honor require it; be united, for we must needs be strong."

We desire that the French Republic, organized by the concord and union of good citizens, imposing itself legally upon all, even upon those who wanted it not, shall bring France back to her true traditions by assuring the conquests and the principles of the Revolution of 1789, and, in the first rank of all, the following principle, that public power ought to be free in its own domain, and the state should be secular. By that I mean a state which, within as well as without, shall have that eminently civil, positive, human character of the principles contained in the immortal declaration of rights which has formed the basis of our public law for eighty years; a State that shall know how to take her place in European affairs by maintaining a genuine French policy; a State that, in the midst of religious quarrels that now threaten again to imbrue our continent with blood, shall be infused with the wise and prudent genius of France and shall carry her flag with pride through all turmoils, in the name of reason, toleration, justice, and advancement.

Religious affairs are matters of conscience, and hence of liberty. The great effort of the French Revolution was to set statesmanship and government free from the yoke of various religious beliefs. We are not theologians; we are citizens, republicans, statesmen, civilians; we want to have the State like ourselves and France the typical secular nation.

That is her history; that is her tradition; that is her character among all peoples; her natural rôle in the world. Every time she has acted otherwise, every time she has been forced to subserve the designs of a religious sect, be it what it may, she has turned aside, she has debased herself and sunken down, and always in our history great downfalls have accompanied those great mistakes.

What we have to ask of her is, to take her stand resolutely for herself, for her ideas, for her genius; to no greater extent than she has been willing to incline toward reform should she incline toward ultramontane principles. We will continue the work of our forefathers, the French Revolution, wrought by the men of the eighteenth century in France, by the France of reason, of free discussion. That is enough, not only to limit our horizon, but to define the rôle we have to play.

[Special translation by Archibald R. Tisdale.]

CLEVELAND

GROVER CLEVELAND was born at Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. The only education which he ever received was obtained at common schools. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar, and practiced with more or less success in Buffalo, New York. From 1863 till 1866 he held the position of Assistant District-Attorney in Erie County. After being defeated for re-election to that office in 1865, he remained in private life for five years, until he was chosen Sheriff. During his tenure of that post he hanged one or two criminals condemned to death by his own hand, a fact which was subsequently used to his discredit by political opponents. In 1881 he was chosen Mayor of Buffalo on the Democratic ticket, and in the following year he was elected Governor of the State of New York by an immense majority, due to the abstention of scores of thousands of Blaine Republicans from the ballot-box. In 1884 he was nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency, and, having carried the State of New York by a plurality of less than 1,200 votes, he secured the office of Chief Magistrate. Defeated for a second term in 1888, he was renominated and re-elected in 1892. After the expiration of his term in 1897, he retired to Princeton, New Jersey, but, unlike Jefferson, Jackson and Van Buren under similar circumstances, he has been almost entirely destitute of political influence.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1885

Fellow Citizens:

IN THE presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen, I am about to supplement and seal by the oath which I shall take the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust, and he here consecrates himself to their service.

This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer, and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their welfare.

Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made, but its attendant circumstances have demonstrated anew the strength and safety of a government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guarantee of good government.

But the best results in the operation of a government wherein every citizen has a share largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen.

To-day the executive branch of the government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the government of all the people, and it should be none the less an object of their affectionate solicitude. At this hour the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph, should be supplanted by an ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and a sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudice and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievement of our national destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow.

On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our devotion to the Constitution, which, launched by the founders of the Republic and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and the aspirations of a great people through prosperity and peace and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vicissitudes.

By the Father of his Country our Constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that same spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting welfare of the country and to secure the full measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our national life. The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to Federal control, persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished if in the halls of national legislation that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail in which the Constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be found in the assurance that the common interest is subserved and the general welfare advanced.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to
B be guided by a just and unstrained construction of the Constitution, a careful observance of the distinction between the powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those functions which by the Constitution and laws have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the government.

But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen—on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere—should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of freemen is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the State capitals and the national capital, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, State, and Federal; and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public place to closely limit public expenditures to the actual needs of the government economically administered, because this bounds the right of the government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor or the property of the citizen, and because public extravagance begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their

example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy commended by the history, the traditions, and the prosperity of our Republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our own power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, and of Washington, and of Jefferson—"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliance with none."

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people demands that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests and make the wages of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people of unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste.

Care for the property of the nation and for the needs of future settlers requires that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and that polygamy in the Territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed.

The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor, with no intention of acquiring citizenship, and bringing with them and retaining habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

The people demand reform in the administration of the Government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employees who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise and the vicious methods of those who expect such rewards; and those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief.

In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that

they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations, and responsibilities.

These topics and the constant and ever-varying wants of an active and enterprising population may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the Federal law. Our duties are practical and call for industrious application, an intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination, by united action, to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man. And let us not trust to human effort alone, but humbly acknowledging the power and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history, let us invoke his aid and his blessing upon our labors.

COOK

JOSEPH COOK, a popular American lecturer, was born at Ticonderoga, New York, January 26, 1838, and was educated at the universities of Yale and Harvard, graduating at Cambridge in 1865, first in philosophy and rhetoric. He studied theology at Andover Theological seminary and preached for a year or two at Lynn and other places in Massachusetts, but declined to accept a pastorate. In 1871 he started on an extended tour abroad. He returned in 1873, after having studied one year with the learned Dr. Tholuck, and having seen much of England, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and Greece. He took up his residence in Boston in 1874, as a literary man and preacher. His name became familiar to the public in 1875, when he was pastor of a Congregational church in Boston, and, as such, was invited by the Young Men's Christian Association of the city to speak in the prayer-meeting of that organization, held weekly on Mondays at noon. His audience was composed largely of ministers, and his reputation as a thinker and rhetorician was soon made. Larger quarters had to be found to accommodate the crowd of people desirous of hearing the speaker, and it was found that the capacity of Tremont Temple was barely sufficient.

The lectures were under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association until May, 1876, when, at a meeting in the Bromfield Street church, resolutions were passed founding the Boston Monday lectureship, and placing it, for the next season, under the care of a committee consisting of men of different evangelical denominations. The object of these lectures was to present the results of the freshest German, English, and American scholarship on the more important and difficult topics concerning the relation of religion and science. These lectures, which were delivered at noon, continued for twenty years.

His utterances were put into print and appeared every week at full length in a hundred American newspapers. This meant at least a quarter of a million regular readers in the United States and Canada, not including those of England, Scotland, and other European countries. In 1876 Mr. Cook's lectures and "preludes" first appeared in book form. Before the year 1879 an aggregate of thirty editions had been published. In the year 1878 he delivered one hundred and fifty lectures, thirty of which were new. These have been translated into various foreign languages. In 1879 he began a series of Thursday evening lectures in New York, and in 1880-82 he made a lecturing tour around the world, addressing audiences in the principal towns of the British Isles, India, Japan, and Australia. In 1888 he established "Our Day," a monthly magazine of reform. His published works include "Biology" (1877); "Transcendentalism" (1877); "Orthodoxy" (1878); "Conscience" (1878); "Heredity" (1879); "Alcohol and the Human Brain" (1879); "Marriage" (1879); "Labor" (1880); "Socialism" (1880); "Certainties of the Soul and Speculations of Science" (1881); "Christ and Modern Thought" (1881); "Occident" (1884); "Orient" (1886); "Current Religious Thought" (1888). He died in June, 1901.

CERTAINTIES IN RELIGION

A LITTLE while ago we were not in the world—a little while hence we shall be here no longer. This is arithmetic. This is the clock. Demosthenes used to say that every speech should begin with an incontrovertible proposition. Now, it is scientifically incontrovertible that a little while ago we were not here, and a little while hence we shall be here no more.

De Tocqueville said that you will in vain try to make any man religious who has no thought of dying. Now, the first of religious certainties is that we are going hence soon. As to that proposition there is not a particle of doubt. In this audience we have assembled the eastern West and the western East. But among all the *coteries* of small philosophy which annoy our unrolling democratic ages, in the Mississippi Valley or the Ohio, or in that of the Hudson, the Connecticut, or the Merrimac, there is no one who can deny that we are going hence soon and that we want to go hence in peace.

Here, then, are two religious certainties, that we must go out of this world — and that if law is universal in its reign we shall not, in going out of this world, escape from the sovereignty of the moral law revealed in conscience here, and likely to be revealed in the next world quite as fully as it is in our present low estate.

I defy any man to deny that we are going hence. I defy any man to deny that we want to go hence in peace. I defy any man to show that we can go hence in peace unless we are harmonized with our environment.

What is that?

Our environment is made up of God, of the plan of our own natures, and of our record in the past; and therefore we must be harmonized with God in conscience and our record, or, in the very nature of things, there cannot be peace for us. Aristotle built his whole philosophy on the proposition that a thing can exist and not exist at the same time and in the same sense; that is to say, self-contradiction is the proof of error everywhere.

And now, since we have an environment made up of God, conscience, and our record, we must be either in harmony or in dissonance with it; and if we are in dissonance we are not in harmony with it; and if we are in harmony we are not in dissonance with it. And so it is incontrovertible that with whatever environment we cannot escape from we must come into harmony, and that environment consists of conscience, and of God, and of our record.

But, before I proceed to state analytically the propositions I am to defend as the basis of natural religion, let me call pause to your thoughts and endeavor to bring for a moment a solemn hush here, such as will exist in our souls when eternity breathes on our cheeks.

You say it is a very commonplace proposition that we are going hence; but did you ever calculate how many mature working hours there are in an ordinary lifetime?

Very few men begin labor for themselves earlier than at the period of twenty-five years of age. Very few continue such labor beyond the seventieth year. Now, between the twenty-fifth year of life and the seventieth there are forty-five years, and if you throw away in each year fifty-two days for Sundays, and thirteen for vacations and illness and other interruptions, you have 300 working days a year. That is to

say, in forty-five years you have 13,500 working days. Now, suppose that you labor ten hours a day, a very large average to be continued through forty-five years, you will therefore have in the forty-five mature years of life 135,000 working hours. At the end of that very short stretch of time you will go hence. Some of you have about 100,000 working hours left. Some of you have not 60,000, some of you not 30,000. Really there is no doubt about the proposition that at the end of 135,000 working hours any man's life which has already had twenty-five years in it will be over, and Gettysburg will be fought and won in that time, and America! it will not be half as interesting as the unseen holy into which all men haste.

We say that we are to remain here. America is to remain; but it is the tree, we are the leaves. The leaves fall, although the tree endureth. Over the stringy bridges of the Atlantic mountain ranges and the Pacific God will draw the cords of civilization many an age yet, and thrum them to his own glory and to the good of men. But you and I will listen to the music from the upper and not from the under side.

"Onward storms my strong-limbed race,
And pause, for Time is nigh,
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer, I.

"Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf:
One, but one, and that one brief."

Mrs. Browning used to look toward the Alps and repeat the words of one of her famous poems:

"Above the star.
Pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy is there."

So our America, my friends, is not on the shore of a great lake, the valley of the Father of Waters, or in that delicious nook of the world we call New England. Our Mississippi is yonder with the Father of spirits. Mrs. Browning would repeat often the words of an old English poet:

> "Although the day it seems so bright,
> Long after the day cometh the dark night."

At last the bell ringeth to evensong, ringeth, she would say, with a melody that is prodigal of echoes.

Now, in that hushed silence, in that attention of the whole spirit which is given to religious truth, the moment we say we are going hence, and that we wish to go hence in peace, ring any bell of merely negative philosophy, ring any tocsin of audacious self-conceit in the field of mere speculation, and ask how satisfying are the echoes.

We want truth, and we want that on which we can depend as we take our leap into the unseen; and we want, therefore, certainty guaranteed, both by natural and by revealed truth. We want, when we go hence, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and in which we may at this moment take up our residence, provided only we bring ourselves into peace with our environment.

But that house not made with hands, perhaps it is about us now, perhaps we are not at peace with it at this moment, perhaps we do not like the company in the house not made with hands. There are in that palace things that we can see from this present low position of the human race, and some of the things in it I assure you this morning, some pictures you have turned with their faces to the wall, I would turn with their faces toward the front; and in the house not made with hands where we stand already, I would raise the question whether it is possible for us to live happily in that

house unless we love what its Lord loves and unless we build according to the pattern of his own palace. . . .

Among the certainties in religion I rank these first: that there are three things from which we cannot escape, our own natures, God, and our record. When the battle was fought between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," the ship "Cumberland" was sunk in water so shallow that her topgallants remained above the wave. A friend of mine who was in the cabinet of Governor Andrew of Massachusetts had a friend in the hold of that vessel—a surgeon attending to the wounded. When the ship went down he was nearly strangled by the rushing in of the brine, but, keeping in view the light that was streaming down the hatchways, he aided himself out on the rigging, and at last, almost dead, was taken into a boat at the surface of the sea in safety.

Now, the insidious and almost unseen persuasion of human nature is, that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity we shall leave ourselves behind ourselves at the bottom of the sea, and escape through the engulfing torrents from ourselves, and be taken into a lifeboat on the surface of the eternal ocean and saved.

Now, the trouble with that precious theory, my friends, is in the nature of things. We are the "Cumberland," and the "Cumberland" cannot swim out of the "Cumberland," can it? While you continue to exist you will have to keep company with yourself, will you not? Is there any doubt about that? Is there anybody here so surprising in his doctrinal unrest as to deny that while his existence continues it will be necessary for him to keep company with the plan of his own nature?

We are in existence, and while we continue in existence we cannot flee from our own individualities. One wife I

cannot be divorced from—that is, my conscience. Your Indiana divorce law may be lax, but the supreme powers do not pass divorce laws between man and conscience. We are to stay with ourselves, for the "Cumberland" cannot swim out of the "Cumberland," that is one certainty. But it is sure the "Cumberland" cannot escape from the water in which it floats. It cannot float among the sands.

We never shall escape from omnipresence. There is no fleeing from a being who is everywhere and who is omnipotent. The old Latin proverb says, "*Si vis fugere Deo, fuge ad Deum*"—"If you wish to flee from God, flee to God." For the only way to flee from an omnipotent being and an omnipresent one is to flee to him. There is no cloud at this moment shot through by the sunlight so saturatingly as we all are, and always shall be shot through by the omnipresence. There is no sedge in the seething white and green below the terrible majesty of Niagara yonder that is so boiled full of water as we all shall be, and are, with God's presence, whether we feel it or not.

Undoubtedly the dull surge yonder in the foam knows little of the sublimity of Niagara; and so we, tossed to and fro, in natural law, know little of the awesome depth and height below us and above us; but the day will come when we shall know, and we are to be filled, as never was a floating seaweed with the ocean, with God. And it is sure that he will be our environment, as well as our own nature its own environment. Faculties touch faculties, and, as I may say when I clasp my hands, one hand is the environment of another. So I may say, when my faculties interact, that one faculty is an environment of the faculty that stands next to it. So I call our own individualities a part of our own environment.

But the past is unchangeable. Not only can the "Cum-

berland" not swim out of the "Cumberland" and out of the sea: it cannot escape from its own weight, can it? You were born in the commonwealth of New York. Omnipotence cannot make it true that you were not born there. You have done things in the past which form pictures which you would gladly turn to the wall. Omnipotence cannot make it true that those things never were done. Even God's power cannot make a thing that has once been not to have been. In the nature of things what once has occurred will always be an event that has occurred, and the nature of things is only another name for God's nature. Our record in the unchangeable past, our conscience must face it, and God must face it.

And now I will hold that I am on firm scientific ground when I say that there are three things we cannot escape from, these interacting faculties in our souls, this power of the universe which brought us into existence, and which reveals itself in physical and moral law; this omnipresence, this omnipotence, this unswathing somewhat and someone; and, lastly, our record which we must face, and which he must face.

Consequently it is incontrovertibly certain that these three things constitute our unalterable environment while we continue to exist in the next world as well as in this.

Just here my friends the skeptics will say that I am passing into the region of conjecture; but all I ask of them to-day, or on any other occasion, is to be true to the scientific method. You say that law is universal.

Very well, then. If I can measure a little arc of a law here I will draw the whole circle from the arc. Any three points determine the direction of a curve. You say that if you can make here the truth about gravitation clear, you

know what gravitation is in the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. You say if you have a good text-book here on gravitation, that book is worth something in the North Star.

Go to Mr. Dana of New Haven, and he affirms that a good text-book on the laws of light would be worth something in the constellation of Orion, and he is sure of that because he is sure of the universality of law. This is one of the sublimest points of view of natural science, for, as Dana has said with fine epigrammatic phrase, "Our earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in its revelations of truth."

It becomes such because any three points determine the curve of a circle. You ascertain here that light moves in straight lines, that it is the opposite of darkness, and you know that those things are true about it yonder in the stars. You bring down from the stars light to your spectroscope and analyze it, and find that certain minerals are in the stars yonder, and our light here we can analyze in the same way.

If I know what natural laws are on this globe, I have a right to walk right out on their ascertained curve and say that in worlds outside of this those laws prevail, for laws are universal and a unit. Now, what you do with regard to the physical law you call gravitation, I have a right to do in regard to the equally tangible law which inheres in conscience. It is enough for me to assert that the moral law is a natural law just as much as the law of gravitation. You believe that all natural law is a unit and universal; so I say that if I can determine a curve of the moral law here, I have a right to walk on it right up to Orion, right up to the North Star and the Pleiades.

In the name of the scientific method I do this. Precisely

this audacity or scientific caution was exhibited in the parables of our Lord, for from the experience of men at the fireside with the moral law and from the sheepfold he drew illustrations of moral principles the range of which he swept through the universe, and by which he explained, not only our present existence, but the world that is to come. He assumed everywhere the unity of the moral law.

I affirm that a good text-book on the moral law here is worth something in Heaven. A good text-book here on physical gravitation is worth something in Orion. A good text-book on moral gravitation here is worth something in the heavens that shall never be rolled away. And I maintain that in these assertions I am not going by the breadth of a hair to the right or the left from the path of scientific straightforwardness.

Moral law is just as much natural law as physical law, and moral law as natural law, is universal and a unit. The three points of a curve of moral gravitation may determine a circle as well as the three points in the curve of physical gravitation. Our globe, on account of the universality and the unity of law, is immensity itself in its revelations of moral as well as physical truth, although it be but an atom in the moral and physical immensity.

Third. It is incontrovertibly certain that, according to Herbert Spencer, we need nothing so much as harmonization with our environment. That phrase is Spencerian and singularly strategic when once we take the right point of view. Our environment—why, it is not merely physical; it is spiritual as well. And, after all, I am not so much concerned as to my physical environment as to my spiritual, even in this low estate.

I can be tolerably happy in any physical surroundings if

my spiritual environment is right. We know that in this life wise men are far more cautious about their spiritual environment, that is, the interaction of their souls' faculties upon each other, and their feeling of harmony or dissonance with the nature of things, than they are concerning wealth or poverty, or even the flames that curl about the martyr's stake. In our present calloused condition we are far more influenced by our spiritual than our physical environments.

We have now proved that our unalterable environment here and hereafter is our nature, God, and our record; and even according to reactionary, half-studied thought, that style of philosophy which captures beginners only. We are told that we must have harmonization of our environment, or we cannot possibly be at peace with the universe.

Herbert Spencer is the philosopher of beginners. The other day I went to Harvard University to give a lecture on conscience in the Sanders Theatre there, and it was my fortune to meet the Professor of Metaphysics before the lecture in the parlor of the preacher to the University. I put to Professor Bowen, my former instructor, this question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Harvard University?"

"Oh, yes, sir, he has a future here, but it is all down hill."

To the younger Professor of Philosophy there, once my classmate, I put the same question and received for substance the same answer. I know that a brilliant Spencerian, Mr. Fiske, has sent out from Harvard University the best American book on the Spencerian philosophy. It is never my policy to underrate the intellectual worth of any critic on views I consider vital. It is worth mentioning, however, that Mr. Fiske began as an anti-Spencerian, and nobody knows what he may be yet. He has reversed his whole philosophical system twice, at least, and to-day does not repre-

sent the university, in which he is not an instructor, but simply an assistant librarian.

It is important for me, at this distance from Harvard, to make these statements, for it is commonly supposed that Harvard has been captured by Herbert Spencer. I not long ago met a distinguished scholar from England, who is now in this country and has become a critic of the free religionists, and I put to him the question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Great Britain, and especially in the universities?" He replied with caution and great ingenuousness: "If the truth must be whispered, it is that Herbert Spencer is losing his hold on the acutest and boldest critics of Great Britain." Nevertheless you will find that men who are beginning to read philosophy are often captured by Spencer's style, are commonly very reverent toward him. The newspaper men are most of them Spencerians.

Spencer, you know, thinks that all truth concerning God is like the back side of the moon—we never see it, we can know nothing about it. Well, what if that were so? I should not admit that the back side of the moon has no influence on us. I never saw the back side of the moon, that is true; but I know that there is not a wave in the far-gleaming sea from here to Japan that is not influenced by that back side as much as by the front; and that there is no ripple along the sedges of any coast, public or private, in time past or in time to come, that is not under the law of the tides, and is not as much indebted for its motion to the unknown side as to the known.

While I employ, therefore, Herbert Spencer's famous phrase concerning the necessity of our harmonization with our environment, I would give it a far wider sweep than he allows to it, and yet I need to insist only on self-evident truth, or direct inference from such truth—namely, that our

environment with which we must be harmonized is made up here and hereafter of our conscience, God and our record.

Fourth. It is therefore scientifically known that harmonization with conscience, God, and our record is the unalterable natural condition of peace of soul.

What? Natural conditions for salvation?

Yes. Well, life is rather serious if the very nature of things has in it conditions of our salvation. You are at war with the nature of things. Which shall change, you or it? Let us be serious, my friends, because God cannot be an enswathing kiss without also being a consuming fire. There cannot be an upper without there being an under. There cannot be a here without there being a there. There cannot be a before without there being an after. There cannot be a right without there being a left.

You say these propositions are all incontrovertible; but, if you please, they have applications to interests of ours deeper than the immensities and more enduring than the eternities. If the nature of things is against us, God is against us. The nature of things is only another name for the total outcome of the Divine perfections. He cannot deny himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. And the nature of things is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It has no variableness or shadow of turning. With him is no variableness or shadow of turning. It is he. Are you in dissonance with it? Then are you in dissonance with him. If, in face of the nature of things you need a change, so you do in the presence of a personal God.

What! am I assuming the Divine personality? Not at all. I am not endeavoring to prove it to-day, but I say there cannot be a here without a there, there cannot be a before without an after, there cannot be an upper without an under, and

so I say there cannot be a thought without a thinker. There is thought in the universe, a thought not our own. That thought in the universe proves that there is a thinker in the universe not ourselves, and a thinker is a person. You cannot have thought without a thinker any more than a here without a there, or an upper without an under; and you know there is a thought in the universe that is not your thought.

Agassiz, over and over, would close the majestic sections of his discussion of natural science by asserting that all facts of zoology, for instance, or geology, exhibit thought, prescience, forecast. Standing on that assertion I affirm that there cannot be thought without a thinker, and that a thinker is a person.

Now, with that person the law of existence is that he cannot deny himself. Out of that "cannot" burst forth all the self-evident truths of the universe. We cannot have an upper without an under; we cannot make a whole less than a part, we cannot make a straight line other than the shortest distance between two points; we cannot erase the difference between right and wrong; and all those things we are unable to do because the nature of things will not reverse itself.

God, in other words, the Thinker, who is the Ruler of all his creation, cannot deny himself. You feel that you must be in harmony with the nature of things. You dare not deny the perfection of the nature of things. Submit to it then. Positively the government of this universe is not elective. There are natural conditions of salvation.

What is salvation? I mean by that word permanent deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin. Well, that definition clears up a point or two. If salvation means that, it is about time for us to seek deliverance from the love of sin and guilt of sin. The love of sin? Why, I ought not

to be at peace if I have that. The guilt of sin? If I have that, I ought not to be at peace with the universe. But "ought" has God in it.

Until a man gets rid of both the love and the guilt of sin he cannot be at peace with the nature of things. Without perfect freedom from the love of sin and perfect freedom from the guilt of it, a man cannot be at peace in a universe, managed as it ought to be, and this universe is managed as it ought to be, and it will be for some time hence.

What I am afraid of is not the bann of any ecclesiastical party—I belong to no party,—but it is dissonance with the nature of things. It is want of harmony with that constitution of the universe which was, and is, and is to come. "Gentlemen," said Edmund Burke once to the electors at Bristol, "neither your vain wishes nor mine can change the nature of things."

Now, I want no theology that is not built on rendered reasons. I want no pulpit—no dying pillow. I will put under the head of no dying man as a pillow anything that is not built on the nature of things. It is unalterable, and it is he.

Fifth. It is scientifically incontrovertible that we know inductively that the soul, like everything else, is made on a plan; and

Sixth. That the plan of any mechanism is to be ascertained by finding out how it can be operated as nearly frictionless as possible.

Seventh. That the frictionless in a full-orbed human nature is the natural in human nature.

Eighth. That continuous joy in all the faculties is a sign of the frictionless or natural action of the faculties.

Ninth. That only when reason and conscience are supreme

in the religious sense can a full-orbed soul obtain frictionless action within its environs or continuous joy in all its faculties.

Tenth. That the religious is therefore scientifically known by induction to be the only natural, that is, the only frictionless, action of human nature within its unalterable environment of God, conscience, and our record.

My hand is made to shut toward the front, and not toward the back. I think I know that in spite of all the chatter of the know-nothing philosophy which asserts that we cannot be sure that there is any intention, although we do see the adaptation of means to ends, in nature.

Now, that prince of American mathematicians, Professor Peirce of Harvard University, lately delivered a lecture in Boston, in which he said: "If there is no force in the universe except what we call natural law, physical and moral, where is God?" And his reply was: "God is in the intention exhibited in the universe everywhere."

In this he uttered one of the deepest of the propositions of the most advanced thought in Germany and in England, though not of the thought that has made the most clamor in the newspapers and in the magazines. That hand I know was made to shut toward the front, and how do I know it? Why, not to use technical terms, I know that it was intended to shut toward the front and not toward the back, because I can shut it thus with the least friction. If I try to shut my hand toward the back, at once certain parts of its mechanism resist that action, and I crush the hand by trying to shut it in that way. I affirm that the hand cannot have been made in such a manner that its natural action is its own destruction. The hand cannot have been so bunglingly made that when it acts as it was meant to act it will break itself.

Now, just that is the rule concerning the soul, if you please. How are you to find out what is natural action in the soul? Why, just as you find out the natural action of the hand by ascertaining what the frictionless action is. That looks very simple, you say; but, after all, the principle runs very widely through religious science.

Here is a piece of mechanism. I do not know the plan of it, but I try to start the loom this way and that, and I find I am crushing a wheel here and a spring there. You have made that loom, it may be; and you have a written book concerning it, but I say you are a partisan. I will not read the book. God made man, and knows the plan of man's nature, and has written a book called the Bible explaining the plan and giving direction in regard to human life. But we say that book is partisan, and we will have none of it.

I try to operate your loom, and you stand by and you see my work, and are very willing I should have your experience as a guide.

But I say, "I will have none of your wisdom, even though you are the servant of the mind which made the loom. You have set out under the direction of the maker, and you understand the way of operating it; but you are a partisan, and I will have none of your wisdom, for perhaps you are a minister. In these days, although a man is a man, even if his father was rich or poor, I think a man is not quite a man if he is a minister and claims any authority. So I will have none of this partisan guidance, for I believe in Spencer."

This mechanism is before me, and I go on trying it now this way and now that. This is just what those professional guides want me to do. They have been studying this human loom all their lives. They have had experience in community after community, and probably have a better chance to

understand human nature on all its sides than men not in their profession.

But as they are partisans I will experiment for myself. They want me to do so. At last I find that the machine moves smoothly. I can weave a web on it that will sell. I can make up a cargo of my weaving at Chicago and carry it to Liverpool without unpacking it, and there it will bring a price. The loom it weaves pattern after pattern, and those patterns all sell. At last, I say, I have found out how to operate this machine.

Just so I affirm concerning this far more complicated machine we call the human soul, that it must work frictionlessly or we may be assured of the fact that it works wrong, and that we have not ascertained the way in which it was meant to work. Everything is made on a plan, and therefore you know the soul is made on a plan.

But now, everything made on a plan is a kind of mechanism, and every piece of mechanism works best when it works with the least friction. My hand does not work absolutely without friction, but the movement of least friction is the natural action of it. And so with the soul, the action of least friction is the natural action. Will you please apply that very simple principle to human nature without the Bible in sight, and look at this whole topic from the point of view of the scientific method?

What is a frictionless action in the soul of a full-orbed man? Why do I say full-orbed? Because this loom might turn against the very plan of it if you were to take off half a dozen wheels. The young man who has crushed out fifty or eighty of the noblest instincts of his nature by dissipation —he is not only a dissipated man, but he is a dizzypated man; he is not a fair specimen of human nature. I will not take

him to find out how this human machine may be made to operate harmoniously upon itself, for several of the wheels are gone. Perhaps I could turn him the wrong way and give no distress to his faculties.

Well, but you say this is a very unfair procedure.

It is a scientific procedure, for if I go to Ann Arbor, or the University of New York, and ask some great professor what the lily of the valley is, or what the plant we call maize is, he will not show me a stunted specimen. If I carry to him a lily of the valley or a stalk of maize, he will want a specimen that grew in good soil, and that was well watered, and that showed all the powers of the plant. If I present to him the plant which rustles over so many hundred square miles on the prairies yonder, he will ask, "Did the maize come from France, where it produces forty to one; or from Illinois, where it produces eighty to one; or from Mexico, where it produces a hundred and fifty to one?"

He will not take the maize to put into his cabinet unless it is a full-grown specimen, and he is perfectly scientific in that procedure; and so with the lily of the valley—he will not have it from any stunted soil, but he tells me that I must make up a picture of it if I cannot get a perfect specimen. Some specimens are good, and I will picture the best in a number of specimens until I have from several specimens a perfect idea of what that plant can do. When I have done this I carry that picture to Professor Agassiz, or Professor Dana, and he will say, "That is a lily of the valley that I will show to the world as a specimen of what is natural in that plant."

Just so I claim that if I am to follow the scientific method in ascertaining what is natural to human nature, I must take full-grown specimens, and if I cannot find in any one man or

woman all the growth of all the faculties, I will take the best history has shown here and the best it has shown there, and make up my ideal of man as Agassiz does his ideal of the lily of the valley.

What is natural to man? Let us answer that question by an unflinching application of the scientific method. Let us for a moment build up a man by that stern style of dissection which the student of merely physical science applies to the plant. We shall find ourselves confronted at once with a sense of our own fragmentary growth. I have a right, just as in the case of the lily of the valley, to take the best of many specimens.

Put together Phocion for Greece, and Hampden for England, and Washington and your Lincoln for America, as representatives of lofty justice in men. Take your Aristotle and Bacon, your Kant and Hamilton and Edwards, as specimens of analytical power. Take your Isaiahs and Fénelons and Bossuets, your Miltons and your Jeremy Taylors, as illustrations of the height which men may attain in the spiritual imagination and insight. Take your Napoleons, your Hannibals, your Cæsars, for executive strength. Put into those full-orbed men the consciences of the martyrs and the apostles and the prophets.

And now, having built up the loftiest zones of human nature according to the scientific method, I will not diverge from the stern demands of science: I will put into the lower zones of man's nature the very best growth you have ever seen there. For after Isaiah and Plato, after the prophets and apostles, after the Cæsars and Napoleons, after the Kants and Hamiltons have been put into the upper ranges, I can bear to put into the lower, as added basilar strength, the Caligulas and the Neros and the Domitians and the Vespa-

sians. It will only give steeds to these riders to put the best growth of the basilar faculties beneath the best growth of the coronal. It is good for a man to have a tempest in the lower half of his face if he has a hurricane in the upper half.

Now, with that thought of a full-orbed man before you, ask whether nature made up thus can stoop to the gutter, can be at peace while uttering the words "I will not" defiantly to the still small voice that says "I ought," can harmonize itself with the environment which faculty gives to faculty when it will not do what it knows it ought to do or what the nature of things requires? Is it in such a full-orbed specimen of human nature to act crookedly or to drop down to vice?

There is a rule in the United States that no one State can declare war or make peace without the consent of all the other States. Massachusetts and South Carolina have no right, under the Constitution, to fall into war or to declare peace unless the Union gives its consent. Now just that is the law of this republic of faculties, and is the law of this full-orbed nature which I have sketched, and of which we have at best only a sketch, for a man must be a full-orbed nature in order to appreciate one of that nature.

In man's nature there is a law that there must not be any secession. South Carolina must not go out of the Union. But all the vices are South Carolina's. There is not a vice that can get a vote of the Union on its own side. I claim there is not a single action in human nature known as a vice that is not a secessionist in the constitution of man's nature.

Now, if you please, it is getting to be a stern last morning with all philosophy that has vice, if these things can be demonstrated to all men. We know we are made on a plan, and the soul ought to act frictionlessly, and, of course, when men

take a full-orbed soul as a specimen of what is natural, and we know that every vice is a secessionist, why, we know then scientifically there is a best way to live, and if there is a best way to live, we know scientifically that it is best to live the best way.

You think nothing can be proved outside of the Bible? Why, all these propositions I hold would be true even if there had been given us no revelation. I hold this is incontrovertible.

Eleventh. That these truths are known by strict induction, independent of revelation itself.

Yonder thunders Niagara. In the distance gleam the great lakes, not five of them only, but twelve, a chain of lakes extending from the Arctic Sea to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the Great Bear, the Great Slave, and Athabasca, and Winnebago being the upper end of the silver and golden ribbon stretching across the colossal breast twice washed in the blood of our beloved America.

Now, suppose I should lose my guide-book to North America, would the map of North America change? What if the book we call the Bible were to be discredited? as it is in no danger of being. What if the theory of inspiration, which I hold in a high and severe form, were to be given up, would religion evaporate in human affairs? I carry a guide-book to Niagara and the great lakes, and it may be I shall lose it; but I have not the slighest fear that the plan of North America will change when my guide-book is lost. Revelation is only the sun rising upon the landscape of the nature of things, and the sun reveals, but does not create, the landscape.

Religion will stand on the nature of things as long as it is known that law is universal, that the soul is made on a plan,

and that therefore we do know by strict induction that the frictionless action of the human faculties is the only natural action, for it is the only action in harmony with out environment.

We must not allow ourselves to be thrown into tremor by fear that the inspiration of the Bible is a truth that will be given up. To-day the Bible is read in two hundred languages of the globe. To-day more money is spent for it than in any previous age of the world. I do not know a single infidel book over a hundred years old that has not been put upon the upper shelf by scholars. I do not know a Boston infidel book worth reading. One or two of Theodore Parker's books went into a second edition, but in this country there never appeared a second edition of the collected works of Theodore Parker. That one fact is sufficient proof that they are not abreast of the times in Boston, where every man is a philosopher.

But, my friends, it is worth insisting upon that when our faculties act as they are meant to do they will not give us pain. It is undoubtedly painful at first to constrain ourselves to virtuous action, but the religious man is not an unhappy man fundamentally. Your man of morality is the person who sails past the isle of the sirens and does not land, but he rather wants to do so. You remember that the ancients had a story about the golden fleece, and that once Ulysses went in search of the costly object, and on his voyage passed the isle of the sirens. They sang to him, and in order to keep his crew from being enchanted he filled their ears with wax and bound himself to the mast with knotted thongs. In that way he went by safely. But he rather wanted to land, and so was not at peace. Of course, if a man wants to land and will not let himself land, there is a conflict in his nature, and

mere cold prudence does not give him harmonization with his environment.

The ancients said that when Orpheus went by that island, he being, as you remember, a great musician, he set up better music than that of the sirens, and so enchanted his crew that they went by, disdaining the sorcerers' shore. They not only passed safely, but victoriously and at peace.

Now, the man of morality is Ulysses bound to the mast with knotted thongs, and his ears filled with wax, cold prudence taking him by, but he rather wants to land. Orpheus is the man of religion. He has heard a better music which has outsung the sirens, and he goes by not only with safety, but with disdain. That is the distinction between harmonization with our environment and forced action in some sort of prudential conformity to moral law.

No morality can give us peace. When you define morality as Ulysses with his ears filled with wax and his arms bound to the masts, and yet some desire existing in his heart to land, that desire must be taken away from his heart or he cannot be at peace. When he desires to do what he cannot do there is a collision among his faculties, and he is not harmonized with the environment of faculty upon faculty.

That is as evident as that a thing cannot be here and there at the same time and in the same sense. We therefore know scientifically that no mere morality in this sense of prudential self-control, mere cool selfishness, is enough to give peace, but that religion in the sense of love of what God loves and hate of what God hates is necessary to our harmonization with our environment.

Why, I confess that when I think of these matters in the solitude of my chamber there is nothing in mathematics clearer to me than that while I love what God hates and hate

what God loves it is ill with me, and will continue to be ill until that dissonance ceases. In the very nature of things I must love what he loves and hate what he hates, and not merely conform outwardly to him. Religion is the obedience of delight, and not the obedience of slavishness. I must give my heart to the nature of things, or it and I are at war; and it is he.

When a man has harmonized all his faculties with each other, when he has learned to love what God loves and hate what God hates, then he is like some of those majestic representations of full-orbed human nature which Michael Angelo has given us, or which have come to us from the greatest of the ancients.

I stood in the basement of the Louvre the other day, and there was the Venus de Milo, and there, too, was the sleeping Grecian slave in the market-place, the marble creation of Angelo. The man was majestic in quantity and quality of being. He had in him the possibility of power unfathomable, and yet was tender as any drop of dew. A lion was in him; a dove also. A woman, a man. Not only was his massiveness overpowering when you took a full view of it, but his tenderness was equally overpowering at any full prospect of its possibilities in action.

For the massiveness standing there behind the tenderness might have been as the murky threat of the tempest thundering across league after league, and the tenderness concentrated was like the zigzag lightning to smite whatever is unjust or impure.

On the other hand stood a woman, marvellous in quantity and quality—both. It is easy to find a man large enough, but not easy to find a man of fine quality and great size combined. It is easy to find a woman fine enough, but not so

easy to find one remarkable at once for the greatest quantity and the highest quality of being.

I am a married man, if you please. I have no secrets to confess. There is in man a possibility of being full-orbed; and our great sculptors and painters have sometimes given us in art an example of such a nature harmonized with itself. When I stood there before Venus de Milo, I asked a young man, somewhat tempted by Paris life, whether that woman and this man, if they were turned out in modern wardrobe to go around the world, would come back dissipated.

"They would come back without the smell of fire on their garments."

"How do you know?"

"Look at them," said he; "they are too great to be tempted."

"But," said I, "they are to go around the world; they are to be free from family police, and they are to be subjected to all the temptations of modern luxury and poverty."

"They would come back without a thread of their wardrobe singed," said the young man.

"How do you know?" said I.

"Why, look at them," said he, "they are too great to stoop."

They had in them the full-orbed human nature, and that young man, no philosopher, simply a person of good practical instinct, felt that you cannot make a man who has all the wheels in him act against conscience and reason. The whole make of him is against this. Such action is not natural.

You, young man, want to be natural. Be full-orbed first, and then be as natural as you please. I affirm that any man who will not make a flat-headed Indian of himself, who will not bind upon his upper faculties some plank of evil habits

and press down the better instincts of his nature year after year, and who will cultivate all the moral part of his nature as sedulously as he does his intellectual or executive faculties, or his social or his animal, and who will let all parts of his nature grow North, South, East and West, I affirm that such a man, when the breezes of the holy Somewhat and Some One who is in nature breathed through him, will utter a resonance, not like the hiss of the reptile, not like the bellowing of the hollow-voiced calf, or the notes of the silly-throated goose.

There will be in that man, when God moves through his full growth, a sacred and commanding resonance like that of the forest of oaks on your prairie plains yonder, like that of your forests combining their tones with the roar of your Niagara yonder, like that of both those anthems conjoined with the eternal song of the sea, a hallelujah to the glory of organizing and redemptive moral law; and it is he!

It is therefore scientifically incontrovertible that harmonization without environment must include similarity of feeling with God, for we must love what the nature of things loves, and hate what the nature of things hate. Similiarity of feeling with God, or a love of what he loves and a hate of what he hates, is an unalterable, natural condition of peace of soul in this life and the next. But you say that thus far I have been endeavoring to prove the necessity of a new birth merely. Well, I have heard that this is a scriptural doctrine, but I have not opened the Bible yet. Let no man say I underrate the Bible.

There are four Testaments—the oldest, the old, the new, and the newest. The Old Testament and the New are written. The oldest testament is the nature of things. The newest is the present action of God in human history.

I interpret the oldest and the newest by the old and the new. Our surest guide beyond all doubt is the written Word; but God wrote the oldest testament or the nature of things, and God writes the newest current history, the last unrolling chapters in the acts of the apostles; whether in church, in science, in commerce, or in politics, he is here in the oldest testament and here in the newest, although not as visible in them as he is in the written Word, but the four testaments are his, and therefore one.

I have taken all my texts to-day out of the nature of things, out of the oldest records of God, the constitution of man and of the universe, and we find in that Testament, as well as in the New, it is written: "Verily, verily, I say unto you a man must be born from above. The natural mind is at enmity with God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. How can two walk together unless they are agreed?"

You must walk with yourselves and with your record and with God, and how can anything exist here and exist there at the same time and in the same sense? How can you love and hate God at once and in the same sense? You must either agree or disagree. How can you walk with God and yourselves and your record without being agreed with them, and how can you be agreed with them without loving what God loves or without similarity of feeling with God?

C And so in the oldest testament I read from the nature of things what is in the old and the new and the newest. The four accord in thought, and ought to solomnize civilization to its last fibre. If you and I do not learn similarity of feeling with God, it is ill with us, and we know that just as well as we know that the law of gravitation governs the world. We understand perfectly well by mere induction the neces-

sity of the love of what God loves, and the hate of what God hates, as a natural condition of peace of soul. That condition being a natural one, it is irreversible by our will. If you please, the universe is not managed by count of heads or clack of tongues. There is no vacancy among the supreme powers that will be filled by an election in the Mississippi Valley or that of the Hudson. We must ascertain meekly these conditions. Exact science proclaims that continuous joy in all the faculties is the only decisive sign of their natural action, and that continuous joy in all the faculties can come only to him who has acquired, not morality merely, but religion in the sense of the supreme love of what God loves, and supreme hate of what God hates, or similarity with the nature of things, for it is he!

It is scientifically incontrovertible—

Twelfth. That even after we have acquired similarity of feeling with God, the record of our past sin is behind us in an unchangeable past.

Thirteenth. That the conscience, in the absence of expiation, forebodes punishment.

Fourteenth. That for harmonization with our record in an unchangeable past, therefore, we need more than our own reformation and personal excellence.

Fifteenth. That, therefore, not only the necessity of similarity of feeling with God, or the new birth, but the necessity of the atonement also, is scientifically inferable from the necessity of our harmonization with our whole environment.

You will allow me to assert, in the name of Herbert Spencer, that the unchangeable past is a part of our environment. We must be harmonized with it. Am I harmonized with it when I have reformed?

There is an unchangeable record of my sin in the past. I have learned to hate that sin, but ought the record of it to be treated precisely as though it never had been?

Here is a deserter. Here is a soldier who never deserted. The deserter comes back. He is ready to re-enlist. Ought he to be treated just like the soldier that never deserted? Now I have deserted. I know that if what is done in the universe is what ought to be done, I shall be treated rather differently from Gabriel and Abdiel, and all those who have been faithful from the first. I ought to be treated differently, and God always does what he ought to do. Therefore I feel an unrest as to this record in the past, even after I have reformed.

Say what you please, I hold it to be scientifically incontrovertible that after a man has reformed, the record of his past sin is behind him. When the deserter comes back and re-enlists, the record of the desertion is behind the soldier, is it not? His re-enlisting and facing the enemy does not change the fact that he has been a deserter, does it?

I affirm that in the absence of expiation, man's conscience forebodes punishment. Why it does that, it is not important for me to discuss. That it does that, all history proclaims. We know that the ages have been thrown into unrest on this point, and that when we take human nature through a large range, when we endeavor to ascertain how the ages have acted, face to face with the irreversible record of sin in the past, we find that they have foreboded punishment in the absence of expiation. "Plato, Plato," said Socrates, when Greek philosophy stood at its height, "it may be that God may forgive wilful sin; I do not see how he can, for I do not see that he ought to."

That thought, which I have put into shorter words than

those of Socrates, has been the fundamental conviction in the bottom of the soul of those heathen tribes that have sacrificed holocaust after holocaust to God to give themselves peace of soul, face to face with this record.

I know not, my friends, what can be made clear from human history, if it is not certain that in the absence of a deliverer, and of an expiation, man forebodes punishment. That is the way we are made, and even after we have reformed, human nature acts in this manner. I say that the greatest saints, in the absence of expiation, or when they have known nothing of it, have had this foreboding, and in all ages have had it.

This action of man's nature is not a mere sickly eddy of sentiment, coming up here and there in peculiarly educated circles: it is the great natural operation of conscience. The record of desertion behind a man makes his past permanently different from that of a man who has never deserted. That past which was an effect becomes a cause, and will perpetually produce appropriate effects of foreboding unless, unless, unless God's hand as a screen be let down between us and it, and between his face and that black, irreversible past.

I know I need such a screen. But from mere reason I cannot prove that such a screen has been provided for me. Revelation says an atonement has been made. That key turns in the lock of human nature. That fits the wards of this foreboding. That washes Lady Macbeth's red right hand.

You know Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say that she regretted her crime. She had killed Duncan, or connived at his murder, and she was so moved by her crime that she became insane in view of it. Shakespeare makes her rise in the night and try to wash her hands, and the gentle physician

who looks upon her is accompanied by the watching servant maid, and the latter says to the former: "Look how she rubs her hands! Sometimes she does this for the quarter of an hour together." Lady Macbeth, pacing up and down, and put there, one might think, by Providence, to illustrate in the forefront of literature, and to all time, one of the greatest of religious truths, exclaims: "Out, accursed spot! All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten this little hand!"

Her husband, in similar circumstances, says: "This red right hand the multitudinous seas it would incarnadine, making the green one red." Now, undoubtedly Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had learned to hate their crime, but how can they wash their hands? If you please, it is getting to be a deep question in philosophy, now that conscience has been scientifically investigated as it never was before, how Lady Macbeth's red right hand can be washed.

I am talking about facts. There is nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that Lady Macbeth's hand is red; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she would like to wash it; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she cannot. Who can? Not Plato, not Socrates, not Goethe, not Strauss, not Parker, not Emerson—only Christianity can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand!

NEW ENGLAND SCEPTICISM

THE Connecticut and the Merrimac are little streams, but they are as dear to many who live in the Mississippi Valley as is the Father of Waters. On this shore of Lake Chautauqua we are yet in the Mississippi Valley, for these highest navigable waters of my native commonwealth, and of the continent, flow through the seething gorges of the Allegheny, and the placid curves of the Ohio, and the colossal stretches of the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico.

There are two New Englands, an eastern and a western; and the western is the larger and ultimately will be the more powerful. Plymouth Rock is a piece of granite broken off the Alps at Geneva, and it crops out in the prairies and in the Rocky Mountains; and the western side of it, I sometimes think, is that stupendous height of El Capitan in the Yosemite—for on the Columbia River and on the Colorado there are men to whom Plymouth Rock, and Faneuil Hall, and Bunker Hill are as dear as to any who live on the Hudson or Massachusetts Bay.

I must treat New England tenderly here, for I am among the descendants of the Pilgrims. When an Englishman comes to America now, he must look for the successors of Hampden and Vane in the Mississippi Valley chiefly, and in California. Sir Charles Dilke says that Californians are all picked men, and you can hardly find in the front of affairs in this Mississippi Valley any man who is not above the average in breadth of native endowment.

But I recognize in the chief part of the vigor of the West the granite of Plymouth Rock. I will not admit that Plymouth Rock is a hearthstone only for New England. The

fires which were built on that stone we all stretch out our hands toward, from the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Colorado, and the Columbia; and, indeed, from zones that sweep around the globe both ways, men reach out their hands toward the fire of political liberty, which first had assured existence in the world on that altar which we call Plymouth Rock.

I affirm that our political liberty has Plymouth Rock for its foundation; and when from my study on Beacon Hill, in Boston, I look out on Bunker Hill monument and ask on what it is based, I find that the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument is Plymouth Rock.

And just here, my friends, in the fact that our fathers brought with them the spirit of self-rule, we find the first cause of New England scepticism.

Men have been taught in America to think for themselves; and the beginning of freedom in things intellectual always brings with it many mistakes. I suppose New England has made more mistakes in endeavoring to found new systems of religion and philosophy than the rest of the land has done, because she has tried oftener.

Wait until the wave of popular enlightenment, which is now at least knee-deep on the Atlantic shore—the wave which, although not deeper than that, has lifted some men of an easy standing off their feet—has swept over the whole land; wait until every man in Philadelphia is as ready to deny authority as men in Boston are, and you will see in the Quaker City quite as grotesque outgrowths of the free-thinking of democratic ages as you have ever seen in Boston.

We find in the city of the Puritans the most intense democracy in politics, and also in theology and in art. We are free-thinkers, and the tap-root of New England scepticism

is New England freedom. Now, I believe in freedom, both political and intellectual, but there are early stages in which our democratic progress shows to a disadvantage.

Just as a young man, passing through a college course; finds a transition state of his culture in which he can ask more questions than he can answer, so the democratic ages, learning to think for themselves, pass through a sophomore year. New England is in a sophomore year. This age is the sophomore year in all democratic countries, and in most countries which call themselves highly civilized, or which are, or are becoming, democratic; and for five hundred years yet the sophomore year of the civilized ages of democracy will be unrolling its absurdities.

We shall have loose thinking and free thinking—a great deal of it shrewd, a great deal of it wild—and ministers and persons in authority will do well to teach men how to think, for all men are soon to think for themselves. If they have done so more thoroughly in Boston and Eastern Massachusetts than in some other quarters of the globe, that circumstance is a partial explanation of the fact that we differ from each other there as sharply as anywhere, and that some very uncouth growths appear both in our philosophy and our theology.

But I stand on the shore of a great lake. I am at the edge of a valley made famous by the Father of Waters. It was my fortune to be born on soil over which the flags of three nations have waved. It was my early joy to have as a playground the renowned ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, built by the French on territory which as early as 1611 had been made historic by a battle between the Iroquois and Samuel Champlain, one of the Frenchmen who discovered the lands traversed by the Mississippi and the great lakes.

You remember that France claimed all the regions traversed by the waters she had discovered. She owned, in law, all the land through which the waters run into your great lakes and into the Mississippi, for she discovered these lakes and that river. It is a majestic memory—the bare ghost of the French power which came near shutting the English up on the eastern side of the Alleghanies. From the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi there were forts erected, and the French meant, by a heavy chain of military posts, to hold the English within the narrow confines of the Atlantic coast.

They came very near succeeding. They had forts dotting this whole territory, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, and in France, as De Tocqueville used to remark, the most familiar names in America are those which lie in the territory between the mouths of those two great rivers. The French gave the names. Your own commonwealth has an appellation of which the French hammered out a part—the termination at least—and this valley is full of French designations for Indian towns. We had a conflict after our Puritan fathers came here, and in the long French and Indian struggle we were demoralized.

We learned to like France after the Revolution came; and when it came we were in a demoralized condition. After the French and Indian war we learned to love France. Lafayette bent our hearts toward France. We had conquered the French statesmen. We had asserted for ourselves the right of hope. When the battle of Quebec was fought, this continent became Protestant. When the French flag went down at Quebec, the Bible was opened for the Mississippi Valley and for the Pacific Coast.

But we had demoralizations following demoralizations in

our wars, and it is not at all surprising that, at the date at which President Dwight began his career at Yale College, infidelity filled our institutions of learning. We had had Whitefield; we had had Edwards. But so had war, so had French infidelity demoralized us that when, in 1795, President Dwight commenced his leadership of Yale College, only one student out of the whole undergraduate department remained to participate in the service of the Eucharist.

There has never been in the history of American churches an hour of greater disaster. Jefferson, suspected of French principles in both religion and politics, had just become the chief magistrate of the nation. The enthusiasm for Lafayette and for Gallican liberty had inclined the heart of our whole people toward France. The atrociously shallow and unclean, but brilliant and audacious Parisian infidelity of the period looked attractive, even to the most talented and scholarly undergraduates.

"That was the day," Lyman Beecher writes in his "Autobiography" (vol. 1, p. 43), "when boys that dressed flax in the barn read Tom Paine and believed him." The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were sceptical, or given to vices which scepticism does little to check. We find in that day in Yale College such a spirit of infidelity that wines and liquors were kept in many rooms, and intemperance, profanity, gambling and licentiousness were common.

Lyman Beecher was in Yale College as a student in his third year when Timothy Dwight came there as president; and now these two men lie not far from each other, in the unspeakably precious dust of the New Haven cemetery, at rest until the heavens are no more!

The senior class brought before the president a list of ques-

tions for discussion, one of them on the Inspiration of the Scriptures. He chose that theme for a written debate; asked the young men to be as thorough as possible on the infidel side; treated them courteously; answered them fairly; delivered for six months from the college pulpit massive courses of thought against infidelity; and from that day it ran into hiding-holes in Yale College.

If Harvard University had had a President Dwight, I say not what might have been its subsequent history and that of protions of Cambridge and Boston, but it would have been different. At the outset of our national life Harvard was as full of French infidelity as Yale, but she had no President Dwight to correct her tendencies to French scepticism. As at Yale, so at Harvard, young men named themselves after French atheists.

Among the eloquent memorials of the fathers, Mr. Emerson, in the Old South Church, lately told us that Providence has granted to Boston thus far the guidance of the intellectual destiny of this continent. Boston is a sea-blown city of amusingly self-blown trumpets. It is safe to affirm that in the geography of American culture Boston is as yet, in the opinion of many, and especially in her own, the highest summit.

But Harvard University is Boston's summit. Religious diseases, originated chiefly by contagion from France in her revolutionary period, and by many years of war on our own soil, filled the veins of Harvard, as well as those of Yale, at the opening of our national life. At the close of the last century Harvard, as well as Yale, was in a vicious state, induced chiefly by the very same causes which had produced demoralization at Yale.

I know that student life at Harvard now occasionally, as at

Yale, exhibits the dismal activity of youthful frivolity, and some secret and public societies appear to fan the flame of college dissipation. But neither at Harvard nor at Yale have the dissipated men power to put their heels on the neck of college sentiment. They had the power at the close of the last century in both those institutions. And it is not too much to say that Hogarth's pictures of "The Rake's Progress" might have been matched out of the fairly representative life of Yale and Harvard in the French period.

In that Parisian day, unreportable vices were as common at Harvard as at Yale. We have just had a pleasant book written describing student life in Harvard as it unrolls itself at present and as many of you can remember it; but a volume describing life there ninety years ago, and as frankly written as this new description, we should not care to have generally circulated. In several works of historic fiction the average undergraduate of that time is represented as a low character. The average undergraduate of the last years of the last century, at both Yale and Harvard, was far less of a gentleman and immensely less of a Christian than he is to-day.

Why, in my class at Yale there were two thirds Christians —not all members of churches, but most of them—and at Harvard, at this moment, most of the students are members of churches. You say that Harvard is a place of scepticism. But, if you please, the West, and the East also, exaggerate the amount of infidelity at Harvard University. I am speaking of my Alma Mater, but I have spoken frankly to her face, and I speak with bated breath here, for I would treat her more tenderly at a distance than near at hand.

But it is true now, that out of a class of nearly two hundred, you find less than fifty claiming Unitarian proclivities in theology. It is commonly supposed that Harvard is Uni-

tarian, when she has as good a right to be called Episcopalian. I hold in my hand here elaborate statistics as to recent classes in Harvard University. Take one of the very last, and in it there were, of men about to graduate, of Unitarians, 39; Episcopalians, 35; Congregationalists, 23; Baptists, 11; Presbyterians, 6; Liberals, 4; Methodists, 2; Roman Catholics, 2. According to that table there is really more reason for calling Harvard an orthodox college than a heterodox.

I know that the majority of the governing body belong to the Unitarian denomination, but the recent elections into that body have been nearly all from evangelical sources. The college is not denominational in any sense. It would not like to be called Unitarian, or Congregational, or Episcopal. It has no denominational aim, but there is at Cambridge far more strength in sound evangelical thought than the West or the East commonly gives Harvard credit for.

Among the students there are well organized and vigorous religious societies, and the conditions of admission to them are more severe than to most churches. I find reason, therefore, for contrasting the present with the past of Harvard favorably. But this change has come about within the last fifty years. It was the religious demoralization produced by a great variety of causes inhering in the French and Indian wars and in the Revolution, and in the bending of our national heart toward France, which left Harvard unfit to lead Boston culture, and until within fifty or eighty years I must say she has continued to be unfit for that high office.

She is my Alma Mater, but she has taught me to be ingenuous and to give proof, and the proof that her career as a leader of erratic thought in theology is about to close is her own confession, for she is constantly electing into her board of governors men who are distinguished, not for erratic, but

for the soundest kind of sound thought in theology. She is taking for her leaders more and more men whose principles accord with those of the fathers of New England; and it is that system of thought which has been tested by time on both sides of the Atlantic which to-day has the most power in Harvard University.

But how did our fathers drift away from the lofty ideals of Plymouth Rock, and drop into this demoralized condition? Let me rapidly run over a series of causes which illustrate the source of the demoralizations of Harvard and Yale theologically. When our fathers received George Whitefield as an evangelist, it was necessary for him on Boston Common, in addresses before twenty or thirty thousand people, to teach the necessity of the New Birth. It was necessary for him to insist upon the proposition that a man should not be a minister unless he could give credible evidence of having entered upon a profoundly pious life.

Why was it necessary for Whitefield to proclaim the necessity of a converted ministry and the necessity of converted church membership? Our Puritan fathers believed, as our Pilgrim fathers did, in a converted ministry and in a converted church membership. But our Puritan fathers, you will remember, were not Separatists. Our Pilgrim fathers were. Distinguish always the Pilgrims of Plymouth, who were separatists from the Church of England, from the Puritans who were not.

Now the Puritans who landed in Boston brought over the idea that every child, if baptized, became in some sense a member of the church, and therefore it was a part of their anxiety, in founding a new civilization, to have all children baptized. They had precisely the same idea concerning the baptism of children which prevails now in the state churches

of Europe. Let me not here put any one upon thorns by awakening fear that I shall attack or defend merely denominational views as to infant baptism—a very infantile theme now, compared with this larger question, how the secularization of orthodoxy in New England arose. It came from a good motive—the desire to attend to the religious culture of the whole population.

We had a law passed in Massachusetts in 1631 that united the Church and the State. In that year the provision was made that nobody should vote unless he was a church member or had been baptized in youth. What is the effect of making a law, as the General Court did in 1631 in Massachusetts, that for all time to come nobody shall be admitted to the body politic except Church members? Of course the consequence of such legislation will be to make all men anxious to become members of the Church.

There will be a secularization of religion if you make the rule that nobody can vote who is not a church member. And that was the law in Massachusetts, and that law was forced upon the churches partly out of their desire to carry religious influences into all secular things. They desired to found a theocracy, like the Jesuits who discovered the great lakes and the Mississippi. They proposed to unite the religious and the civil power practically, if not theoretically; and this order was passed with the best of intentions, but it had the most mischievous effects.

Of course, very soon after 1631 we begin to find a demand for a half-way covenant. The question arose whether those parents whose children had been baptized could not become voters. In 1657 there was a law passed called the "Half-Way Covenant" by its opponents, and now remembered in history by that name; and by that law those parents who

were baptized in infancy, if moral and respectable, were allowed to have their children baptized and be eligible to civil offices. Notice how the political strain was on Massachusetts all the way through.

Of course, secularization like this changed two or three thousand things. President Chauncey of Harvard opposed the Half-Way Covenant, but the fashion had been set, ever since 1631, of admitting to public office only church members. I know that in 1688, on the accession of William and Mary, the law that required church membership as a condition of citizenship was repealed.

But you cannot raise a great wave like this and stop it by changing rulers in England; and we had that law from 1631 to 1688. It was the rule that only church members should be eligible to office, and, as a result of that, we had the Half-Way Covenant. But long after that the Half-Way Covenant kept on in spite of the changes of law under William and Mary. Therefore, it is not surprising at all that in 1704—coming down a little later in this wave of secularization—we find Stoddard of Northampton claiming that men should be admitted to the communion service as a converting ordinance.

Whether converted or not they should come to the communion service, and should be recognized as in some sense church members. And finally Stoddard went so far as to defend an unconverted ministry.

Whitefield writes in his journal that "Stoddard is to be blamed for maintaining that a man may be an efficient minister although not converted." We see how this political strain, year after year, had caused Massachusetts to drift away from her anchorage near Plymouth Rock, and how, little by little, she had come into those billows of unrest and

secularization which belong in every democratic age to state churches.

Massachusetts has had a state church, and her perils from it had become such in the time of Edwards that he underwent persecution for setting himself against the turbid wave of secularization that had been rising ever since 1631. He opposed the Half-Way Covenant, and was sent into the wilderness as an exile because he had resisted this injury of God's house.

Why were Edwards and his family—why were his daughter and his wife compelled to live on charity from Scotland for a while? Because he had opposed the Half-Way Covenant. I know where in Massachusetts to put my hand on little note-books of brown paper covered all over with Edwards's writing, and the books were made from clippings of the paper used in the fans manufactured by his wife and daughters, and sold to obtain their daily bread. There are no fans that Massachusetts dislikes so much to be fanned with as those that Edwards's daughters and wife made and sold for food. Massachusetts starved him, and Scotland fed him, thank God! But there were in this experience of Edwards only the natural results of a long course of secularization. Edwards and Whitefield stopped the chief portion of the wave.

So far as that Half-Way Covenant was abandoned, the churches of eastern Massachusetts became evangelical. So far as it was retained they became unevangelical. Look into Tracy's "History of the Great Awakening," and you will find a statement that no single church that continued to retain the Half-Way Covenant up to the present time, whether converted or not, continued to be evangelical. It is commonly supposed that the errors of Calvinism account for

the rise of Unitarianism. But men must remember the errors of Church government; the secularization of the Church by its union with the State, and the general outcome of this Half-Way Covenant which Edwards and Whitefield successfully resisted.

Men must notice that the churches which dropped that system became evangelical, and the churches which kept it up continued to be unevangelical. And therefore I undertake to say that the political were far more important than the theological causes of Unitarianism. Undoubtedly, gentlemen here who have opposed many of those errors which it is the delight of modern Calvinistic scholars to oppose—many of them statements for which Calvin was not responsible; things tacked upon his system that did not belong to the core of it—undoubtedly, many gentlemen here will hardly give the emphasis I do, after long study of this theme, to the political pressure that lay on Massachusetts and secularized her churches. But, standing in Boston and reciting the history of New England, I do not feel any need of proof that the Half-Way Covenant, and these political forces out of which it arose, were the principal causes of the demoralization of orthodoxy in eastern New England, and that this demoralization was the chief cause of the division of God's house there between the evangelical and the unevangelical.

To be brief, therefore, let me say that I hold in my hand a copy of a record, made as late as 1728, on the official books of a church in Westfield, and it is a specimen of the records you may find all over eastern Massachusetts. I go up and down from the Merrimac to the Connecticut as a flying scout, and every now and then I chance to meet a talkative document like this:

"At a church meeting holden in Westfield, Feb. 28, 1729: Voted, that those who enter full communion may have liberty to give an account of a work of saving conversion, or not. It shall be regarded as a matter of indifference."

Will unevangelical opinions arise in a church managed in that style? You may conclude whatever way you please, according to theory, I conclude according to the fact of history that where that church practice exists, as it did all over eastern Massachusetts, unevangelical opinions naturally arise.

Out of the political pressure which preceded the accession of William and Mary came the Half-Way Covenant; out of the Half-Way Covenant came the secularization of the church membership of the Congregational body in eastern New England; out of our connection with the state came marshes of stagnant church life there, similar to the marshes of much of the church life in Europe to-day. And there is hardly a breeze that sweeps over Boston that does not come from those marshes, not yet dry, and that never had any salt in them to keep them sweet. You know that I have spoken here more freely than I could have spoken fifty years ago, for it has not been the fashion in my portion of New England denominationally to admit the evil of this Half-Way Covenant as fully as I have now done until within twenty-five or thirty years; but these are the facts.

A law by which only church members could vote was in operation in Massachusetts from 1631 to 1688 in form, and much longer in spirit.

The political and social pressure arising from that law led to the adoption of the Half-Way Covenant, by which persons not professing to have entered on a new life at all were allowed to enter the Church.

Out of that pressure arose Stoddard's evil plea that un-

converted persons should be brought to the communion service.

Out of all these causes came an unconverted chuch membership.

Out of that came gradually an unconverted ministry.

Out of that came a broad departure from many points of the lofty and scientifically severe ideals of Plymouth Rock.

Out of that departure arose in experience a wide and deep secularization of the mere fashionable of the churches of eastern Massachusetts.

Out of this secularization of the churches of eastern Massachusetts came their chief weakness in their resistence to the irreligious influences arising from the French war and the Revolution, and the accession of French infidelity at the moment when Lafayette and French liberty had bent the national soul toward France.

To-day I have trodden over ground that a little while ago no man could have passed across without burning his feet. We have had a state Church; we have had a secularized church membership in one of our denominations—the ruling one; and little by little that secularization so lowered our standards that it is not amazing at all, and it is a thing we ought to have expected, that out of the combination of causes included in the older Arminianism—(I beg every Methodist's pardon. I speak only of errors which your present scholars confess. Just as I criticise the older Calvinism I criticise the older Arminianism. The present Arminianism is pretty good Calvinism—most of it)—that out of the combination of causes included in the older Arminianism, the Half-Way Covenant, the disturbances of the French war and the Revolution, French infidelity, the popular misconceptions of scholarly

orthodox doctrine, and some crude and rash statements in orthodoxy itself, came Unitarianism.

Out of Unitarianism and the brilliancy of its early literary and secular successes came Harvard University in its largely unevangelical attitude—an attitude now greatly changed.

Out of Harvard University in its unevangelical attitude came the occasionally sceptical or doctrinally indifferent literary circles of eastern Massachusetts.

Out of the sceptical literary circles of eastern Massachusetts came one part of the influences that set a portion—though only a portion—of the Boston fashions of thought.

Here we are, then, face to face with the civil war, and with those mistakes which the Northern churches made in their dealings with slavery. Go to the tombstones which a few weeks ago you decorated, and read the inscriptions on them, and you will find that the great proportion of all who gave up their lives in the civil war were men between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. My generation in this country is a remnant. And therefore you will allow me to speak frankly of those mistakes which a large part—not all—of the churches of the North made in their delay to take God's side in the great questions which arose concerning slavery.

I am to blame now the American church, North and South; for its dilatoriness left a gap on this continent between realized Christianity in our national life and God, who walked in advance, and that gap had to be filled up with the corpses of my generation.

Daniel Webster was the archbishop of the Northern Church, and it is hardly too much to say that deformers were so mixed up with reformers that for a long while the Church had some reason for being shy of the extreme positions of

Abolitionism. Undoubtedly great mistakes were made by the Abolitionists.

It was political Abolitionism which triumphed, and many of the radical Abolitionists, as you know, were political Secessionists. I must criticise them somewhat.

But the Church could have done much which she did not do. One great denomination—the Quakers—have the good fortune to look back on a record such as the whole Church might have had if we had acted in time and brought our public sentiment up abreast with God's own before Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin. That changed the sentiment of man, but not much the sentiment of heaven.

Eli Whitney in 1794 invented the cotton-gin. The British fleet in 1803 hovered off the mouth of the Mississippi, and Napoleon Bonaparte sold to us Louisiana. With that purchase the cave of Æolus, who imprisons tempests within his bellowing mountains, was opened. When the winds had blown out of it until it was substantially vacant, unexpectedly in the depths of the cave opened another Æolus cave—Texas. After the winds blowing out of that had tossed our whole ocean into yeasting yellow foam, suddenly in the rear of that Æolus cave opened another—California and the Mexican war. Then came a yet more huge enlargement of the cave, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the Kansas and Nebraska struggle.

We saw the gleaming of the western sea through the last opening of the cavern. God be thanked that the bowels of the mountains were exhausted at last, and that we had no more unoccupied territory! To this fully opened colossal prison-house of winds we found no door that could be bolted except one made of corpses. We had to block it up at last—the whole mouth of our unmeasured Æolus cavern—by the

dead bodies of North and South. It is blocked to this day by that immovable and costly mound.

Now, who in Boston was foremost as an Abolitionist in the days when orthodoxy was a little too slow to keep pace with God? Why, Theodore Parker; and by following God he obtained a following not only for his anti-slavery ideas, but for those principles of his which stood in conflict with accredited Christianity. What made Theodore Parker's pulpit high? The lowness of other pulpits. Why were other pulpits low? Some of them faced the South. There were South-side views taken in Boston occasionally by the orthodox pastors.

What effect had all this upon the youth of this land? If ever I had a struggle to retain my respect for embodied Christianity—I never had any struggle in retaining my respect for the real Christianity as it exists in the Scriptures—but if I ever had any struggle to retain my respect for embodied, accredited Christianity, it was during those years of my education in which I could look toward Boston, the seat of culture in America, and find heterodoxy at the front of God's side as to slavery, and orthodoxy doubting as if halting between God and mammon, her ears filled largely with cotton and gold-dust, and Webster, her archbishop.

But the struggle I had with accredited, many had with real Christianity; and one of the profoundest causes of the current New England unrest in regard to orthodoxy is to be found in the fact that, in this time of trial, orthodoxy lacked leaders, and heretodoxy had men at the front on God's side. Now, I know how frank all this speech is, and I am not going to modify it very much. But it ought to be said that the rank and file of orthodoxy were very nearly right, although they lacked leaders.

I suppose it can be proved by the most merciless statistics that in the year 1837 the majority of the ministers of evangelical denominations in Massachusetts were right on the subject of slavery. It was my fortune but a few days ago to hear the poet Whittier say, in that sea-blown city of Newburyport, where the roof yet stands under which William Lloyd Garrison was born, that Mr. Garrison himself, in his earliest career, was a friend of ministers, and, indeed, might have been called, perhaps, a Calvinist of the strict type. He believed too much in ministers; he made them idols; and when his sympathies were penetratingly enlisted in one of the greatest of modern reforms, and he found that many ministers were not on his side, the instant and surprised recoil was of that intense sort which comes when we fall into anger with those we love.

Again and again a similar amazement was the source of the vigor and the breadth of the recoil from accredited Christianity in many of the anti-slavery men. Henry C. Wright was a Congregational minister; there were subsidiary men, and some of them, I think, were deformers as well as reformers—Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, and others. I have been lately honored with attention from Mr. Pillsbury. He said: "Do not attack Mr. Cook. You cannot strike the ding out of a cow-bell." It is not on that account that I mention him as a deformer; but he was once a Congregational minister, and the recoil from his old position to that talk about the cow-bell shows how greatly he once loved ministers!

Within the circle of a hundred miles radius from Boston you can find hundreds of influential citizens, and at least a score of divided or weakened churches, whose difficulties with the ministers began as Garrison's did, by the operation of that principle which Coleridge describes in his "Christabel:"

Alas! they had been friends in youth.
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Evil exceedingly, my friends, is that day in any nation when political and religious interest run in opposite channels. These opposing currents make the whirlpool that impales faith on the tusks of the sea. When Chevalier Bunsen lay dying, he said: "God be thanked that Italy is free! Now thirty millions of people can believe that God governs the world."

The average German peasant twenty years ago regarded his minister as merely an agent of the government, and spoke contemptuously of police Christianity, because the state Church in the Fatherland was, until within a few years, very frequently an ally of absolutism.

In the United States, while the compromise measures were under debate, political ideas ran in one direction and religious duties in another. The immense interests of commerce often held the pulpit, as well as the press, in bondage. The payment of Southern debts! Have you ever heard that theme discussed in whispers? Webster had his eyes constantly on Wall Street. Wendell Phillips would stand in Boston with his eyes on the conscience of the nation, a very different barometer, and he would say, "There is a storm singing already in all the winds. We shall escape from slavery only by civil war." Webster would reply, looking at the citations in Wall Street,

"There has not yet been any large fluctuations in prices. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession. Let us repress agitation, and tide through the crisis without war."

Both the moral and the financial barometer must be kept in view by any eyes that would read the signs of modern times. In the rising price of slave property we had a thermometer of threatening aspect, on which the North cast a too careless gaze: one hundred dollars for a black infant, ten dollars a pound for a black boy, ten to fifteen hundred dollars for a good field hand, and still this thermometer and the wailing breeze rose; and the winds out of the Æolus cave resounded more and more loudly; the murky threat of coming war hung above all business and bosoms; and yet, so were we filled with Anglo-Saxon pride, so little foresight did we have, that Wall Street was hardly troubled up to the very hour when we could no longer doubt that there was to be a deluge of blood.

Webster hoped that we should pass through the crisis without civil war, and could hardly have made more gigantic efforts to avert the contest had he foreseen what was to come, as probably he did, far better than some have thought. I know with what silence I should sit in this assembly were any one of five hundred scholars here the speaker. I should be quiet in this presence, but it is my good or ill fortune here to be responsible to nobody, as nobody is to me; and therefore let me say that my personal feeling is that Webster, from first to last, was honest, and that he ventured much because he had great foresight. I believe that man anticipated, with a fulness we can but poorly understand from any of his public expressions, the terrors of our civil war.

Judge Nesmyth, on the Merrimac at Franklin, said to me the other day: "Once at Elms Farm I was returning home in the sunset with Webster, and he turned upon me suddenly, and, in his deepest supernatural voice, said: 'You may regard me as extravagant, but I have had some experience with both

Northern and Southern men. I probably shall not live to see the Potomac run red with blood, but I think you will.' "

That was within six months of the time when, on the shore of the sea at Marshfield yonder, that man went hence. No doubt he was ambitious, but he was too great a man to be supremely ambitious. In secret, as well as in public, he prayed that when his eyes should be turned to behold the sun for the last time, they might not see that luminary shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent. He foresaw what this land would look like, drenched in Gettysburgs and Richmonds.

But he was taken hence before he had time to right himself in the public estimation. No doubt he went to extremes. He was a statesman. But I believe that if the archbishop of the North, Daniel Webster, had lived, as Edward Everett did, to hear the first gun fired against Sumter, and its echoes rolling across belligerent commonwealths, and reverberated from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies, Webster, in that case, would have stamped his foot down on the side of the Constitution and for public order with an emphasis that would have shaken both those ridges and have called forth millions of armed men in support of the Union. There would have been needed no other drum-beat. There is a broader sky over the soul we call Webster than over the soul we call Douglas, but I believe that in the drifting mists in the narrower heaven of Douglas there was an opening which the lightning would have widened had he lived longer, and Webster, without the lightning, would have beheld the azure.

The opening was made wide for us all only by the lightning. We were behind the times as much as any of our

leaders, and, if you please, the sky became perfectly clear for you and for me only when the opening was made heaven-wide by the ascent through it of your sainted Lincoln.

This, then, is the apology I have to make for the Church: that Webster was her archbishop; that deformers were mingled with reformers. Beyond these propositions I say nothing in excuse of Boston orthodoxy, for we were behind God, and bitterly have we reaped the fruits of our tardiness. Let us hereafter, in the history of our nation, remember that it is the business of the Church to move ahead of reform and draw it on, and not to be dragged by it—to be a moon before temperance, and social reform, and the rights of labor, as we were not in regard to the wave of anti-slavery. We were dragged by that wave. Had we drawn it we should have saved all that was wrecked in the bloody deluge.

But now look eastward, and into the territory beyond the Hudson. Notice that the most typical sights are the college bell and the factory chimney. Our manufacturing populations are growing much more rapidly than those of the cities. An operative class, disgusted with the Church, is becoming very large in New England, and the seed plants for small philosophy are always fat and wide whenever a population neglects habitual attendance on God's house. Give me a population which, for any cause whatever, fails to assemble at least once in seven days in clean clothes to listen to religious, philosophic, or ethnical truth, and lift its soul aloft on anthems to God, and I will show you a population little by little falling under the power of charlatans as leaders.

Any large manufacturing population that neglects church attendance habitually will ultimately be led by quacks.

The difference between the rich and poor is growing wide

in many manufacturing centres in New England, and our voluntary system, whenever an aristocratic church insists on it that people shall have something to wear or not go to church at all, repels the poor. Some churches are very much to blame. I believe ninety out of one hundred are glad to see all classes of men in church, but we do have churches that are in debt and want only rich people to come to church. We do have churches that when they erect a new house, dedicate to God only a mortgage. I have no objections to tall steeples—if they are paid for. I have no objection to lofty church architecture if the rich and poor can gather together under it.

But when a large manufacturing population gets the idea, fallacious more or less—a very false idea in nine cases out of ten—that it has few real friends in the churches, when it takes to heart some sour anticipation for its children, thinks that it will be worse with the time to come than the present, and when it keeps out of the churches under a feeling that poverty is not wanted in these clubs of velvety pews, then, little by little, that population will be led by all kinds of religious and political quacks. You will have labor reforms taught, not by reformers, but by deformers. You will have theology taught by eccentrics more and more eccentric, until Tom Paine himself can be sold on the Merrimac and Connecticut as no other book on theology can be.

Poor Tom Paine—outgrown fifty years ago, and read now only by the half-educated, even among infidels! I went into the office where infidel publications are sold in Boston, the other day, and asked of what they sold the most; and I was told that twenty thousand copies of Paine's "Age of Reason" were commonly distributed from that office every two years (in some years they wouldn't sell ten thousand copies, but on

the average twenty thousand every two years), chiefly to the operative classes, more or less disaffected with the churches.

Now, in that class we have our wildest form of New England scepticism. Many of the leaders who are quacks now teaching that class were disaffected with orthodoxy in the time of the anti-slavery agitation. Again and again you will find the deformers in New England persons who really had a right at times to criticise orthodoxy. Wendell Phillips says his is the old faith—and yet he will not sit down to the communion-table with the churches in Boston because he feels they have abused him. But during the Civil War, Wendell Phillips and Lydia Maria Child, and several other Abolitionists whom you perhaps have considered sceptical, or rationalistic at best, were accustomed to meet together privately to observe the communion by themselves. At Theodore Parker's funeral Wendell Phillips said—and the words are printed in Dr. Manning's "Half Truths and the Truth"—"Mine is not Parker's faith; mine is the old faith of New England."

But Phillips, reformer as he is; Phillips—sweet bells not jangled, but simply in a strange church-tower—dares for philanthropic purposes to keep close company with rationalists very often; and if he will do this, how much sooner will men do it whose faith has really been undermined in accredited Christianity? Mr. Garrison I suppose to be a man whose faith in Christianity is of the most fervent type, but he will have nothing to do with accredited Christianity, it so abused him during the anti-slavery conflict. And if Mr. Garrison, with his fervent Christian feelings, takes that attitude, what shall we not expect of a man like Theodore Parker, who has broken with the chief part of accredited Christianity,

or of men like some of the followers of Theodore Parker, who are so free that they follow only their own individual limitations.

We have in Boston all forms of deformers as well as all forms of reformers; and you must keep this curious past in mind if you are to take into view all the influences that fill eastern Massachusetts, and from there govern New England theologically. Harvard has been Unitarian.

The literary men of eastern Massachusetts—Mr. Emerson among them—have taken their tone from Harvard. We have had, no doubt, vigorous, advanced Christianity from some of the ablest literary men of eastern Massachusetts. I sat with the poet Whittier the other day at Newburyport, and I found he was very glad that once or twice I had said publicly that he never had broken with the Church. His poems are resonant with that divine melody that fills the Psalms. There is in him a Hebrew tendency to rapt harmony of the soul, and to-day there is not a more fervent Christian in Massachusetts than John Greenleaf Whittier, whose spirit often helped us in the Civil War, as the pillar of fire helped the chosen people of old.

But it isn't every man that has Whittier's balance of spirit; it isn't every man that can be held in check by his own good sense after he had been stunned by the delinquencies of Christians. I know that one in twelve of the original apostles was a villain. I don't know that more than one in twelve of the moderns is a villain. Even if you should prove that one in twelve is a villain, I should yet in modern times have hope, as I might have had hope in ancient times. But the trouble with the modern Church is that whereas in olden times Judas went and hung himself, sometimes he holds the bag now and will not go and hang himself. Our voluntary sys-

tem makes it important for the man who holds the bag to have power.

A hypocrite in the church, if he is a Judas and holds the bag, and will not go and hang himself, is a Judas magnified—a Judas colossal; and the chief millstone around the neck of modern Christianity under the evangelical free system is the unhung colossal Judas who holds the bag.

Don't say I am too severe, for not long ago it was my fortune to deliver a lecture against bankrupts, and the next morning an oily-tongued man seated himself near me in the train, and commended my course of thought. I listened with what grace I could, remembering my temptations to pride in spite of the boxings which came so frequently as to make me far more humble than my friends think I am—for I am an humble man by nature. But I survived this man's praise easily, for after he had left me a neighbor of his took his seat at my side and said,

"That man who has been commenting on your lecture has himself failed four times, and three times has assigned his property in a dishonorable way to relatives. He, however, is a leader in our foremost church. And after his fourth failure, in which he paid but ten cents on the dollar, he was making a speech one evening in an educational gathering in his church. The vestry windows were open in the summer night, and the boys of the common were seated beneath them. This bankrupt was saying: 'My church ought to maintain a missionary abroad. It ought to do so alone. If it will undertake to maintain a missionary, I, for that purpose, will pay one hundred dollars.' 'Ten cents on the dollar'? said a boy under the window."

Now, suppose that that man and boy had been seated face to face with each other for religious conversation in one of

the inquiry meetings of your tabernacle yonder in Chicago. What if the boy had not been deeply impressed? What if he had gone away to the gallows? The fault would have been, no doubt, that of the boy chiefly, but in part, at least, that of the hypocrite who has done, as Tennyson says, "his holy, oily best." And yet, in greater degree, it would have been the fault of you who will not unite with the Church. Although you blame the hypocrites, you will not unite with the Church and keep such hypocrites out.

What can we ministers do under a voluntary system? A great deal. We can sacrifice our salaries, and often do. And when the trouble comes about a case of church discipline, usually it is not the fault of the pastor that Judas is not hung.

If you laugh, let the criticism fall on our American generosity—on this prairie-like breadth of sympathy with all forms of life, even with American sharpness when it is without principle. And if the Church, filled with this loose government in our democratic age of men thinking for themselves, is not able to drive worldliness out of itself much better here and now than under the old system of church and state, even if it had done no better than that, it would have done very much in the presence of these terrific difficulties. It is a difficult thing to hold one of your lake steamers in position when it is moving up the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

D If she does not make the progress of an inch, her engines must put forth colossal power to hold her in position in that current; and the American Church has not only been held in position here, but she has made an advance in her position as compared with what it was in the Old World, and she has made it against a terrific current. Not only outside the ship, but inside it, rushing through all her wheels, we have these

very currents—the outcome of loose government, and they are the chief trouble, after all, of that machinery or engine that holds the ship in position. And you who applaud the sentiment are the quenched engines.

I have left myself but little time in which to speak of free religion and spiritualism, but I shall omit free religion in substance, as I hold in my hand a confession that the Paine Hall in Boston is about to be sold under a mortgage. You must remember that it was built by contributions from all parts of the United States. I have an extract from a speech by Horace Seaver at the dedication of the Paine Hall in Boston, in 1875, reported in the "Investigator" for February third of that year. Horace Seaver has abused me for reading this extract in public, and I suppose that he feels that, although I quote it from his own paper, to make it known is a violation of privacy—that paper has such a small circulation. "I will not," he says, "conceal the fact that we have had a long and difficult struggle. By the unexpected and most generous bounty of our principal benefactor, James Lick, Esq., of California, together with the donations of sympathizing friends from all parts of the country, we have been enabled to erect this edifice after about fifty years of incessant toil and struggle."

Now, as to the free religionists of Boston, I went up four flights of stairs the other day to get the official statement of their finances, and in it I found this sentence: "The receipts of the year (ending May 27, 1875), by balance from last account, membership fees, and donations, subscriptions to lecture fund, and sale of publications, were $2,649.54; expenditures, $2,182.28"—not enough to equip an ordinary vestry in a city church—a sum that a wealthy man really interested in the great cause might toss out as a penny.

What, then, is the source of the power which the free religionists of Boston have exerted upon public thought? They have two or three really brilliant literary men in their ranks. But Mr. Emerson has very little sympathy with the deformers in that movement, and is not regularly found at the meetings of the Radical Club. That club doesn't meet regularly. It doesn't meet at all now. Remember that the Radical Club was begun as a free-religionist club. It altered its appellation because that title gave offence to many, and afterward it changed its name from the Radical Club to the Chestnut Street Club, which is a distinct and accurate description of what it was.

Now, since the death of an honored man, Mr. Sargent, whose wife's parlors were always open to that club—and full of noble courtesy, indeed—the club is disbanded. The lady who drew together by her hospitality some of the brightest wits of realistic eastern New England has gone to Europe. It is announced that the club will be resumed; but at present it is in suspense, and the feeling in Boston concerning the club is the feeling of the Mississippi concerning the Merrimac or any other small stream. During this last winter, under the labors of a Chicago man called Moody, a graduate of one of your best colleges—the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association—under the power which an Unseen Holy put upon his lips, religious truth has filled the sky of Boston as the thunder fills the summer azure, and the notes of that Radical Club, and of all who sympathize with it, have been only as the clack of that crow in the pine under the summer shower.

I do not exaggerate, for you know this to be the fact if you have kept an eye upon public events. There is no rationalism in Boston that pays much for the propagation of

itself. Rationalism in Boston is impecunious. There is no scholarly scepticism in Boston.

It is not the policy of any one who reveres the scientific method to dodge difficulties, and therefore I shall conclude this address on New England scepticism with an outline of the position of current thought concerning Spiritualism.

That the rise of American Spiritualism has increased more than it has diminished scepticism, is proved by the general character of the mass of matter which the Spiritualist publishers see fit to offer for sale. The growth of modern Spiritualism is commonly alleged by sceptics as a proof of the growth of scepticism. I think the estimates put forward that there are now some six or eight million Spiritualists in the country are among the wildest conceivable; and yet there is no doubt that the growth of Spiritualism is very considerable. But this fact has two sides.

One half of modern scepticism is anti-supernaturalistic to the core. But another half is supernaturalistic also to the core. It is proper for me to ask sceptics and Christians to notice that modern infidelity is so far antagonistic to itself that it is sufficiently answered by its own antagonism. If the opinions of recent popular scepticism could start up to-day in this hall, as Minervas from Jupiters' heads, from the brains in which they lie, and appear in the air armed from head to foot, I, as a defender of Christian faith, should not tremble at the sight.

Long before they could reach me they would in mid-air have fallen upon each other in exterminating war, and, like the heroes of Valhalla, have cloven each other in halves, only to find each other rising again, while across the bloody rain would fall the serene bow of the evidences of the Christian faith.

I think it important, therefore, to call the attention of any who point to the growth of Spiritualism as a growth of scepticism, to the fact that they handle a two-edged sword. The Spiritualist body is divided between a part who call themselves Christian Spiritualists and a part who are plainly infidel Spiritualists. The former is small in number, but not the less intelligent portion of the mass. I think an infidel Spiritualist the most inconsistent of infidels. The modern Spiritualist is the last man who can consistently deny the fact of the supernatural. I am aware that whoever touches Spiritualism treads along a line on which, if he slips, there hangs over him the crack of doom. It is altogether too early yet to make any other than hypothetical assertions concerning Spiritualism, either as to its alleged facts or as to its future as a sect. Until the phenomena of Spiritualism have been more scientifically investigated than they have been thus far in its history, it is unsafe to speak of its leading propositions other than hypothetically. All I say about Spiritualism is "if."

I beg that it may be noticed that the assertions I am to make concerning it are simply and only hypothetical assertions. The mind of this age is thrown into religious doubt chiefly on the point of the relation of the natural to the supernatural. The questions whether the Scriptures are a record or an authority, or in part the one and in part the other, and concerning the character and atoning work of the founder of Christianity, lie capsulate in this. I am not about to assert that Spiritualism may bring a day in which the cultivators of science will be reverent believers in the fact of the supernatural and in the miracles of the Bible. Epes Sargent thinks it will. William Mountford thinks it must. Robert Dale Owen thinks it will. But Katie King put him in her pocket,

and almost put the "Atlantic Monthly" there also. It is said that a very different mind—namely, Elizabeth Barrett Browning—thought it would. It is vastly rash to assert this.

But it appears to me important that those who fear and that those who desire the success of scepticism should notice, first, that the Spiritualistic body is divided between Christian and infidel Spiritualists; and, secondly, that the logical result, whatever the practical might be, of the proof by Spiritualism of the existence of modern evidence of the supernatural, should that proof ever be given, would be a perhaps logically needless, but in these days a practically useful, confirmation of the ancient evidence of the supernatural.

I hold five propositions to be true concerning Spiritualism, the last three of which are simply hypothetical:

First. The chief propositions of modern Spiritualism are: First, the possibility of intercourse between human and disembodied, or supermundane, spirits; second, the trustworthiness of that intercourse as a source of religious knowledge.

Second. Spiritualism has by no means proved the second of these propositions, and probably will be as far from proving it after five hundred years more of effort to establish it, as it is now after five hundred years of effort to do so.

Third. If the first of these propositions were established, and it should be impossible to establish the second, all that would be proved would be the existence and agency of evil spirits—a position neither new nor unscriptural.

Fourth. If the first proposition should be proved, great harm would result, at least temporarily, for masses of the people would ignorantly or enthusiastically believe the second proved also.

Fifth. If the first proposition should be proved, great good

would result: for if Spiritualism should prove to be simply modern demonology, it would yet contain modern evidence of the supernatural, and the modern evidence would superabundantly confirm the ancient.

I do not forget the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous; nor that between the supernatural and the inexplicable. I do not forget that those who are not convinced by Moses and the Prophets, might not be convinced by the best modern evidence of the supernatural. But the scientific proof that modern evidence of the supernatural exists is, logically, the destruction of anti-supernaturalism. "The New Testament narratives cannot be true, because they contain accounts of miracles," anti-supernaturalism says from Hume to Strauss. The impossibility of the supernatural, Ernst Renan affirms, is the first tenet in the science of modern historical criticism. "A theological miracle," Theodore Parker taught, "is as impossible as a round triangle." I do not predict the practical results, but on the supposition that the manifestations at, for example, Stratford, Conn., which the Boston "Journal of Chemistry" said not long since it believed occurred, and that it could not explain, did actually occur; and on the supposition that they prove the action of disembodied spirits, or that they prove simply the action of supermundane intelligence, then logically Stratford answers Strauss.

An immense distinction exists between proving the action of supermundane intelligence and proving the action of disembodied spirits. An immense distinction exists between proving the action of disembodied spirits and proving the identity of these spirits with spirits known in the flesh. An immense distinction also exists between proving either, or any, or all of these things, and proving that either, or any,

or all of them, make spiritualistic communications a trustworthy source of religious knowledge.

To overlook either of these distinctions is to rush into very nearly blank insanity on this theme. But hundreds of enthusiastic people are constantly overlooking them, and into blank insanity have rushed. The Spiritualist newspapers and books are most of them there. The amount of evil directly and indirectly resulting from modern Spiritualism is enormous. If only to stay the delusion of the people, and keep putridity itself out of certain circles of society, Spiritualism deserves the most deliberate investigation at the hands of scientific men. If a man wishes to have two wives he often becomes a Spiritualist. You say I venture too much by touching this theme. I should venture more omitting it, for if there is any rule the young men love to see respected, it is fair play and no dodging. This topic I will not skip, for I know that in New England and in the West there are men who are undermining some of the loftiest ideals of social life, and doing this in the name of Spiritualism—undermining some of the fundamental truths of Christianity, and doing this in the name of a rat-hole revelation.

It is time now that the pulpit should be frank enough to face this theme even if it be proved that modern Demonology is a fact, as some sound heads think there is evidence that it is. I do not think so. I am not only not a Spiritualist, I am not a modern Demonologist. But I am a student of the conflicts of infidelity within itself, and if I have a hopeful outlook it is because I find on one side infidels who are supernaturalistic to the core, and on the other sceptics anti-supernaturalistic to the core.

Popular materialism, which fills the West and the East, has no more subtle foe than this supernatural belief. Lift up the

word "if," "if," "if," and call no pause until science has determined whether indeed any have spoken behind the veil. They did in the past if they do in the present. Even if evil spirits speak, it proves there is something behind the veil. But, truth or illusion, Spiritualism quickens the distinctively Christian faith of many, even while it undermines that of more. It is, perhaps, the subtlest popular, though by no means the subtlest scholarly, foe with which materialism and the opponents of the belief in the supernatural have to deal. It may be that there is in Spiritualism an undiscovered fact which will become a two-edged sword against rationalism itself.

"Say spirits blue and black the tables tip,
A devil's knuckle rap may turn us pale;
It proves there is somewhat behind the veil;
A whispered lie proves yet a whispering lip.
Rap louder, fiends; for if the age let slip
Belief in miracle, ye will not fail
To bring it back; a barbed tail
Or split hoof from the darkness doubt may trip.
I pray our faith from science not aloof,
May clip the tail and pare the devil's hoof.
Slices of each beneath the microscope;
Then star-eyed faith with lynx-eyed doubt may cope.
If, if, if split hoofs can be touched, the time has been
When white wings and God's forehead could be seen."

IRELAND

JOHN IRELAND, a distinguished American prelate of the Roman Church, was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, September 11, 1838, and came to the United States in boyhood, settling at St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1849. His secular education was obtained at the Cathedral School in that city, while he pursued his theological course in France, in the seminaries of Meximieux and Hyères. He was ordained a priest in 1861 and during the Civil War was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment. He was subsequently rector of the cathedral at St. Paul and in 1875 was consecrated bishop of St. Paul. In 1888 St. Paul was made an archdiocese, over which he was installed as archbishop. He founded, in 1869, the first total-abstinence society in Minnesota and has lectured much on temperance in the United States and Great Britain, while he is also well known as a political speaker in Republican campaigns. He has helped to establish Roman Catholic colonies in the Northwest and is president of the Minnesota State Historical Society. In 1891 he consented to allow the parochial school of Fairibault to be transferred to the control of the city school board, reserving the right to name the teachers appointed. This was known as the Fairibault plan and met with much hostile criticism in some quarters within the Roman Catholic Church, and the archbishop received a summons to Rome that the matter might be investigated. On May 9, 1899, he delivered an eloquent address on Joan of Arc at Orléans, France, but his best-known oratorical effort is his speech on "The Duty and Value of Patriotism." He is widely popular both within and without the limits of his communion. He published "The Church and Modern Society" in 1897.

THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOTISM[1]

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK COMMANDERY OF THE LOYAL LEGION, NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1894

COMMANDER, COMPANIONS,—To speak of patriotism is my evening's task. An easy and a gracious one it ought to be. Patriotism is personified in my audience. The honor is mine to address the country's heroes, the country's martyrs. At country's call you quickly buckled your armor on, and, rushing where battle raged, you offered

[1] Used by kind permission of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

for country's life the life-blood of your hearts. Many of you bear upon limb and face the sacred stigmata of patriotism. Your tried hands are doubly pledged in purest unselfishness and bravest resolve to uphold in the reign of peace the loved flag which in days of war they carried over gory fields above stain or reproach. I could not, if I would, close the portals of my soul to the rich and sweet inspirations which come to me from your souls.

I shall define patriotism as you understand and feel it. Patriotism is love of country, and loyalty to its life and weal —love tender and strong, tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through ages the human race burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which count its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they re-echo its whisperings; orators are most potent when they thrill its chords to music.

Pagan nations were wrong when they made gods of their noblest patriots. But the error was the excess of a great truth, that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism; that patriotism is one of earth's highest virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

The exalted patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in a canticle of religion which Jehovah inspired, and which has been transmitted, as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian church:

"Upon the rivers of Babylon there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion.—If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and war-ships. Patriotism is the vital spark of national honor; it is the fount of the nation's prosperity, the shield of the nation's safety. Take patriotism away, the nation's soul has fled, bloom and beauty have vanished from the nation's countenance.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is among earth's possessions the most precious, the first and best and dearest,—country, and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in all men; the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it grows its full growth only where thoughts are elevated and heart-beatings are generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond its deserts. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle. "O glorious is he," exclaims in Homer the Trojan warrior, "who for his country falls!" It is sublime in the oft-repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable and more estimable than to merit well of the commonwealth."

Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral

necessities of God's creatures are revelations of his will and laws. Man is born a social being. A condition of his existence and of his growth of mature age is the family. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A larger social organism is needed, into which families gather, so as to obtain from one another security to life and property and aid in the development of the faculties and powers with which nature has endowed the children of men.

The whole human race is too extensive and too diversified in interests to serve those ends: hence its subdivisions into countries or peoples. Countries have their providential limits—the waters of a sea, a mountain range, the lines of similarity of requirements or of methods of living. The limits widen in space according to the measure of the destinies which the great Ruler allots to peoples, and the importance of their parts in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the ever-advancing tide of humanity's evolution.

The Lord is the God of nations because he is the God of men. No nation is born into life or vanishes back into nothingness without his bidding. I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in his wisdom and his love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God.

More than a century ago a trans-Atlantic poet and philosopher, reading well the signs, wrote:

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way.
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say, in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and loyalty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, the

boundless riches hidden beneath her soil and amid the rocks of her mountains, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, skilled in commerce and industry, valorous in war, prosperous in peace. In all these things America is opulent and great: but beyond them and above them in her singular grandeur, to which her material splendor is only the fitting circumstance.

America born into the family of nations in these latter times is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we take her in this altitude, we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature and conceal the singular design of Providence in her creation.

America is the country of human dignity, and human liberty.

When the fathers of the republic declared "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a cardinal principle was enunciated which in its truth was as old as the race, but in practical realization almost unknown.

Slowly, amid sufferings and revolutions, humanity had been reaching out toward a reign of the rights of man. Ante-Christian paganism had utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; he was what wealth, place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that some men were intended by nature to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of men.

Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions in accord with its spiritual faith. The Christian Church was all this leavening human society and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defence and of conquest, the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is the exemption from all restraint save that of the laws of justice and order; the exemption from submission to other men, except as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty to man is God's recognition of his greatness and his dignity. The sweetness of man's life and the power of growth lie in liberty. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Humanity, under the spell of heavenly memories, never ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, its refreshing breezes caressed humanity's brow. But not until the republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation, which the citizen by his own act freely concedes. In America there are no masters, who govern in their own rights, for their own interests, or at their own will. We have over

us no Louis XIV, saying: "L'état, c'est moi;" no Hohenzollern, announcing that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God.

Ours is the government of the people by the people for the people. The government is our own organized will. There is no State above or apart from the people. Rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even those apparently the most free, rights begin with and come downward from the State; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been painfully wrenched from the governing powers.

With Americans, whenever the organized government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen is sacred and inviolable. Elsewhere there are governments called republics: universal suffrage constitutes the State; but, once constituted, the State is tyrannous and arbitrary, invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic is liberty's native home—America.

The God-given mission of the republic of America is not only to its own people: it is to all the peoples of the earth, before whose eyes it is the symbol of human rights and human liberty, toward whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness for themselves.

Is there not for Americans a meaning to the word "country?" Is there not for Americans reason to live for country, and, if need there be, to die for country? Is there not joy in the recollection that you have been her saviors and glory in the name of America's "Loyal Legion?" Whatever the country, patriotism is a duty: in America the duty is thrice sacred.

The duty of patriotism is the duty of justice and of grati-

tude. The country fosters and protects our dearest interests —our altars and hearthstones—*pro aris et focis.* Without it there is no safety for life or property, no opportunities of development and progress. All that the country is, she makes ours. We are wise of her wisdom, rich of her opulence, resplendent of her glory, strong of her fortitude. At once the prisoner Paul rose to eminence, and obtained respect from Palestinian Jews and Roman soldiers, when he proudly announced that he was a citizen of Rome—*civis Romanus.* And to-day how significant, the world over, are the words "I am a citizen of America"—"*civis Americanus!*"

Duty to country is a duty of conscience, a duty to God. For country exists by natural divine right. It receives from God the authority needful for its life and work; its authority to command is divine. The apostle of Christ to the gentiles writes: "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God."

The religion of patriotism is not sufficiently considered: and yet it is this religion which gives to country its majesty and to patriotism its sacredness and force.

As the part to the whole, so is the citizen to the country; and this relation is the due measure of patriotism. The country and its interests are paramount to the citizen and his interests. A king of France, St. Louis, set to his device this motto: "*Dieu, la France, et Marguerite.*" It told the order of allegiances: God first, next to God country, next to country family, oneself the last—the willing and generous chevalier, even unto death, of family, country, and God.

Allegiance to country is limited only by allegiance to God. God and his eternal laws of justice and righteousness are su-

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preme and hold first claims upon conscience. A country which exacts the violation of those laws annuls its own moral authority, becomes an aggregation of human wills which physical force alone sustains. "To God, that which is God's; to Cæsar, that which is Cæsar's."

In olden paganism the state arrogated to itself supremacy in ethics as in temporals, and ruled consciences. Under this tyranny of the soul freedom's last ray vanished; the last vestige of human dignity was effaced. Christ made men free; he brought back the state to its proper orbit; and, restoring truth upon earth, he restored manhood to man, and to country the effulgence of the skies.

It is fortunate for a people that from time to time supreme emergencies arise testing its patriotism to the highest pitch. If patriotism remains dormant for a long period it may lessen in strength, while the reflection and self-consciousness which resolute action awakens result in a fuller estimate of the value of the country and institutions which it is the duty of patriotism to defend.

A supreme emergency did arise for the people of America.

There had been, indeed, patriotism intense and sublime in the revolutionary war, when—

> "In their ragged regimentals
> Stood the old Continentals,
> Yielding not."

But had this patriotism survived? Notable changes had come over the country. The population had been made much more eclectic; commerce and industry, usually unpropitious to sentiment and exaltation of soul, had engrossed the public mind; the spirit of democracy, in its workings toward individualism of character, might have unfitted the citizen for sacrifice in behalf of the general weal.

I was in Europe when the Civil War broke out, and I well remember the tone of the public press regarding the American situation. It was asserted that patriotism was unknown to Americans, and that a free government like ours, compelled to rely upon volunteer service, could not muster a large army of defenders. The proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 soldiers was received as the venturesome act of despair, and a quick dissolution of the Union was prophesied. At home there were not a few whose thoughts were those of the unfriendly Europeans.

On the morning of the 12th day of April, in the memorable year of 1861, a cannon-ball swept over the waters of Charleston harbor, aimed with deadly intent at the Star-Spangled Banner floating above the walls of Sumter. War was declared against the country.

How much there was at stake! Scarcely can we at this moment recall without trepidation the awful significance of the contest.

At stake was the Union of the States, the strength and the life of the nation. What constitutes each State, from the Atlantic waters to those of the Pacific, strong, hopeful, palpitating with giant life and ready for giant progress? This only fact, that the States are one nation, and that, at home and abroad, one flag symbolizes them. A Northern republic, a Southern republic, a Western republic—the nations would despise them. The republic of the United States—the nations fear and honor it.

At stake was the plenary recognition of human rights in our own country. In contradiction to the Declaration of Independence men were held as slaves—forsooth, because of color; in practice America had failed as yet to be the ideal country of manhood and human dignity. Had rebellion

triumphed, slavery should have been confirmed, and the Declaration of Independence solemnly and permanently belied.

At stake was liberty for the world, the stability of a government of the people for the people by the people. The Union disrupted, its shattered fragments prostrate over the land, as the broken and desolate columns of once-famous temples in Grecian and Roman regions, Liberty shrieking over the ruins should have hastened back to caverns of gloom, her friends abandoning hope, her enemies rejoicing and confident. The death of the Union implied a century of retrogression for humanity.

Deep and soul-rending was the ceaseless anxiety of Freedom's sons during the dreary years of America's Civil War. At every rising of the morning sun the heavens were questioned—

> "O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
> What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

O God of nations, we, this evening, thank thee: all was well: American patriotism was on guard: and the day came when, at Appomattox, one flag unfurled its beauteous folds over both contending armies:

> "'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner: O long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Two things in our Civil War amazed the world: one, the number and courage of our volunteer soldiers; the other, the ability of the commanders. In other countries large standing armies, years of careful training for men and officers are the prerequisites of successful warfare. In America the chief executive of the republic waves his wand, and armies

spring up as by incantation. One motive rules them, the saving of the country; they are most daring in deed; the leadership is most skilful. The records of their battles are studied in wonderment by famed warriors of Europe. Especially did the skilled leadership of our armies astonish Europeans. I met recently in Paris a well-known general of Russia. He said:

"War is a science of high degree; at the commencement of the contest the government of the United States had at its disposal only a handful of trained officers; the war, moreover, was to offer in its varied operations unusual difficulties; and yet the command throughout the vast army was admirable in skill of planning and execution."

Great the sacrifices which the war in defense of the country demanded! But great the results!

No one now doubts that America is patriotic, and that a free people may be relied upon to defend its country. The United States is respected by the nations of the world; they remember what it was capable of when divided; they understand what it is capable of when united. The victory of the Union brought peace and prosperity to conquerors and to conquered; to-day the conquered rejoice no less than the conquerors that the old flag has not lost one star from its azure ground. The seal of finality has been set upon the Union, the God of battle ending disputes and deciding that we are a nation, one and indestructible.

Slavery has been blotted out, and the escutcheon of free America is cleansed of blemish. Liberty is without peril in her chosen home, and from America's shores she sends her fragrant breathings across seas and oceans. The quickened march of republicanism and democracy which the present times witness through the southern continent of America and

through Europe goes out from the great heart of the triumphant republic of the United States.

The sacrifices! Each one of you, Companions, says in truth: "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"[1] The results! They are yours, since the sacrifices were yours which purchased them. This great nation is your especial belonging: you saved it by the libation of your blood. By you the Star-Spangled Banner was guarded, at the peril of your life, in its hour of trial: let others love it and seek its smiles: they cannot have for it your passion, and, were speech allowed it, accents of sweetness would flow out to you which others should not hear.

The days of peace have come upon our fair land: the days when patriotism was a duty have not departed. What was saved by war must be preserved.

A government of the people by the people for the people, as proposed by the founders of the republic, was, in the light of the facts of history, a stupendous experiment. The experiment has so far succeeded. A French publicist, De Maistre, once dismissed with contempt the argument drawn from the United States in favor of free institutions in Europe, remarking: "The republic of the United States is in its swathing-clothes; let it grow: wait a century and you shall see."

The republic has lived out a century; it has lived out a mighty civil war with no diminution, assuredly, of vigor and promise. Can we say, however, that it is beyond all the stages of an experiment? The world at large is not willing to grant this conclusion: it tells us, even, that the republic is but now entering upon its crucial crisis. New conditions,

[1] "Of which I largely shared."

indeed, confront us: new perils menace us, in a population bordering on the hundredth million and prepared quickly to leap beyond this figure, in plethoric and unwieldy urban conglomerations, in that unbridled luxury of living consequent on vast material prosperity, which in all times is a dreaded foe to liberty. It were reckless folly on our part to deny all force to the objections which are put to us.

Meanwhile the destinies of numerous peoples are in the balance. They move toward liberty, as liberty is seen to reign undisturbed in America; they recede toward absolutism and hereditary régimes, as clouds are seen darkening our sky. Civil, political, social happenings of America are watched, the world over, with intense anxiety, because of their supposed bearings upon the question of the practicability of popular government. A hundred times the thought pressed itself upon me, as I discussed in foreign countries the modern democracy, that, could Americans understand how much is made to depend upon the outcome of republican and democratic institutions in their country, a new fire of patriotism, a new zeal in the welfare of the republic, would kindle within their hearts.

For my part I have unwavering faith in the republic of America. I have faith in the providence of God and the progress of humanity: I will not believe that liberty is not a permanent gift, and it were not if America fail. I have faith in the powerful and loyal national heart of America, which clings fast to liberty, and sooner or later rights wrongs, and uproots evils. I have no fears. Clouds cross the heavens; soon a burst of sunlight dispels them.

Different interests in society are out of joint with one another, and the society organism is feverish: it is simply the effort toward new adjustments; in a little while there will be

order and peace. Threatening social and political evils are near, and are seemingly gaining ground; the American people are conservatively patient; but ere long the national heart is roused, and the evils, however formidable be their aspect, go down before the tread of an indignant people.

The safety of the republic lies in the vigilant and active patriotism of the American people.

There is a danger in the ignorance of voters. As a rule, the man who does not read and write intelligently cannot vote intelligently. Americans understand the necessity of popular instruction and spare no expense in spreading it. They cannot be too zealous in the matter. They need to have laws in every State which will punish, as guilty of crime against the country, the parent who neglects to send his children to school.

There is a danger—and a most serious one—in corrupt morals. A people without good morals is incapable of self-government. At the basis of the proper exercise of the suffrage lie unselfishness and the spirit of sacrifice. A corrupt man is selfish; an appeal to duty finds no response in his conscience; he is incapable of the high-mindedness and generous acts which are the elements of patriotism; he is ready to sell the country for pelf or pleasure.

Patriotism takes alarm at the spread of intemperance, lasciviousness, dishonesty, perjury; for country's sake it should arm against those dire evils all the country's forces, its legislatures, its courts, and, above all else, public opinion. Materialism and the denial of a living, supreme God annihilate conscience and break down the barriers to sensuality; they sow broadcast the seeds of moral death: they are fatal to liberty and social order. A people without a belief in God and a future life of the soul will not remain a free peo-

ple. The age of the democracy must, for its own protection, be an age of religion.

Empires and monarchies rely upon sword and cannon; republics, upon the citizen's respect for law. Unless law be sacred a free government will not endure. Laws may be repealed through constitutional means, but while they are inscribed on the statute-book they should be observed. The lowering of the dignity of law, by deed, teaching, or connivance, is treason. Anarchical explosions, mob riots, lynchings, shake the pillars of the commonwealth; other violations of law, the determined defiance of municipal and State authority by the liquor traffic, the stealthy avoidance of payment of taxes and of customs duties, sear consciences, and beget a fatal habit of disobedience.

A law-abiding people only is worthy of liberty and capable of guarding its treasures.

What shall I say of the purity of the ballot, of the integrity of the public official? I touch upon the life-threads of the republic, and words fail to express the solemnity of my thoughts. The poet Vergil places amid horrible torments in his hell the man "who sold his country for gold, and imposed upon it a master; who made and unmade laws for a price:"

> "Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
> Imposuit; fixit leges pretio, atque refixit."

The poet had a righteous sense of the enormity of the crime. The suffrage is the power of life or death over the state. The one licit motive in its use is the public weal, to which private and party interests should be always sacrificed.

The voter making misuse of the trust deserves to be disfranchised; the man who compasses the misuse, who weaves schemes to defraud the popular will, deserves to be proscribed. The public official is appointed for the people's

good and is sworn to work for it; if he prostitutes his office, legislative or executive, to enrich himself or his friends, he has "sold his country for gold," and he is a traitor. The distribution of office or of administrative power must be based on fitness; the spoils system in politics inevitably leads to public corruption, treacherous and unsafe administration, and the ultimate foundering of the ship of state.

Storms are passing over the land, arising from sectarian hatred and nativist or foreign prejudices. These are scarcely to be heeded; they cannot last. Day by day the spirit of Americanism waxes strong; narrowness of thought and unreasoning strife cannot resist its influences.

This country is America: only they who are loyal to her can be allowed to live under her flag; and they who are loyal to her may enjoy all her liberties and rights. Freedom of religion is accorded by the constitution: religion is put outside State action, and most wisely so; therefore the religion of a citizen must not be considered by voter or executive officer. The oath of allegiance to the country makes the man a citizen; if that allegiance is not plenary and supreme he is false to his profession; if it is, he is an American. Discriminations and segregations, in civil or political matters, on lines of religion, of birthplace, or of race, or of language,—and, I add, or of color,—is un-American and wrong. Compel all to be Americans, in soul as well as in name; and then let the standard of their value be their American citizenship.

Who will say that there is no work for patriotism in days of peace? If it need not to be so courageous as in war, it needs to be more watchful and enduring: for the evils against which it contends in peace are more persevering, more stealthy in the advance, more delusive in the attack. We can easily imagine that a country invincible in war may go

down to its ruin amid the luxuries and somnolence of prolonged peace. Hannibal won at Thrasymene, but he lost the fruits of victory in the vineyards and orange-groves of Campania.

The days of war, many hope, are passing away for good, and arbitration is to take its place. This may be desirable: for war is terrible. Yet it is not easy to see what is to be so serviceable in electrifying the nation's patriotism and communicating to it an ardor which refuses during many years to dim its glow. Certain it is that under the reign of peace we must, in season and out of season, look to the patriotism of the country, that it suffer no diminution in vigor and earnest work.

American patriotism is needed—patriotism intense, which speaks out in noble pride, with beating heart: *Civis Americanus.* "I am an American citizen;" patriotism active, which shows itself in deed and in sacrifice; patriotism public-spirited, which cares for the public weal as for the apple of the eye. Private personal civic virtue is not uncommon among us; more uncommon is public civic virtue, which watches the ballot and all approaches to it, which demands that public officials do their duty, which purifies public opinion on all matters where country is concerned. This patriotism will save the republic.

From whom primarily does the republic expect the patriotism? From her veteran soldiers.

This patriotism, America, thou shalt have. I speak for veterans. I speak for their brother citizens.

Noblest ship of state, sail thou on over billows and through storms, undaunted, imperishable. Of thee, I do not say, "*Cæsarem vehis*"—"Thou carriest Cæsar." But of thee I say, "*Libertatem vehis*"—"Thou carriest Liberty." Within

thy bulwarks the fair goddess is enthroned, holding in her hands the dreams and hopes of humanity.

Oh, for her sake, guard well thyself! Sail thou on, peerless ship, safe from shoals and malign winds, ever strong in keel, ever beauteous in prow and canvas, ever guided by heaven's polar star. Sail thou on, I pray thee, undaunted and imperishable.

HAY

JOHN HAY, an American poet and statesman, was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. He received his academic education at Springfield, Illinois, and graduated at Brown University in the class of 1858. After his admission to the Illinois bar he became private secretary to President Lincoln and was thus enabled to gather a vast amount of useful information which he incorporated in his monumental "Life of Lincoln," written in collaboration with John J. Nicolay. He served successively as secretary of legation at Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, and was *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna. In 1879 he became first assistant secretary of state, and held that office until 1881, when he was elected president of the International Sanitary Conference. He was ambassador to England in 1897, and the following year he was appointed by President McKinley secretary of state. Among his best-known works are "Castilian Days," and "Pike County Ballads," which contains the famous poem, "Jim Bludsoe."

IN PRAISE OF OMAR

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB OF LONDON, DECEMBER 8, 1897

I CANNOT sufficiently thank you for the high and unmerited honor you have done me to-night. I feel keenly that on such an occasion, with such company, my place is below the salt; but as you kindly invited me it was not in human nature for me to refuse.

Although in knowledge and comprehension of the two great poets whom you are met to commemorate I am the least among you, there is no one who regards them with greater admiration or reads them with more enjoyment, than myself. I can never forget my emotions when I first saw FitzGerald's translations of the Quatrains. Keats, in his sublime ode on Chapman's Homer, has described the sensation once for all:—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

The exquisite beauty, the faultless form, the singular grace of those amazing stanzas, were not more wonderful than the depth and breadth of their profound philosophy, their knowledge of life, their dauntless courage, their serene facing of the ultimate problems of life and of death.

Of course the doubt did not spare me, which has assailed many as ignorant as I was of the literature of the East, whether it was the poet or his translator to whom was due this splendid result. Was it, in fact, a reproduction of an antique song, or a mystification of a great modern, careless of fame, and scornful of his time? Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man of letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and jocund despair? Was this *Weltschmerz*, which we thought a malady of our day, endemic in Persia in 1100? My doubt only lasted till I came upon a literal translation of the Rubáiyát, and I saw that not the least remarkable quality of FitzGerald's poem was its fidelity to the original.

In short, Omar was a FitzGerald before the latter, or FitzGerald was a reincarnation of Omar. It is not to the disadvantage of the later poet that he followed so closely in the footsteps of the earlier. A man of extraordinary genius had appeared in the world; had sung a song of incomparable beauty and power in an environment no longer worthy of him, in a language of narrow range; for many generations the song was virtually lost; then, by a miracle of creation, a poet, a twin-brother in the spirit to the first, was born, who took up the forgotten poem and sang it anew with all its original melody and force, and all the accumulated refinement of ages of art.

It seems to me idle to ask which was the greater master;

each seems greater than his work. The song is like an instrument of precious workmanship and marvellous tone, which is worthless in common hands, but when it falls, at long intervals, into the hands of the supreme master, it yields a melody of transcendent enchantment to all that have ears to hear.

If we look at the sphere of influence of the two poets there is no longer any comparison. Omar sang to a half-barbarous province; FitzGerald to the world. Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubáiyát have taken their place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, nor a village in England, where there is not a *coterie* to whom Omar Khayyám is a familiar friend and a bond of union. In America he has an equal following in many regions and conditions. In the eastern States his adepts form an esoteric sect. The beautiful volume of drawings by Mr. Vedder is a centre of delight and suggestion wherever it exists. In the cities of the West you will find the Quatrains one of the most thoroughly read books in every club library.

I heard them quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our "roof of the world," where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its waters to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib summer. One morning at sunrise, as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty:

> "'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
> A Sultan to the realm of Death addressed;
> The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
> Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring canyon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless,

crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music. Certainly our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all time. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse and let his imagination carry him where it listed. "Ah! the crowd must have emphatic warrant," as Browning sang. Its suffrages are not for the cool, collected observer, whose eyes no glitter can dazzle, no mist suffuse. The many cannot but resent that air of lofty intelligence, that pale and subtle smile.

But he will hold a place forever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth,—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammeled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise.

LONG

JOHN DAVIS LONG, an American statesman and orator of distinction, was born at Buckfield, Maine, October 27, 1838. He was educated in the schools of his native town, at the Hebron Academy, and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1857. For two years he was the principal of the academy at Westfield, Massachusetts, retiring from this position to study law. After one year at the Harvard law school and subsequent training in the law office of Sidney Bartlett, Boston, he was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in 1861. He first opened an office in his native town, but returned to Boston in 1862, and, after a short interval, entered the office of Stillman B. Allen, with whom he subsequently formed a partnership. In politics Mr. Long was a Republican. He made his maiden speech at the age of twenty-one. In 1861, while still a resident of Buckfield, he was elected a delegate to the Maine Republican convention and in the same year was nominated in a caucus at Buckfield for representative to the legislature of the State, but was defeated. In 1869 he changed his residence to Hingham, Massachusetts, and in 1871 and 1872 ran unsuccessfully on an independent ticket for the legislature of Massachusetts. Returning to the Republican fold, Mr. Long, in 1874, was elected a representative to the session of 1875. As a member of the House he at once attracted attention, and the tact, parliamentary skill, and unfailing good humor which characterized him then were stepping-stones to further advancement. He was returned to the House in 1876, when he was elected Speaker, re-elections following in 1877 and 1878. He was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1879, 1880, and 1881. Although one of the youngest governors the State had ever had, he was one of the best. Upon retiring from the State House, Mr. Long was elected to the national House of Representatives from the Second Congressional District of Massachusetts. At Washington he gained fresh distinction, his readiness in debate and skill in parliamentary tactics making him conspicuous. One of his most important speeches, delivered March 25, 1884, dealt the death-blow to the "Bonded Whiskey Bill." At the Republican national convention in Chicago, June, 1884, Mr. Long was chosen to present the name of the Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, as the choice of Massachusetts for the presidency. In 1883 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of United States senator, opposing Senator Hoar. Mr. Long, in the fall of
E 1888, declined re-election to the House, and in 1889 resumed the practice of law in Boston. Upon the election of President McKinley he was called to the portfolio of the navy. His conduct of that department, especially during the war with Spain, was exceptionably able. As a writer Mr. Long is polished in style and forcible. During his leisure, while Speaker of the House of Representatives, he made a blank-verse translation of Vergil's "Æneid." He has also published for private distribution several volumes of poems marked by the graces of simplicity and exquisite rhythm. His speeches, even in the heat of political campaigns, were always marked by the best use of English. Without the advantages of commanding presence and sonorous voice he is one of the most pleasing and effective of public speakers.

EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS[1]

DELIVERED AT A MEMORIAL MEETING IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1884

EXCEPT amid the affectionate associations of his native place and home, no spot could be more fitting in which to honor the memory of Wendell Phillips than the capital of the nation whose one great blot his fiery eloquence burnt out. No day could be more apropriate than the birthday of Washington, whose victories for American independence were but half won till this zealot preached the crusade that crowned them at Appomattox. No body of men could more fitly gather around his open grave and bedew it with their grateful tears than those who represent the race whose shackles he turned into garlands amid which they now lay him to rest. Well may the "Goddess of Liberty" on yonder dome strain her tear-dimmed eyes to the North, listening to catch once more the thrill of a voice, but for which she might have towered this day only as a brazen lie.

Of the great names that in these latter days of the republic stand for its redemption from crime against itself, and for its perfected consecration to human freedom, his blazes out among the foremost few. Upon the earlier anti-slavery heights, he gives place to Garrison alone. And when I remember that in my own honored Commonwealth—in Massachusetts, star of the North—flamed these two immortal spirits, and so many others who clustered around them, I cannot refrain from joining my voice with yours in honoring this

[1] Used by kind permission of Hon. John D. Long.

one of them which has latest taken its flight back to God, who gave it.

In the case of most great men, even of those who suggest their limitations least, we speak of the steps, the milestones, the dates, and events of their career. But to recite those of Wendell Phillips seems out of place.

His was the force, not of the stream, which gathers volume as it flows, and pours its resistless flood in a steady current, marking its beneficence by the fair cities it builds along its banks; nor of the fire, which, under the mastery of law, turns the mighty wheels of the machinery and onward locomotion of the age; but rather of the wind, that bloweth where it listeth, now in the exquisite music of a zephyr over an æolian harp strung with human sympathies and graces, and now in the sweep of a tornado, smiting every rotten trunk to the earth, and making even the sturdy and honest oak bend before its storm.

His was not the service of Lincoln or Andrew in executive station, of Sumner or Stevens in Congress, of Grant or Sherman in the field, adapting means to successive steps of advance, and working through the best agencies at hand to achieve the best results possible; but it was the service of the torch that is flung at large to kindle the conflagration at the beginning, and, whatever burns, to keep it flaming on. He was no patient ox, toiling under the yoke and at his load. He was often rather the goad-stick which pricked those who were dragging burdens, in the homely carriage of which he was less serviceable than were those he prodded. He was a man of inspirations, not of affairs. His not to make or interpret or execute the law; his not the equipment for that work; but his to quicken the public sentiment of which law is the expression and force. When its formulation and fruit had

come for others, when they had encamped content, this pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was already in the nebulous distance, beckoning them to a new lead and advance. Not the safest guide in the slow and sure economies of material welfare, he was rather the prophet of the people's conscience, the poet of their noblest impulses.

It seems as if when, in Faneuil Hall nearly fifty years ago, in his early youth, he leaped into the arena for human rights, he flung aside every incumbrance of ordinary growth toward the achievement of a plan of life, and streamed at once into flame. Born a patrician, he was such a tribune of the people as Rome never dreamed of, who knew no law, only the law of their enlargement and of their broadening, and of their equal rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

With the genius of a scholar, touched with the fine culture of letters, his mind itself a classic, he scorned the noble avenues of the statesman, the useful walks of political service, the delights of literature, all of which lay at his hand, and gave himself to the passionate impulses of a great human charity,—to the cause of the oppressed, the enslaved, the poor, the down-trodden, and the friendless. Into the great anti-slavery cause and conflict he rode,—a warrior whose sword was to flash and whose voice was to ring till the last battle-field was won. To that cause he gave all except that exquisite loyalty to her who sat at his hearth, which, faithful even unto death, is now as grateful and sweet to the American people as the white leaves of a flower or the tenderest heart-beat in a poet's song.

For that cause he sacrificed all, enduring, as it is impossible now to realize, obloquy and shame, hissing and hate. No man is altogether the master of his own character or in-

clination, and it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that, from the terrific ordeal through which in those days Phillips went, and from the wounds he then received at the hands of his own caste, came something of the spirit that never after could quite reconcile itself with the ranks that later were sincerely ready to do him justice.

A victim of injustice, there were times when he did injustice. And perhaps there could be no more complete tribute to his character than that in his later years, as well as now in the halo of his death, his eloquence, his singleness and purity of purpose, his lofty integrity, and his great work were the acknowledgment and pride of all his fellow citizens alike; and that to question his opinions was never to accuse the disinterested fervor of his convictions and ideas.

Ah, with what admiration—it seems but yesterday in the streets of Boston—we looked, as we saw above the throng that commanding and high-spirited face, never quite free from its scorn of conscious superiority! We turned to gaze upon him when he had passed,—that higher-bred and more beautiful Puritan Apollo, whose tongue was his lute, and whose swift shaft was winged with the immortal fire of liberty.

A city-full and a nation-full honor him. He has his reward in the praise even of those who differed from him most; and he has his reward—and to him it is the sweetest—in the tears and gratitude of thousands in humble life, to whom his name is as that thought of a friend, which to many, alas, is so rare, yet by every human being is so longed for.

There are humble homes of plain living, but of high thinking, in my own New England, under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, along the sea and among the farms, to which my heart turns as I speak, and in which are men and women, peers of his courage and humanity, though not of his gifts and fame,

who remember and mourn this leader, whose eloquence and fire kindled their youth with enthusiasm for human rights, and who endeared himself to them by sharing with them the persecution of the opinions of that time.

There are oppressed peoples in foreign lands who lament an advocate and champion of the larger and sweeter liberty of which they dream, and which he yearned to see them enjoy. There are five million citizens of our own, to whom and to whose descendants he will be as a deliverer, like him who led the children of Israel out of their bondage.

As in his own career Phillips disdained the ordinary steps and methods of influence and growth, so in any estimate of him all the ordinary modes of analysis and criticism are useless. What are his errors in economical science; what are his mistaken estimates of men and measures; what are his bitter injustices to patriots as true as himself; what are his rashnesses of judgment, looked at in the light of his lofty consecration to his fellow men and of that absolute innocence of any purpose of self-aggrandizement, which you felt as distinctly in his character as you heard the music in his voice, and which separated him so utterly from the mouthing demagogues whose self-seeking is as patent as their roar? What are all these, if these there were, except as they were the incidentals, not the essentials, of a nature that went to its mark with the relentless stroke of the lightning, and, had it not been the lightning, would have been nothing?

Our glorious summer days sometimes breed, even in the very rankness of their opulence, enervating and unhealthy weaknesses. The air is heavy. Its breath poisons the blood; the pulse of nature is sluggish and mean. Then come the tempest and the thunder. So was it in the body politic, whether the plague was slavery or whatever wrong; whether

it was weakness in men of high degree or tyranny over men of low estate; whether it was the curse of the grog-shop or the iron hand of the despot at home or abroad,—so it was that like the lightning Phillips flashed and struck. The scorching, hissing bolt rent the air, now here, now there. From heaven to earth, now wild at random, now straight it shot. It streamed across the sky. It leaped in broken links of a chain of fire. It sometimes fell with reckless indiscrimination alike on the just and on the unjust. It sometimes smote the innocent as well as blasted the guilty. But when the tempest was over there was a purer and fresher spirit in the air, and a sweeter health.

Louder than the thunder, mightier than the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, a still small voice spake in the public heart, and the public conscience woke.

PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1899

There is one disadvantage which attaches to a man who is pre-eminently good—everybody else is glad of a chance to give him a rap. It is the same with Massachusetts; everybody in other States admires and reveres her, and yet, with the instinct of human nature, takes especial delight in finding some slightest spot upon her glorious disk.

Last week in Washington the thermometer ran lower than ever before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Some depraved but ingenious person discovered that just at that time a railroad excursion from Boston had brought to the national capital five carloads of your best citizens—mostly female, as usual. As a Massachusetts man I have been on

the defensive ever since at the White House. I have therefore brought the President on at this time,—at my own expense,—and of course the rest of the cabinet insisted on coming, too,—attracted by the free ride and the free lunch,—to prove that if there is a spot on the face of the earth where hearts are warm, where hospitality is unbounded, and where the head of the nation and his departmental staff are welcome, it is in this hub of the universe, wrapped in her mantle of snow. I am sure they will now go back convinced of that fact.

I made an express stipulation that the rest of the cabinet should not attempt to make speeches, with the exception of the Postmaster-General, who is our orator *par excellence.* You have now heard the President and the Postmaster-General utter their statements of our relations to our new foreign possessions. What can I add?

The treaty of peace with Spain, thank heaven, has been ratified. And while, unfortunately, the delay in its ratification may be accountable for the recent bloodshed at Manila, the discussions which preceded it have not been without their value in an honest presentation of all phases of the situation, and in holding the country to the highest ideals of national duty and honor.

It is certainly cause for congratulation that the extreme imperialists who resisted the treaty have been signally overthrown. By resisting its ratification they have been insisting upon the extremest imperialism and have out-Heroded Herod. They not only would have prolonged the war with Spain, but would have taken out of the hands of the people and put into the hands of one man, the President, absolute authority over the Philippines, limited only to the indefinite scope of what is called the war power, wielded by a purely military arm, hold-

ing a naked sword. Think of that for imperialism! It is a great credit to the President that, like those two other modest candidates, Julius Cæsar and George Washington, he has refused this offer of "a kingly crown." On the contrary, the good old democratic plan has been adopted of putting the disposition of these islands into the hands of the American people, who will duly express their will through their representatives in Congress assembled. I have no doubt that the President is delighted to have the elephant off his hands and on theirs. It is a very cold day when he gets left.

As an outside observer, I have been struck with the various methods in which this subject of the Philippines has been discussed. One of these methods may be styled as the oratorical-declamatory. On the one hand this method has found expression in saying that the duty of the American eagle is to hold on to everything on which he puts his claws, reminding one of Abraham Lincoln's story of the modest farmer, who said that all the land he wanted to own was only what adjoined his farm. Under this head, also, comes the stirring cry, which never fails to captivate the popular ear, that wherever the flag has once been let loose there it must always float. All of which sounds well, but needs a second thought.

On the other hand is the equally extravagant talk about the greed of conquest and the reduction of the Filipino to the wretched condition of vassalage and slavery. Those who indulge in this exuberance of rhetoric forget that our war was with Spain, and that we have simply transferred to the United States, as the result of our victory in that war, the sovereignty which Spain had over the Philippines; that this transfer was incidentally very much in the interests of the islanders —more, many think, than in our own; and that it relieved them from a yoke under which they groaned, giving them the

fairest promise on which their eyes ever opened—a promise which the American people will redeem.

The second method of discussion may be called the judicial-deliberate. Here, too, on the one hand are those of whom the most distinguished is, perhaps, our revered Governor Boutwell, who, I sometimes think, is the noblest Roman of us all. He is thoroughly logical and consistent. I do not believe he is much troubled with the constitutional refinements which, the moment they were stated, faded into thin air. He is troubled by no notion that it is our solemn duty not to permit these islands to be restored to Spain, and at the same time our equally solemn duty, which it is rather puzzling to reconcile with the other, that the United States is not to accept the disposition of them. He puts his feet on the substantial rock of letting them absolutely alone, withdrawing our soldiers and our ships of war, and returning to the integrity and simplicity of our old-time American continental establishment. He presents clearly and emphatically the risks of the increased costs to our revenues, and of the increased strain upon our national system which their retention will bring. His objections are weighty and entitled to the most deliberate consideration.

But, on the other hand, is the view held, I think, by the great majority of our people, that we cannot thus easily, having once put our hands to the plow, look back, and that events not within our control have brought us to responsibilities which we cannot disregard and let alone, but which we must face and meet. The matter is one of great moment. I most heartily wish it had never confronted us. I wish the world would kindly let up for a while and not move so fast. I wish, also, that youth would stay. I would rather be a boy again than be Secretary of the Navy, as I am, or President of the

United States, as of course I could be if I would yield to the solicitations of my friends and accept the office. But I think it is a mistake to say that it is beyond the ability of the American people to deal with a problem with which other nations have successfully dealt, or that it is a harder problem than many problems which are upon us already.

The problem of the immense accumulations of wealth; the municipal problem of our great cities, soon gathering within their limits more than half the population of the country; the problems of capital and labor; the problems of social crimes, intemperance, and political intrigues, are even harder and fraught with graver dangers. Indeed, I am not sure that this new friction in the far-off tropics may not be, when applied to these older maladies in the body politic, a sort of what the physicians call a counter-irritant—an outlet for the pent-up fevers now in the national blood.

There are those who regard every new crisis as what they call "the beginning of the end." But this phrase is like the foolish nurse's cry of "ghost" to a child. The beginning of the end was long ago—at the very birth of the Republic. God has so ordered the laws of growth that no life, of plant, or man, or nation, works out its destiny and bears its fruit except by ripening to its completion. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. The glory of Greece and of Rome is in the culmination of their civilization, art, literature, and political power; and therein is their contribution to the higher civilizations which have succeeded.

So it must needs be with the great Powers of to-day, Great Britain and Germany and America. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Of what infinitely greater value in the formation of all standards of character and service are the lives of Washington and Lincoln

because they are mighty shadows of the past rather than lean and slippered figures lingering on the thresholds of to-day. There never was a more beautiful triumph of the poetry of architecture, or a finer realization of the patriotism and genius of our country embodied in material shape and outline, than that White City on the borders of Lake Michigan, in which was held the World's Fair. But the impressiveness and untiring delight of that scene, which now lingers like an exquisite strain of music on the memory, would be lost if it had lasted longer. The flames consumed it, and it became eternal, and that mortal put on immortality.

It is a poor philosophy that peers hopelessly into the future only to learn how far off is the day, not of ruin and dissolution, for that will never come, but of transition to some new form of civilization, some new form of national life, some new arrangement of national boundaries, all of which are necessary accompaniments of the enlarging and advancing progress of mankind.

Meantime, our association with them, if that association has by the force of events become a trust upon us, may well be accompanied with benefit to them and benefit to us.

There will be work in it for the philanthropist, the scholar, and the humanitarian. There will be opportunities for the outlet of our own enterprise and trade and commerce.

The imagination kindles as it recognizes what those islands of the east may yet become. They are almost an unknown land. We have not yet begun to estimate the variety and opulence of their material wealth; their splendid forests, rich with every variety of wood in almost incalculable abundance; their mines of ore of every sort; their valleys teeming with luxuriant productiveness, and capable of supplying the food of the world.

Why doubt and repine, when the time of doubting and repining is inexorably past, and when doubting and repining can now do no good? Why shall not the United States, now that these lands and tribes have been entrusted to its disposition, enter upon the trust thus imposed upon it, with the determination that, as it began by freeing them from the yoke of oppression, it will go on and ensure them still larger blessings of liberty and civilization, and will so bear itself toward them that in securing their welfare it shall also promote its own, and, as always happens when men or nations co-operate in the spirit of justice and good will, the reward shall come to both in their mutual increase?

Is not that the statesmanship of the great Master, who limited not his mission or that of his disciples to his own chosen people, but proclaimed that his gospel should be preached in all the world unto all nations—that greatest statesman of all time, Jesus Christ?

Meantime, our duty is to meet the responsibility that is upon us. Undoubtedly it would be easier if we could shift it from our shoulders and lay it down. It is with a wrench that any man, especially any son of New England familiar with its traditions and recalling its charms of provincial life, becomes aware that these must, betimes, give way to larger demands and more trying exigencies.

And yet the fields that are before us are not altogether untrodden. It is not a new thing in the history of the world for an enlightened and civilized nation to deal with the less fortunate islands of remote seas.

A Christian nation should not lose heart at the opportunity of carrying its education, its industries, its institutions, and its untold blessings to other and less fortunate people. For one, I trust with all my heart that the result of our new re-

lations with the Philippines may be to aid them to the acquirement of the comforts, happiness, and benefactions of our civilization; to educate them to their political elevation and to help them to the establishment of their own self-government and their own free existence

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ADDRESS AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE DEWEY SWORD

DELIVERED OCTOBER 3, 1899

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,— Let me read a few extracts from our official correspondence, covering less than a fortnight's time, and now known the world over:

"Washington, April 24, 1898.

"Dewey, Hong Kong.

"War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Begin operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors.

"LONG."

"Manila, May 1st.

"Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

"The squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged enemy and destroyed the following vessels. . . . The squadron is uninjured. Few men were slightly wounded.

"DEWEY."

"May 4th.

"Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

"I have taken possession of the naval station, Philippine Islands. I control Bay completely and can take city at any time. The squadron excellent health and spirits. I am assisting and protecting Spanish sick and wounded.

"DEWEY."

"Washington, May 7, 1898.

"Dewey.

"The President, in the name of the American people, thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition, he has appointed you acting rear-admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress as a foundation for further promotion."

In these few words which I have read, what a volume of history; what a record of swift, high, heroic discharge of duty! You went; you saw; you conquered.

It seems but yesterday that the republic, full of anxiety, strained its listening ear to catch the first word from those distant islands of the sea. It came flashing over the wires that May morning as the sun bursts through the clouds, and filled every heart with the illumination of its good cheer. In the twinkling of an eye your name was on every lip; the blessing of every American was on your head; and your country strode instantly forward a mightier power among the nations of the world. As we welcome you back, there comes back also the vivid picture of that time, with all its hopes and fears, and then with all its swift succeeding triumph and glory.

Let me now read the act of Congress in pursuance of which we are here:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Navy be, and he hereby is, authorized to present a sword of honor to Commodore George Dewey, and to cause to be struck bronze medals, commemorating the battle of Manila Bay, and to distribute such medals to the officers and men of the ships of the Asiatic squadron of the United States under command of Commodore George Dewey on May 1, 1898, and that, to enable the Secretary to carry out this resolution, the sum of ten thousand dollars, or so

much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

"Approved June 3, 1898."

It was by this solemn enactment, approved by the President, that the people of the United States made provision for putting in material form one expression of their appreciation of your valor as an officer of their navy, and of your great achievement as their representative in opening the door to a new era in the civilization of the world. The victory at Manila Bay gave you rank with the most distinguished naval heroes of all time.

Nor was your merit most in the brilliant victory which you achieved in a battle fought with the utmost gallantry and skill, waged without error and crowned with overwhelming success. It was still more in the nerve with which you sailed from Hong Kong to Manila harbor; in the spirit of your conception of attack; in your high commanding confidence as a leader who had weighed every risk and prepared for every emergency, and who also had that unfaltering determination to win, and that utter freedom from the thought or possibility of swerving from his purpose, which are the very assurance of victory.

No captain ever faced a more crucial test than when that morning, bearing the fate and the honor of your country in your hand, thousands of miles from home, with every foreign port in the world shut to you, nothing between you and annihilation but the thin sheathing of your ships, your cannon, and your devoted officers and men, you moved upon the enemy's batteries on shore and on sea with unflinching faith and nerve, and before the sun was half-way up the heavens had silenced the guns of the foe, sunk the hostile fleet, demonstrated the supremacy of the American sea

power, and transferred to the United States an empire of the islands of the Pacific.

Later, by your display of large powers of administration, by your poise and prudence, and by your great discretion, not only in act, but also in word, which is almost more important, you proved yourself a great representative citizen of the United States as well as now its great naval hero. The lustre of the American navy was gloriously bright before, and you have added to it a new lustre. Its constellation of stars was glorious before, and you have added to it another star of the first magnitude And, yet many of your grateful countrymen feel that, in the time to come it may be your still greater honor that you struck the first blow, under the providence of God, in the enfranchisement of those beautiful islands which make that great empire of the sea; in relieving them from the bondage and oppression of centuries, and in putting them on their way, under the protecting shield of your country's guidance, to take their place in the civilization, the arts, the industries, the liberties, and all the good things of the most enlightened and happy nations of the world, so that generations hence your name shall be to them a household word, enshrined in their history and in their hearts.

Clouds and darkness may linger about them now, but the shining outcome is as sure as the rising of the sun. Whatever the passing tribulations and difficulties of the present moment, they will in due time soon and surely give way to the dawn of a glorious new day—a day not of any mere selfish imperial dominion of one people over another, but of the imperial moral and physical growth and expansion of all the peoples, whatever their race or language or color, who are under the shelter of the broad shield of the United States of America.

By authorizing the presentation of this sword to you as the mark of her approval your country has recognized, therefore, not only the rich fruits which, even before returning from your victory, you have poured into her lap, but also her own responsibility to discharge the great trust which is thus put upon her and fulfil the destiny of her own growth and of the empire that is now her charge.

It is a new demand upon all the resources of her conscience, wisdom, and courage. It is a work in the speedy and beneficent consummation of which she is entitled to the cordial help, sympathy, and uplift of all her citizens—not the faint-hearted doubts and teasing cavils of any of them. It is a work on which she has entered in the interest of early peace in these new lands, their stable government, the establishment in them of law and order, the security of life and property, and the American standards of prosperity and home.

Let those who fear remember that though her children, guided by you, took the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there the hand of our fathers' God shall lead them and his right hand shall hold them. In this work, in view of the great part you have taken in the sudden development of her sovereignty, your full knowledge of the situation, and the just hold you have on the hearts of all her people, she looks for your continued service and listens for your counsel in the high hope and purpose that the triumph of her peace shall be even greater than her triumph in war.

It is my good fortune, under the terms of the enactment of Congress, to have the honor of presenting to you this beautiful sword. If during the many coming years which I trust will be yours of useful service to your country it shall remain sheathed in peace, as God grant it may, that fact will

perhaps be due more than to anything else to the thoroughness with which you have already done its work.

I congratulate you on your return across the sea in full health of mind and body to receive it here; here in the national capital; here on these consecrated steps where Lincoln stood; here, standing between the statue of the first President of the United States and him who is its living President to-day; here in this beautiful city adorned with the statues of its statesmen and heroes, the number incomplete until your own shall be added; here, amid this throng of citizens, who are only a type of the millions and millions more who are all animated by the same spirit of affectionate and grateful welcome.

I cannot doubt that it is one of the proudest days of your life, and I know that it is one of the happiest in the heart of each one of your fellow countrymen, wherever they are, whether on the continent or on the far-off islands of the sea.

Now, following the authorization of Congress, I present this sword of honor which I hold in my hand—my hand!—rather let it go to you through the hand of one who in his youth also periled his life and fought for his country in battle, and who to-day is the commander-in-chief of all our armies and navies,—the President of the United States.

MORLEY

JOHN MORLEY, an eminent English author and statesman, was born at Blackburn, December 24, 1838. He was educated at Cheltenham College and at Lincoln College, Oxford. On receiving his degree he qualified for the bar, but never practised law, drifting instead into journalism. His contributions to the "Leader" were of such excellence that they led to his appointment to the staff of the "Saturday Review." He soon became the editor of the "Literary Gazette." He was editor of the "Fortnightly Review," 1867-83; of the "Pall Mall Gazette," 1880-83, and of "Macmillan's Magazine," 1883-85. He served as a Liberal member of Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1883-95, and he became the representative of Montrose Burghs in 1896. He was chief secretary for Ireland in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. He became bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1891, and a trustee of the British Museum in 1894. He received the degree of LL.D from Glasgow in 1879, and from Cambridge in 1892, and the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1896. He was a close student of political problems. His power as a statesman lay in his ability to clothe his arguments in strong and exact phrases, and in his honesty and sincerity. He was one of the most earnest advocates of home rule for Ireland, and he also gave his best efforts to the solution of labor problems. As historian, editor and man of letters, Mr. Morley earned a world-wide reputation. He is one of the first living masters of the English language.

Among his most notable publications are: "Edmund Burke" (1867); "Critical Miscellanies" (1871); "Voltaire" (1871); "Rousseau" (1873); "The Struggle for National Education" (1873); "On Compromise" (1874); "Diderot and the Encyclopædists" (1878); "The Life of Richard Cobden" (1881); "Studies in Literature" (1891).

ON HOME RULE

DELIVERED AT OXFORD, FEBRUARY 29, 1888

SIR,—This is not my maiden speech to the Oxford Union, therefore it is not upon that ground that I venture to claim your indulgence. I was warned before I came here—and what I have heard since does not alter the weight of that warning—that I must be prepared to face a decisively hostile majority.

But, in spite of that I confess I felt in coming here none of those misgivings which the great Master of Romance made

Louis XI feel when he was infatuated enough to put himself in the hands of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. I feel perfectly confident that I shall receive from gentlemen present the courteous and kindly attention which Englishmen seldom refuse, even to their political opponents. It is quite true that at this moment party passion and political passion have reached a pitch of bitterness, and in some quarters I would almost say of ferocity, which has not been equalled in English history since the break-up of the Conservative party on the repeal of the Corn Laws forty-two years ago.

In spite of that I venture to commend the remarks which I shall intrude upon you to your favorable and indulgent consideration. I am accused very often of choosing to address what are called ignorant and credulous audiences. It cannot, at all events, be said that, in venturing to accept your very kind invitation to come here to-night, I have sought an audience which is ignorant, or an audience which is credulous. I suspect I shall find a scepticism in regard to my arguments the prevailing mood rather than credulity.

An old Parliamentarian was once asked whether he had ever known a speech change opinions, and he answered: "Oh, yes, I have constantly known a speech to change opinions, but I have never known a speech to change votes."

I do not aspire to-night to change votes; I content myself with the less arduous and more modest task of trying to change your opinions. I have listened with enormous interest and sincere pleasure to the debate which has proceeded since I entered the room. It has been animated and exhilarating, and if on one side I heard prejudices and sophisms to which I am accustomed, these prejudices and sophisms were expressed with very great ability and with evident sincerity.

The arguments on the other side—the side which I am

here to press upon your attention—were admirably put, and I hope that they may have caused searching of hearts among some of those who are going to-night to vote against the resolution before the House.

I am following to-night a very distinguished statesman[1] whom you rightly welcomed last week. That noble lord has shown himself to be a man of great shrewdness, some insight, and of very considerable liberality of mind. I am glad that you agree with me in that account. I hope you will go further with me when I say that, considering that he is a man of shrewdness, of insight, and of liberality of mind, it is no wonder that he has left her Majesty's government.

But the noble lord, in his speech, as far as practical issues were concerned, dealt mainly in the prophetic. Now the prophetic is a line in respect to Irish affairs in which the noble lord does not at all excel. I remember very well in 1884, when the Franchise Bill was before the House of Commons, that the noble lord advocated and defended the enlargement of the franchise in Ireland, on the ground that the new voters whom that bill would admit to political power would, on the whole, be a Conservative force, and would to some extent neutralize the Nationalist forces in the towns.

The election of 1885 showed what foresight there was in that particular prophecy of the noble lord; and I venture, with all respect, to warn you that the prophecies which he made to you last week, with respect to the probable course of events affecting self-government, will, within the next two or three years, be seen by you in this hall to have been as futile, as random, and as ill-founded as the prophecy which he made in 1885.

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[1] Lord Randolph Churchill, who spoke a week previously opposing the establishment of a statutory Parliament in Dublin.

You must not forget that the noble lord himself was once a Home Ruler. ["No, no!"]

Some gentleman says "No," but I assure him he is mistaken. Lord Randolph Churchill said in the House of Commons that he had been himself in Mr. Butt's days inclined to look favorably upon Home Rule on Mr. Butt's lines. It cannot be denied that Lord Randolph Churchill has been himself in his day a Home Ruler, and in his day he may be a Home Ruler again.

I will not detain you long in dealing with Lord Randolph Churchill's positions, but there are one or two of them so remarkable that I cannot allow them, considering the noble lord's importance in the public eye, to pass without a word of remark.

The noble lord defined the Irish question, and I have no fault to find with that definition. He said that the Irish question arose from this fact, that we cannot obtain from Ireland, first of all, the same reverence for the law; secondly, the same material prosperity; and thirdly, the same contentment and tranquillity that we obtain in England and Scotland.

I think that is a perfectly fair statement of the question. But then, does it not occur even to those who are going to vote against this resolution to-night, that a statesman who admitted that we had obtained nothing better than a result so unsatisfactory, so discreditable, and so deplorable, would say: "Since the result has been such, we must change the system which has produced that result"?

I think that is a fair way of answering the question as the noble lord defines it. Did he so answer it? On the contrary, what he said was: "Since the result has been so discreditable, so deplorable, and so unsatisfactory, therefore I urge you of

the Oxford Union to vote in favor practically of maintaining every jot and tittle of that system exactly as it now stands."

I do not know how the school of logic goes in Oxford since my day; but I think if theoretic logic had been dealt with on the same principle as the noble lord deals with questions of practical logic, he would have come away from the schools with no *testamur*.

And now I come to a more important part of the noble lord's speech. What is the good of the policy which he pressed upon your attention? What is the bright and cheerful prospect that he holds out to you as the result of following that policy? It is so extraordinary and so remarkable from a man of the noble lord's shrewdness, that I really will beg your very close scrutiny of the position which he then took up, and of the very astonishing arguments to which he resorted.

The noble lord said that the Irish party is deeply divided into two sharply opposed sections—one of them is the section which is content with Parliamentary, Constitutional, and peaceful methods; and the other is the party of violence and force. That is perfectly true. There have always been in Irish history these two opposed forces.

It is a very old story; and one part of the story that I have always heard is that in the old days when the quarrel between the moral force party and the physical force party waxed very hot, it generally ended in the moral force party kicking the physical force party downstairs. The noble lord reversed this. He said, Depend upon it, as Home Rule receded in the distance, those who do not believe in the efficacy of Parliamentary methods would assert their superiority over those who do believe in Parliamentary methods.

I will ask the House to put that proposition into rather plainer English. What it means is, that when Home Rule is put upon the shelf, the Fenian movement—which the noble lord truly remarked could scarcely be said to exist at the present moment—would rise in undisputed triumph, and the Constitutional, peaceful, and Parliamentary movement would receive its quietus.

And that is the noble lord's argument in this House for opposing the resolution now before it! I cannot imagine that the golden prospect which the noble lord places before you is one that is really calculated to bring comfort or relief to British statesmen. I agree with him absolutely in his prediction. I have often said that if you do shelve Home Rule, if you once show the majority of the population of Ireland that they have nothing to hope for from the equity and common sense of Great Britain, then I firmly believe that you will have a revival of the old party of violence, of conspiracy, of sedition, and of treason.

But the prospect that he regards with satisfaction and complacency—the prospect of the revival of the violent party and the depression of the peaceful party—that prospect fills me, and I hope fills all well-considering men here, whether they be Unionists or Home Rulers, with repugnance and horror. We shall regard the revival of such a state of things as most dishonoring to England, and as merciless to Ireland.

But I would ask gentlemen to press the noble lord's argument home, to test it and to probe it to the bottom from his own speech. You are to force Home Rule back, in order to restore those halcyon days of which the noble lord himself gave you an account—when, as he said, and I daresay correctly said, half the population of Ireland were either sworn Fenians or else in close sympathy with Fenianism.

That is extreme language. But what is still more extraordinary is the purpose and object with which you are to effect this most curious manœuvre. What was the purpose and the object of shelving Home Rule with the prospect of a revival of Fenianism? Pursue the noble lord's train of thought. You are to raise Fenianism from the dead, you are to stamp out the Constitutional men, and to give new life to the men of violence and conspiracy; you are to fan into a glow all the sullen elements of insurgency in Ireland, in order, forsooth, that the Empire should be the better able to face all these troubles that are coming upon Europe, as the noble lord thinks, and may truly think—to face all these troubles with concentrated strength and undivided resources!

Surely of all extraordinary short cuts to concentrated strength and undivided resources, none can be more extraordinary then to take care to keep a disaffected province at your very gates. The moral charm of such a policy as that is only equalled by its practical common sense.

Why, the other day, in the wilds of Donegal, there was occasion—or the government thought there was occasion—to arrest a certain priest, and to carry this priest in the midst of his flock to the court-house, where he was about to be tried, it required a force of horse, foot, and artillery of something like 500 or 600 of her Majesty's troops. Now it does not need a very elaborate arithmetical calculation to satisfy ourselves if it takes 600 troops to safely look after one insignificant parish priest in the wilds of Donegal for trial, how many troops will it take to hold Ireland when half the population are sworn Fenians, or else in close sympathy with Fenianism.

So much for the noble lord's argument, because that was the real argument of his speech.

No, sir, gentlemen here may depend upon it that, if the time ever comes, as it has come before, when this great and mighty realm shall be called once more by destiny or her duty to face a world in arms in some high cause and policy of state, she will only have her strength concentrated and her resources undivided on the condition that her statesmen and her people have plucked up the root of strife in Ireland and turned the domestic enemy on our flank into our friend and our ally.

But I think we may all agree to recognize the hollowness of the cause, when so able a man as the noble lord, appealing to you in the name of the Empire and the strength of the Empire, argues for the perpetuation of a state of things which morally, and politically, and materially weakens, disables, and cripples the forces of the Empire. So much for the goal of the policy which the noble lord pressed upon you. It is the same goal which ministers—the same lord is no longer a minister—it is the same goal which ministers are constantly alleging in the House of Commons that they place before themselves, and most paradoxical and extraordinary things they say in defence of the proposition that they are reaching the goal.

What is the goal? The goal is to give to Ireland the same reverence for the laws, the same material prosperity, the same contentment and tranquillity, that we have in England and Scotland. Yes; but there are some very astonishing congratulations to be heard in the ministerial camp as to the speed with which and as to the manner in which they are nearing that goal.

For instance, the Attorney-General said the other day that they must be considered to be surmounting the difficulties that concerned English government in Ireland. Well, but

why? The Attorney-General said that the government were surmounting difficulties in Ireland, because meetings and movements which had once been open were now secret.

I am sure that many of you, though you have other things to do than to follow very closely the history of Ireland, and of the good and bad movements in Ireland, must be well aware that the great bane of Ireland and of Scotland when they cross the seas—whether they go to the United States or the English colonies—has been secret association.

The great triumph, I will say, of the League and of the National Movement since the year 1880, has been that those associations which formerly were secret, and therefore dangerous, are now open, and will be open as long as this most reckless government will allow them to be. Ask yourselves —I appeal to your candor—ask yourselves whether, if treason is taught, and if murder is hatched, is treason likely to be taught, is murder likely to be hatched, in open meetings?

No, it is impossible. But what is possible? I am afraid that what is certain is, that if you repress public combination —if you go through that odious and ridiculous process which is called driving discontent beneath the surface—if you do that, you are taking the surest steps that can be taken to have treason taught and murder hatched.

Now, I ask gentlemen here before they vote to-night—or, at all events, to turn it over in their minds after they have voted, whether the goal is being reached by the present policy, a policy which the rejection of this resolution encourages and endorses.

I am not talking away from the resolution, because I am trying to call the attention of gentlemen to the alternative of the policy set out in the resolution of the honorable mover. I hope, therefore, you will agree that I am keeping close to

the point. The point is the alternative of the policy of Home Rule. We have had, since the session began, a series of debates in the House of Commons upon the administration of the Coercion Act.

Of course I am not an impartial witness, but I think that the subtle something which is called the impression of a great assembly, the impression of the House of Commons, is that the government have not shown that they have attained any of the ends which they proposed to themselves when they passed this piece of legislation. All the tests that can be applied to the success of the operation of that Act appear to me to show that it has achieved none of the ends that were proposed.

Have they put down the League? It is perfectly certain that the League is as strong as ever. I know that an attempt is made to make out the contrary case, but from any test that you can apply to the strength of the League, whether it be to the number of branches, to the copiousness of subscriptions, or to the numbers at the meetings—according to any of these tests, so far as I can make out, the League is not in the least degree weakened.

Have they put down the Plan of Campaign? It is very clear that the Plan of Campaign has not been put down. It is true, to come to a third point, that there is a great decline in boycotting. That is quite true, but the point that you have got to make good is that the decline in boycotting is due to the government policy. There are more explanations than one for the decline of boycotting.

If you want my explanation, since you have been so very kind as to ask me to come here, and are so good as to listen to me so attentively, my explanation is that the decline of boycotting is due, first of all, to the fact that a great many

of the boycotted persons have wisely, or unwisely, yielded to and joined the League; and, secondly, what is a far more important consideration, boycotting has declined because a great many landlords have under pressure, or from other motives, made those reductions which equity required and which the peace of the country demanded.

Now, I think it is very important that you should try and realize for yourselves what the policy of coercion is in actual practice. I am not going to detain this House very long by reading extracts. One of the most respected lawyers in the North of England and a very old friend of mine, who is a very experienced man, was in the court at Galway on the thirteenth of this month during a trial of twelve men for rioting. Now, this is what he says:

"There was a great crowd to welcome Mr. Blunt on the evening of January 7. When Mr. Blunt was brought to the jail at Galway the people were orderly on the whole, but they cheered for Mr. Blunt, and they pushed through the police at the station in their anxiety to see Mr. Blunt."

Was there any harm in that? My friend goes on to say that orders were given to clear the station. I will ask you to mark that I am not criticising what happened. I want to get you into court. My friend goes on to say:

"The station was cleared in half a minute, the police batoning the people and knocking them down. What attempt was made on February 13 to bring any offence home to the twelve accused persons? All that could be urged against them was that they had waited for and had cheered Mr. Blunt."

And I think they had as much right to do so as if they had been in Oxford Station. To continue:

"The charge was not dismissed, it was adjourned and resumed on February 14, the next day. The Crown then

called four fresh policemen, of whose evidence no notice had been given to the accused, and these four fresh policemen told a new tale. The crowd, which, according to the evidence of the day before, was described as orderly, was now described as disorderly. It was now represented that the police had been interfered with and were in actual peril. There was stone-throwing, but it was outside the station, and no attempt was made to connect the accused with anything that took place outside the station, or anything worse than shouting or cheering. The result was that eleven or twelve of the accused men were sentenced to a fortnight's or a month's imprisonment with hard labor; and, one of them calling out that he would do the same again, the magistrate, with what I must call a truly contemptible vindictiveness, said, 'You shall have another week's imprisonment for saying that.' The upshot of the whole case was that these men—two of them, mind you, Town Commissioners, respected public men in the confidence of their fellow citizens—were punished, not for concerting a riotous meeting, not for throwing stones, not for attacking the police, not for doing anything to alarm reasonable and courageous persons, but simply for waving their hats and caps in honor of Mr. Blunt."

Now, I say that is, unfortunately, a typical case. [Cries of "No!"] Yes, it is a typical case. If gentlemen who doubt that will take the trouble, as I have done, to read the reports from day to day of what goes on in these courts, if they will take the trouble to hear evidence that Englishmen, not partisan Irishmen, have seen administered in these courts, they will agree that this is a typical case, that men are treated violently, that they are then summoned for an offence which is not properly proved—[A cry of "No!"]—what I say I hope to show in a moment—and for acts which are not in themselves an offence or a crime.

Somebody protested when I used the word "prove." I will ask him, and I will ask the House, to listen to a little extract which I am going to read to show the kind of evidence

which in these courts is thought good enough. It is the case of a certain Irish member, Mr. Sheehy, who was convicted, and this is a very short passage from the cross-examination of the shorthand-writer. Mr. Sheehy was brought up for words spoken; it was vitally important to know what were the words spoken, for which he was about to have inflicted upon him a very severe punishment. This is, in a very few words, a passage from the cross-examination of the government reporter:

"Did you ever study shorthand?"

"I did not. I might look over the book, but that is all. As far as I know, shorthand is not studied by any man in the barracks. There was no constable, to my knowledge, in Trench Park on the day of the meeting, who knew shorthand. The meeting lasted from three o'clock till a quarter to five, and Mr. Sheehy was speaking the greater part of the time. When Mr. Sheehy spoke a sentence or a sentence and a half, I took down all I could remember at the time. I took no note of what he would be saying while I was taking down the two sentences which I remembered at the time. I consider Mr. Sheehy a slow speaker."

"While you would be writing a sentence, how many sentences would he get ahead of you?"

"Well," said the constable or reporter, "he might get two or three."

"Then when you would complete your sentence, would you skim over what he had said in the meantime and then catch him up again?"

"Yes, I would try and remember what he would say in the meantime."

"When you say that you would try and remember, what do you mean?"

"I mean that when I heard a sentence or two I would take that down, and pay no attention to what he would say in the meantime."

How many gentlemen here must have been in English courts and heard the careful, austere, and impressive standards which the judges of those courts apply to evidence? I say, when you hear such evidence as that, do you not think you are listening to the proceedings of a court in a comic opera? Pray remark that in a charge of this kind a phrase or a qualification of a phrase may be of vital importance. It may make all the difference in the construction and the interpretation that the court would put upon a word spoken; and yet you see that the qualifying phrases and words might have been dropped out while the reporter was taking down the other sentences. It is a sheer caricature of evidence.

I must inflict one more story upon you—it is the last—because you must know it is no use using vague general words about Coercion. Realize what Coercion means. I ought to say that those words I have just read and that case was mentioned in the House of Commons. Those words were read out in the House of Commons. No answer was attempted to them by the government. I am not going to use any case which has not been challenged in the House of Commons.

F Well, here is a case, of a certain Patrick Corcoran. Patrick Corcoran is the foreman printer of the Cork "Examiner." He is therefore purely a mechanic. He was tried, his name being on the imprint of the newspaper, for publishing proceedings of the suppressed branches of the National League. On the hearing of the first summons the joint editor and manager came forward and said he alone was responsible for

everything that appeared in the paper, and that Corcoran was a mere mechanic and had no power or control in any sense or degree over the matter published. Well, of course, as he had no control over the matter published, he could not have what the lawyers call that guilty mind which was necessary, according to the Act, for the commission of the offence; because the Act requires that this publication should be uttered with a view of promoting the objects of the incriminated association. Well, Corcoran, this mechanic, was sent to prison for a month. [Cries of "Shame!"]

Yes, and mark the point. Most of you know that if a sentence is for more than a month, then there is a right of appeal. Corcoran's counsel implored the Bench to add a week to the sentence so that there might be this right of appeal, or else to state a case for a superior court, which would have been the same thing. The magistrate refused even that. That is rather sharp; but that was not all. They took up another charge, in substance the same, for publishing reports of meetings number two, and on the footing of the second summons they gave Corcoran another month's imprisonment. I hope gentlemen see the point—that by this method of accumulated penalties they managed to give him a two months' sentence, and yet to deprive him of the right to appeal which he would have had from a single two months' sentence.

These are illustrations which I commend to the attention of gentlemen who oppose this resolution, because they are inevitable features in the system which is the alternative to the system advocated in the resolution. [Cries of "No, no!"]

Well, I will have one word to say about that in one moment. But I ask you, in the meantime: Can you wonder

that under such circumstances as those of which I have given you three actual illustrations—that Irishmen do not respect the law and do not revere the tribunals where that law is administered?

Imagine how the existence of such a state of things would affect you who are Englishmen. Would you endure to be under exceptional repressive legislation of this kind so administered? I do not believe you would. Englishmen never have acquiesced in legislation and administration of that kind; they have fought against it from age to age, and Irishmen will rightly fight against it from age to age.

I listened with especial interest, and, if I may say so, with admiration to the speech of the gentleman who preceded me, in whom I am glad to recognize the germs of hereditary gifts; and, if it is not impertinent in me to say so, I hope he will continue to cultivate those remarkable gifts; and—forgive me for saying so—I hope he may one day use them in a better cause. The honorable gentleman struck the keynote. I accept that note. He said, "Think of the sons and daughters of Ireland."

Think of the sons and daughters of Ireland; it is for their sake as much as for our own, not more, but as much—it is for the sake of the sons and daughters of Ireland that I am and have been an advocate of giving Ireland responsibility and self-government. Can you wonder? Put yourselves in the place of the sons and daughters of Ireland. These transactions, of which I have given you a very inadequate specimen, fill their minds. They hear scarcely anything else in the speeches of their leaders and in the talk of those in whom they have confidence. They talk of these things when they meet at fairs, when they meet at chapel, when they meet at athletic sports. And they read scarcely anything else in the

newspapers. And if they cannot read, then their children read these proceedings out to them.

Now think of a generation growing up in this demoralizing and poisoned atmosphere of defiance and suspicion and resentment, and think whether you are doing your duty; think how you are preparing for the growth of a generation in Ireland in whom the spirit of citizenship shall be wholesome and shall be strong. It is of no avail to tell me that a lawyer in his study has this or that objection to this or that section. What I see in Ireland is a population in whom you are doing your best to breed want of reverence for the law, distrust of the tribunals, and resentment against the British rule which fastens that yoke upon their necks.

When I said that the government were pursuing a policy of pure repression, somebody objected. I should like him to be kind enough to tell me what other dish there is on the ministerial table for Ireland, except repression. Let us go to the law and the testimony. We used to be told—I see old and respected friends of mine around me who are Liberal Unionists, and their party used to say that they would not assent to Home Rule, but that they would assent to an extension of local government in Ireland. [A cheer.]

I am glad to hear that cheer, but it is a very forlorn cry. I will ask you for a single instant to listen to the history of the promise of the extension of local government in Ireland. In 1842, forty-six long years ago, a Commission reported in favor of amending the system of county government in Ireland. A bill was brought in to carry out that recommendation in 1849. It was rejected. It was brought in in 1853, and it was rejected; again in 1856 it was rejected; again another in 1857, which also was rejected.

Then there was a pause in the process of rejection until

1868, when a Parliament and the government of the day resorted to the soothing and comforting plan of appointing a Select Committee. That, just like the previous Commission, issued a copious and an admirable report, but nothing more was done. In 1875 a bill was brought in for county reform in Ireland, and in 1879 another bill was brought in which did not touch the evils that called for remedy.

In 1881, in the time of the Gladstone administration, and at a time when Ireland, remember, was in a thousand times worse condition than the most sinister narrator can say she is now, the Queen in her Speech was made to say that a bill for the extension of local government of Ireland would be brought in; nothing was done.

In 1886 the distinguished man whom you had here last week himself said—I heard him say it one afternoon—he made this promise in the name of the government of which he was a leading and an important member—that it was the firm intention of the government to bring in a measure with a view of placing all control of local government in Ireland in the hands of the Irish people.

Some of you cry, "Hear, hear," but that is all gone. Listen to what Lord Hartington, the master of the government, has since said. The noble lord has said that no scheme for the extension of local government in Ireland can be entertained until there has been a definite repudiation of nationality by the Irish people. I do not want to press that too far, but at all events you will agree with me that it postpones the extension of local government in Ireland to a tolerably remote day.

Do not let Liberal Unionists deceive themselves by the belief that there is going to be a moderate extension of local government for Ireland. Do not let them retain any such

illusion. Proposals for local government will follow these Royal Commissions, Committees, Bills, Motions, into limbo, and we shall hear no more of extension of local government. This is only one illustration among many others, which, taken together, amount to a demonstration of the unfitness and incompetence of our Imperial Parliament for dealing with the political needs, the admitted and avowed political needs, of Ireland.

One speaker said something about fisheries. There was a Select Committee appointed in 1884, and there was another Royal Commission reporting a few weeks ago, but I am not sanguine enough to think that more will be done in consequence of the recommendations of that Commission than has been done in consequence of the recommendation of others.

Again, there are the Irish railways. I was wrong, by the way, that a Royal Commission was on fisheries—it was on Irish industries generally, fisheries included. On the question of railways there was a Royal Commission in 1867, and a small Committee was appointed in 1868. There were copious and admirable reports. There is another copious and admirable report laid on the table of the House of Commons this week. Nothing has been done, and I do not believe anything will be done. That is another field in which Ireland abounds in requirements and necessities, and which the British Parliament has not the power, knowledge, or inclination to deal with or to touch.

One gentleman who spoke to-night with great ability—and if people think these things I do not know why they should not be said—reproduced to my regret the old talk about the Hottentots. I confess this is the most painful part of the present controversy—that there should be men (I am sure he is one of them) of generous minds, of public spirit and pa-

triotism, who talk, and sincerely talk, of union, and the incorporation of Ireland with Britain, and yet think that this kind of language, and what is far more, this kind of feeling, is a way likely to produce incorporation and union.

I have seen a good deal of Irishmen. I saw a great, a tremendous crowd of Irishmen the other day on their own soil. They comported themselves, many tens and scores of thousands of them, comported themselves with a good humor, a perfect order, a temper generally of which any capital in Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna—might have been proud. I think you can do something better with such a people than alienate them by calling them and by thinking of them as Hottentots, or as in any way inferior to ourselves. That is not the way to have union and incorporation. That is not the way to make the Empire stronger.

And I apply the same to the language that is used about the Irish members. I am not prepared to defend all that the Irish members have said and done. No, and I am not prepared to defend all that English members have done. But I ask here, as I asked in Dublin, is there to be no amnesty? Is there never to be an act of oblivion? These men, after all, have forced upon the British legislature, and have extorted from the British legislature, laws for the benefit of their own down-trodden and oppressed people. Those laws were either right or wrong. If they were wrong, the British legislature ought not to have passed them. If they were right, you ought to be very much obliged to the Irish members for awakening your sense of equity and of right.

I return again—I am going to conclude in a moment—I return again to the point. You have the future in your hands, because what has been said is true; the future depends upon the opinions of the men between twenty and

thirty, which, I take it, is the average of the audience I have the honor of addressing. What is the condition of Ireland?

Here, too, I will repeat what I said in Dublin. In Ireland you have a beggared gentry; a bewildered peasantry; a random and harsh and aimless system of government; a population fevered by political power and not sobered by political responsibility. This is what you have to deal with; and I say here, with a full sense of important responsibility, that rather than go on in face of that distracted picture, with the present hard, incoherent, cruel system of government in Ireland, rather than do that I would assent to the proposal that has been made, if that were the only alternative, by a great representative of the Unionist party, by Lord Grey.

And what does Lord Grey suggest? Lord Grey suggests that the Lord-Lieutenant should be appointed for ten years, and during those ten years—it is a strong order—during those ten years he is to make what laws he thinks fit without responsibility either to ministers or to Parliament. It is a strong order, but I declare—and I believe that Mr. Parnell has said that he agrees—that I would rather see Ireland made a Crown colony to-morrow than go on in the present hypocritical and inefficient system of sham representation. You may then have the severity of paternal repression, but you will have the beneficence of paternal solicitude and supervision. What you now have is repression and neglect; and repression and neglect you will have until you call the Irish leaders into council and give to the majority of the Irish people that power in reality which now they have only in name.

One minute more and I will sit down.

The resolution raises very fairly the great issue that now divides and engages all serious minds in this country—the issue which has broken up a great political party, which has

tried and tested more than one splendid reputation, and in which the Liberal party have embarked all their hopes and fortunes as resolutely and as ungrudgingly as their forefathers did in the case of Catholic Emancipation. The opponents of this Resolution ought to have told us, what no opponent to-night did tell us—for I listened very carefully—they ought to have told us what it is they mean. Merely to vote a blank and naked negative to this resolution? It is not enough, it cannot be all, merely to say "No" to this resolution. You are not going through the familiar process of rejecting an academic motion or an abstract proposition.

In refusing this proposition you are adopting an amendment. I have taken the liberty to draft a Unionist amendment. I will gladly place it in the hands of any Unionist member who may think it expedient to move it. This is the alternative amendment to the resolution of the honorable mover.

"That, inasmuch as Coercion, after being tried in every form and under all varieties, has failed to bring to Ireland that order and content we all earnestly desire, Coercion shall be made the permanent law of the land; That as perfect equality between England and Ireland is the key to a sound policy, Coercion shall be the law in Ireland and shall not be the law in England; That as decentralization and local government have been long recognized and constantly promised as a necessary reform in Irish affairs, the time has at length arrived for definitely abandoning all reform in Irish local government; That since the backward condition, and the many admitted needs of Ireland urgently call for the earnest and unremitting attention of her rulers, the exclusive attention of this Parliament shall be devoted to the consideration of English, Scotch, and Welsh affairs; That, in view of the fact that representative institutions are the glory and strength of the United Kingdom, the Constitutional demands of the great majority of the Irish representatives shall be dis-

regarded, and these representatives shall have no voice in Irish affairs and no share in Irish government; and, finally, That as Mr Pitt declared the great object of the Union to be to make the Empire more secure by making Ireland more free and more happy, it is the duty of every true Unionist to make Ireland more miserable in order to prevent her from being free."

That, sir, is the amendment which you are, I fear, presently going to vote. [Cries of "No!"] Yes, you are. That is what you are going to vote, and I have failed in the speech which you have most kindly and indulgently listened to, if you do not see that that amendment, with its stream of paradoxes and incoherencies, represents the Unionist policy. That is a policy which judgment condemns and which conscience forbids.

PHELPS

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, an American congressman and diplomatist, was born in New York city, August 24, 1839, and educated at Yale University. He studied law at Columbia University and practised his profession in New York for a few years, but withdrew from practice in 1869 in order to devote his time to the care of large estates inherited from his father. In 1873 he entered Congress as a representative from New Jersey, retaining his seat for one term, during which he was conspicuous for independent action. He was delegate-at-large from New Jersey in the National Republican conventions of 1880 and 1884, in both of which he was an ardent supporter of the nomination of Blaine. In 1881 he was minister to Austria, and the next year re-entered Congress, where he sat continuously till 1889. During this period Mr. Phelps served on the committee of foreign affairs, and in 1889 was one of three American commissioners appointed to represent the United States in the International Conference in Berlin. In June of that year he was appointed minister to Germany. He returned to the United States in 1893 and died at his home near Englewood, New Jersey, June 17, 1894. Among his speeches may be named those "On Sound Currency" (1874); "On the Civil Rights Bill" (February 4, 1875); "On the Dangers of Peace" (1884).

SOUND CURRENCY

APRIL 1, 1874

MR. SPEAKER,—We are bound to give the people of these United States a sound currency. We are bound to give them specie payments; for only gold, or a credit based on gold, is a sound currency. We are bound, whether we be Liberals, Republicans, or Democrats, by express promise; we are bound by the provisions of a law, the first ever signed by our Chief Magistrate; we are bound by the oath we took as members of this House to support the constitution; we are bound by the conventions of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, which pledged the three great parties to "speedy resumption;" we are bound by the

act of March, 1869, which "solemnly pledged the public faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin;" we are bound by the constitution, which was formed "to promote the general welfare." Can we better provide for the general welfare than by giving to the people a uniform, stable currency?

For the general welfare, for the interests of other classes, others may speak. Let me to-day speak for the interests of labor,—the labor of the farm and of the shop,—for the poor man.

I believe, and I think I can show, that while the moral evils resulting from a depreciated currency fall uniformly, the material ill, the real suffering and loss, fall upon the laborer and the farmer. The capitalist and merchant, in the resources of varied exchanges and varied investments, may adjust and shift the loss; the poor man receives it all. Wall Street, Beacon Street, and Chestnut Street may escape; the farm and the workshop never. Therefore I urge to-day the resumption of specie payments in the name of the farmer and mechanic.

I ask a sound currency for those whose plows rust in the furrow; for those who darken the streets of Paterson with their patient waitings.

And let no man smile that I speak for those whose wants I best know and most feel: I speak for them, not to them. Shall I tell them of sufferings they have felt? Shall I point them to the silent forge and spindle and loom? They have lived and moved among them all this dreary winter, as men can live and move even among the silent monuments of departed life. They ask for a sound currency; as their representative, I ask for it in their name. They have waited, they

are still waiting, with patience. So far they have asked for bread, and their government has given then a stone; they have asked for money, their government has given them a rag.

Mr. Speaker, a century ago a part of the English people gathered around Westminister Hall to impress a sentimental grievance upon their representatives. Their subsequent conduct was not such as the friends of order could approve. Not such would be the conduct of the Paterson mechanics should they gather round this Capitol to impress their real grievances.

There would be no noise, no disorder, no riot. They would stand the livelong day in patient waiting. They would part without threat, to let in and out the representatives of the people, and as each passed they would simply say, "You believe the testimony of Jefferson, Jackson, and Benton; or, you believe the testimony of Adams, Clay, Webster, and Sumner. Give us the money they recommended; give us a dollar that is a dollar. Give us the money of our fathers; give us the money of the world."

Mr. Speaker, I could spend much time in proving financial truths that were never disputed before this year of our Lord. Why should I? Shall I put up a man of straw, to knock him down? Shall I tell truths that the theory and experience of the world have established? Could I write them better than Smith, Ricardo, Say, Rice, and Bagehot? Can I speak them better than Jefferson, and Benton, and Webster, and Clay? If there is a man who believes there is any other basis for a sound currency than gold, and who maintains that belief in the face of the world's testimony and the world's experience, I cannot convert him; I will not attempt it.

It seems to me that most of the confusion of thought and

expression that appears in this discussion is the result of inaccuracy of terms. The words are used inaccurately. The confusion is one, not in the subject, not in the mind that grasps it, but in the terminology. Give that strict definition to terms, give that strict use of terms, when defined, which rules in other sciences, and all confusion must give way to order and harmony. In the great process of exchange there are two parts, two functions. For these two functions two different instruments are needed. Let us give these different instruments different names, and carefully maintain the distinction.

What is money? It is the measure of value. It is the instrument devised to transact the first step in an exchange. It is the commodity used to estimate the relative value of other commodities.

Before we can exchange commodities we must know what is their real value. We must take a commodity of fixed value, and, dividing it into units, make these represent the ratio which other commodities bear to each other. This measure of value is money.

The measure of value is gold. Why? Because gold has the mechanical qualities for such a measure. It is divisible and indestructible. It has, too, a universal and stable value. Now, money must have value, because it is used to measure value. If we wished to measure the length of commodities we should take a measure that had length. Did we wish to measure weight, we should take as a measure a commodity that had weight. So, when we measure values, we must have a measure that has value. And gold is the only article that has a universal and stable value. Universal, for here civilization and barbarism, the past and the present, meet. Abraham counted shekels in the first

recorded bargain, and William exacted from France a coin subsidy. The Pacific islander clamors for gold; and for gold the poet laureate of Great Britain sells his muse.

"But," says an objector, "have not other commodities a universal value? How with wheat? Abraham gathered wheat before shekels. Glidden's mummy unfolded wheat mixed with gold, and your islander sometimes says 'wheat' first, 'gold' afterward."

All of which is true. But the demand for wheat is finite and can be supplied. When supplied, the price falls, for there is a glut. Not so with gold. The demand is infinite; there can be no glut. It grows on what it feeds. The Incas, when their eyes were dazzled with its ubiquitous sheen, schemed for it; and our richest grangers—most virtuous of men—are still Olivers, asking for more. And gold has a stable value; not perfectly so (for I have heard of California and Australia), but more stable than any other commodity. Hence for our money, for our measure of value, we take gold.

But besides money we hear of currency. What is that? Money was the measure of value. What is currency?

Currency is the medium of exchange. It is the instrument that performs the second process in exchange. After money has fixed the relative values of commodities, currency makes the exchange. And what is currency? What does it consist of?

Mainly of credit,—credit in one of its many forms, draft and note, bill and check and account. So we have two different instruments, and two sets of names for them; one set is, the measure of value—gold, money; the other is, the medium of exchange—paper credit, currency.

And here is the only opportunity for mistake in keeping

this distinction. Money is the measure of value—is gold. Currency is the medium of exchange—is paper representing gold. But as a principal can do what its representative can —money, gold, can also discharge the second process of exchange, can also be currency. It can perform the two functions. But when money performs the second function, makes the exchange, it is currency. Hence a deal of confusion. From this we escape by bearing always in mind that while money is currency, currency, except the small part which is gold, is not money. And perhaps just here it is well to say that no bullionist, no hard-money man, as far as I know, wants to use gold for currency. We want to use gold for money, for the measure of values. We want to use paper as currency, as the medium of exchange. In other words, we think gold the best measure of value; paper the best instrument of exchange, the best currency.

DENISON

GEORGE TAYLOR DENISON was born in Toronto, August 31, 1839. He was educated at Upper Canada College, and graduated LL.B. at Toronto University in 1861. Called to the bar the same year, he practised his profession in his native city. In 1872, and again in 1873, he was sent to England by the government of Ontario as a special commissioner in behalf of immigration. In 1877 he was appointed police magistrate for the city of Toronto, an office he still retains. His military service began in 1855, when he was gazetted cornet in the Governor-General's Body Guard, a troop of cavalry organized by his grandfather. He was in active service during the Fenian raid in 1866, and commanded the outposts on the Niagara River, under Col. (now Field Marshal Lord) Wolseley, in the autumn of that year. He was again on active service during the Northwest rebellion in 1885. He has been a frequent contributor to the newspaper and periodical press on subjects of national and military importance, and likewise appeared on the lecture platform in advocacy of Canada's rights and of the preservation of the unity of the empire. He has published separately: "The National Defences; or, Observations on the Best Defensive Force for Canada" (1861); "Canada, Is She Prepared for War?" (1861); "A Review of the Militia Policy of the Present Administration" (1863); "Manual of Outpost Duties" (1866); "The Fenian Raid at Fort Erie" (1866); "Cavalry Charges at Sedan" (1872); "A Visit to Gen. R. E. Lee" (1872); "Modern Cavalry" (London, 1868; in German, 1869; in Russian, 1872; in Hungarian, 1881); "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire" (reprinted from the "Westminster Review," 1895). In 1877 he won the first prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best "History of Cavalry." The work was published in London the same year, and in Russian and German; later in Japanese. Among the most important of his public lectures and addresses are the following: "The Importance of Maintaining the Unity of the Empire" (1890); "The United Empire Loyalists" (1891) here reprinted; "The Opening of the War of 1812" (1891); "National Spirit: Its Influence upon Nations" (1891). He was one of the founders of the "Canada First" party, an organization that did much to shape the destinies of the great Northwest, as well as of the Dominion at large. On the formation of the Royal Society of Canada in 1882, he was selected by its founder, the Marquis of Lorne, to be a member of the section on English literature and history, and he was subsequently elected president thereof. In 1893 he was elected president of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, and at the next annual meeting of the Canadian branch at Ottawa, the president, and a deputation of the League were appointed to proceed to England in 1894 to urge the reorganization of the League. The mission was very successful. The British Empire League, as it is now called, is a powerful organization. The Canadian branch last year adopted the name of the British Empire League in Canada, and Colonel Denison was elected president. In 1895 the government of the day paid him the compliment of requesting him to unveil the monument erected in commemoration of the battle of Lundy's Lane, 1814.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

THE United Empire Loyalists were the founders of this Province of Ontario, and their ideas and actions have had a great influence upon the affairs of this country. Their history has never been thoroughly written. A most valuable and important work on the subject is from the pen, not exactly of an enemy, but of an adherent of the opposite view, a citizen of the United States and a strong supporter of the revolution and the revolutionary ideas. This author, Lorenzo Sabine, has explained the cause of the difficulty of writing a complete history of the Loyalists. He says:

"Of the reasons which influenced, of the hopes which agitated, and of the miseries and rewards which awaited the Loyalists, but little is known. The reason is obvious. Men who, like the Loyalists, separated themselves from their friends and kindred, who are driven from their homes, who surrender the hopes and expectations of life, and who become outlaws, wanderers, and exiles, such men leave few memorials behind them. Their papers are scattered and lost, and their very names pass from human recollection."

In the space of a short paper I can only touch lightly upon the striking points in the careers of these men, and give a brief general idea of the principles which animated them, the sacrifices they made, the sufferings they endured, and the lessons they have handed down to us, their descendants. It would be quite impossible for me to detail all the various causes that led to the conflict between the American colonies and the mother country. There can be no doubt that there were many grievances and many just grounds of complaint. The legislation of the Imperial Parliament was all in the

interest of the mercantile classes of England, and restrictions of the most harrassing nature crippled the trade and enterprise of the growing colonies. The precedence given to the Established Church was a source of annoyance; the distribution of public offices almost altogether among those of English birth, to the neglect and exclusion of native talent in civil life naturally irritated the colonial classes; while the denial of promotion to officers of distinguished military ability, as well as the studied insult of allowing a captain in the "Regulars" to rank and to command a colonel in the "Provincials" alienated many of the best and ablest defenders of the constitution.

In addition to these grievances, which affected the pride and sensitiveness of the colonists, Sabine says that there were no less than twenty-nine Acts of Parliament which restricted and bound down colonial industry. They forbade the use of waterfalls, the erection of machinery and looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron. Colonial vessels were forbidden to engage in foreign commerce, and could only trade with England and her possessions.

The merchants and shipowners were the first persons in America who set themselves in array against the measures of the ministry. They demanded the free navigation of the ocean, and but for the refusal of this right and the right to use the waterfalls of New England the dispute might have been almost indefinitely postponed. For years these laws affecting trade had been practically a dead letter. Up to 1763 nine tenths, probably, of all the tea, wine, fruit, sugar, and molasses consumed in the colonies were smuggled.

A financial crisis in England, and the expenses caused by the long French war, forced the home government, however,

to take special steps to enforce the payment of the duties on goods imported into the colonies, in order to help pay the enormous cost of a war which had been fought principally in the interest of the colonies.

Twelve ships of war were sent to Boston to be employed in the revenue service. The merchants of the seaports were roused to preserve their business. The contest soon waxed hotter. Lawyers who had espoused the cause of the shippers in the ordinary course of professional duty became the most active advocates of the revolutionary cause. One quarter of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were engaged in trade or in the command of ships, and some of them were smugglers.

Hancock, who was the first to sign, was, at the outbreak of the Revolution, the defendant in suits brought by the Crown to recover nearly $500,000 of penalties for wilful infractions of the law. The indications of the coming storm continued from 1763 until the outbreak of hostilities in 1775.

Those colonists who obeyed the laws and strove to uphold them: who were true to their allegiance and to constituted authority; who valued their birthright as British subjects and hoped to retain it; whose great moving idea was to maintain the unity of the empire, and who fought on that side during the revolutionary war,—were known then and since as the United Empire Loyalists. Their sufferings and losses began long before the actual commencement of civil war.

Lawless mobs attacked unoffending and peaceable citizens simply because they desired to obey the law or to remain neutral in the discussion. Numbers were tarred and feathered, their property destroyed, their houses burned. As early as 1764 a mob attacked the house of Robert Hallowell, tore down his fence, broke his windows, destroyed his

furniture, stole his money, scattered his books and papers, and drank the wines in his cellar to drunkenness. In 1768 another mob so brutally injured him that for a time his wounds seemed mortal, while in 1774 his brother Benjamin was pursued by 160 men on horseback and with difficulty escaped.

Another mob of 500 attacked Sheriff Tyng; 1,000 lawless rebels shut up the courts of law in Berkshire; 5,000 did the same in Worcester; judges were insulted and threatened, hissed and hooted. David Ingersoll was seized by a mob and imprisoned, his house attacked and his property destroyed. Josiah Edson, described by Sabine as "a respectable, virtuous man," and "that old simplicity of Edson" was driven from his home by a mob and compelled to go to Halifax.

Chief Justice Ropes was attacked in his house while on his deathbed, and his dying moments were passed to the requiem of the shouts of "Sons of Liberty," the smashing of his furniture, and the crash of his broken windows.

General Ruggles had his cattle painted, shorn, maimed, and poisoned. He was pursued on the highway by day and night, his dwelling broken into, and he and his family driven from it. Colonel Saltonstall refused to enter the service of the Crown, but could not conscientiously advocate rebellion. He was driven from his home by mobs and went into exile. Leonard was fired at while in his own house. Israel Williams, old, feeble, and infirm, was taken from his house by a mob at night, and carried several miles, put in a room with a fire, when the doors and the top of the chimney were closed and he was kept several hours in the smoke, and only released on signing a paper dictated by his tormentors. Ladies also were insulted, pelted, and abused. All these outrages, it must be remembered, occurred before the outbreak of the

Revolution, or before 1775, and are only a few samples of what was going on all over the country.

In 1775 hostilities broke out, and then the treatment of the loyal men became much more cruel. In Rhode Island death and confiscation of estate were the penalties provided by law for any person who communicated with the ministry or their agents, or who afforded supplies to the forces or piloted the armed ships of the king.

In Connecticut the penalties were not so severe, three years of imprisonment and loss of estate being the punishment.

In Massachusetts, people suspected of loyalty to the sovereign could be arrested or banished unless they would swear fealty to the "Sons of Liberty." The State also banished by name 308 of her people. All the States passed laws against the loyal, the penalties often varying, but in all instances including confiscation of property.

The above instances of cruelty to the United Empire Loyalists are taken from Sabine's work, and as a citizen of the United States, writing with a strong bias in favor of the revolutionary principles, he must be considered a good authority for a melancholy record of oppression and cruelty done in the name of freedom.

In fact, the boasted struggle for liberty was closely mixed up with a desire on the part of the masses to rob and despoil those who had acquired property. Not only were known Loyalists banished and robbed, but in South Carolina fourteen men were banished and deprived of their estates because they were "obnoxious." No trials took place, no witnesses were called, no verdict of any court or jury given, and yet in this way peaceable citizens were deprived of their lands. Another historian states:

"The most hellish means were adopted at times to force away persons of property, that the so-called 'Sons of Liberty' might enjoy their substance and homes. Attending these scenes of desolation and refined cruelty, imprisonment, and torture, were incidents of thrilling interest, of fearful suffering, of hairbreadth escapes, of forlorn rescues."

To show the idea of liberty and freedom held by the fathers of the Revolution, I quote an extract from a letter written from Amsterdam, December 15, 1770, by Mr. John Adams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the secret committee of Congress, Ambassador from Congress to Holland, and afterward second President of the United States:

"It is true, I believe, what you suggest, that Lord North showed a disposition to give up the contest, but was diverted from it, not unlikely by the representations of the Americans in London, who, in connection with their coadjutors in America, have been thorns to us indeed on both sides of the water, but I think their career might have been stopped on your side if the executive officers had not been too timid in a point which I so strenuously recommended at the first, namely; to fine, imprison, and hang all inimical to the cause, without favor or affection. I foresaw the evil that would arise from that quarter, and wished to have timely stopped it. I would have hanged my own brother had he taken part with our enemy in the contest."

When so prominent a leader could advocate such atrocious treatment of law-abiding citizens one does not wonder at the violence and outrages of the "Sons of Liberty" and other lawless elements which formed the great strength of the disloyal party. These cruelties and persecutions added bitterness and animosity to the struggle, and no doubt largely increased the number of native Americans who took up arms and fought through the war on the royal side.

It is computed that at least 25,000 natives of the colonies served in the Loyalist ranks during the war. There is no necessity to refer here to the military operations, further than to state that the Loyalists did their full share in the fighting during the long seven years' struggle. As is well known, the rebels succeeded, not through their own strength, but through the assistance of France, Spain, and Holland. France took the most prominent part, and her soldiers fought in the war. The retribution upon her government was quick and terrible. The ideas of lawlessness, liberty, and license gathered by the French soldiers through contact with the "Sons of Liberty" were carried home, and within ten short years an improved doctrine of universal liberty, equality, and fraternity was established in France under the perfect and accomplished freedom of the "Reign of Terror" with its guillotine, its *noyades*, the "Republican marriages" of Carrier, and its massacres of innocent women and children.

During the war the American Loyalists were banished and proscribed, and at its conclusion tens of thousands of the best people in the colonies left, or were driven into exile. Large numbers went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and some went to England, while Ontario then a wilderness, received its first settlers in the thousands of loyal fighting men of the Revolution who came and settled in the Niagara district, and by the Bay of Quinte, and along the shores of the St. Lawrence. I take from Mr. William Kirby's address on the United Empire Loyalists a few extracts showing the class of men who thus left the colonies at the conclusion of the war:

"It is estimated that at the close of the war 100,000 loyalist Americans left the port of New York alone. The world has not seen such flight of the best elements of the popula-

tion of any country since the exile of the Huguenots from France, over a century before. The fugitive Loyalists who left their native country were dispersed all over the Empire. Many went to Great Britain, many to the West Indies, many to the wilds of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and thousands came to Canada (Ontario).

"Upwards of 10,000 of the best people of New York and Pennsylvania found their way through the wilderness to this Province, and amid privations, toils, and sufferings the story of which is not yet forgotten here set up their new homes in the forest, courageously and cheerfully started life anew, and began the career of honor and felicity which is our inheritance in Canada to this day.

"Providence had great ends in view when it settled Canada with men of such heroic strain and of the purest blood of America. It has been cast as a reproach upon the United Empire Loyalists that they were largely the gentry and not the populace of American society. They formed, undoubtedly, the best and wealthiest class in the old colonies. But all classes were present among them,—judges, lawyers, legislators, clergymen, soldiers, merchants, yeomen, and handicraftsmen. All filled the ranks of that great emigration. Christian men of all the churches were there, but not one infidel of the type of that arch-traitor, Tom Paine. He belonged emphatically to the rebellion. The Loyalists came with their penates and household gods, their Bibles, the sacred communion-vessels of their altars, the tables of the Ten Commandments from the chancels of their churches—these sacred objects they brought with them out of their abandoned temples.

"Here came the great body of the adherents of the Church of England, mainly under the lead of that good man, the Rev. Dr. John Stewart, who founded the first Episcopal churches in Upper Canada. Here came also the pious and zealous John Ashbury, and that godly woman Barbara Heck, who, after founding Methodism in the city of New York, led a band of loyal Methodists to the Bay of Quinte, and there laid the foundation of the Methodist Church in Canada. The old Wesleyans, like their founder, John Wesley, were ever loyal to king and country, and perhaps because they were Method-

ists were also United Empire Loyalists when the day of trial came that proved the spirit of men to the uttermost, whether they were faithful or whether they were untrue to the sacred precept of Scripture 'Fear God and honor the king.'

"Here came also a numerous and gallant band of loyal Roman Catholics, led by their priests, the MacDonolls from North Carolina and other southern States, Scottish Highlanders for the most part, who settled our district of Glengarry and formed the nucleus of that Highland community so distinguished for its loyalty and valor in the subsequent history of Upper Canada.

"Here, too, somewhat later came a great number of the peaceful Quakers and Mennonites of Pennsylvania. The fidelity of the Quakers to their lawful government drew upon them a cruel persecution from the rebels, who sustained their record by trying for high treason and hanging two of the most respectable Quaker gentlemen of Philadelphia guilty of no other offence in the world but loyal adherence to their king and country. This persecution drove some of the Quakers into the army, who were among the hardest fighters in our forces during the revolutionary war. The Quakers bore with characteristic patience the persecution of their enemies, but they flocked into Canada after the peace to enjoy the protection of English law and live in allegiance to their native sovereign."

The Pilgrim Fathers, a few in number, came to America leisurely, bringing with them all their goods and the price of their possessions, at peace, and secure under charter granted by their sovereign. The United Empire Loyalists, unlike them, came to Canada bleeding with the wounds of seven years of war, stripped of every earthly possession, and exiled from their native land. From Sabine we get the character of their opponents, the men who took the disloyal side, raised the standard of rebellion, and drove the Loyalists from their homes. His comments are very striking and severe. As an American author his testimony is most important, and I will quote his own words:

"Avarice and rapacity were seemingly as common then as now; indeed, the stock-jobbing, the extortion, the forestalling, the low arts and devices to amass wealth that were practiced during the struggle are almost incredible. Washington mourned the want of virtue as early as 1775, and averred that he trembled at the prospect. Soldiers were stripped of their miserable pittance that contractors for the army might become rich in a single campaign. The traffic carried on with the royal troops was immense. Men of all descriptions finally engaged in it, and those who at the beginning of the war would have shuddered at the idea of any connection with the enemy pursued it with avidity. The public securities were often counterfeited, official signatures were forged, and plunder and robbery openly indulged in. Appeals to the guilty from the pulpit, the press, and the halls of legislation were alike unheeded. The decline of public spirit, the love of gain of those in office, and the malevolence of faction became widely spread, and in parts of the country were uncontrollable.

"The useful occupations of life and the legitimate pursuits of commerce were abandoned by thousands. The basest of men enriched themselves, and many of the most estimable sunk into obscurity and indigence. There were those who would pay neither their debts nor their taxes. The finances of the state and the fortunes of individuals were, to an alarming extent, at the mercy of gamblers and speculators. . . . There were officers, destitute alike of honor and patriotism, who drew large sums of public money under pretext of paying their men, but applied it to the support of their own extravagance; who went home on furlough and never returned, and who, regardless of their word as gentlemen, violated their paroles; who were threatened by Washington with exposure in every newspaper in the land, as men who had disgraced themselves and were heedless of their associates in captivity whose restraints were increased by their misconduct. At times courts-martial were continually sitting, and so numerous were the convictions that the names of those who were cashiered were sent to Congress in lists, 'Many of the surgeons,'—these are the words of Washington,—'are very great rascals, countenancing the men to sham complaints to

exempt them from duty, and often receiving bribes to certify indispositions with a view to procure discharges or furloughs;' and still further he declares they used public 'medicines and stores in the most profuse and extravagant manner for private purposes.' In a letter to the governor of a State he affirmed that the officers who had been sent him therefrom were 'generally of the lowest class of the people,' that they 'led their soldiers to plunder the inhabitants, and into every kind of mischief.' To his brother, John Augustine Washington, he declared that the different States were nominating such officers as were 'not fit to be shoeblacks.'"

How great the contrast between the adherents of the opposing parties! How vast was the difference between the loyal and the disloyal! We Canadians should thank God that our country was founded by so grand a type of men as the United Empire Loyalists. We are reaping the benefit of their honest character and lofty aims to-day. The United Empire Loyalists, therefore, came to Canada having lost everything, and, leaving the homes of their ancestors and the graves of their dead, they plunged into an unbroken wilderness. The hardships and sufferings they endured for years seem almost incredible. They were supplied by the government with a few of the most indispensable tools, such as axes, saws, sickles, etc., and for a time received issues of rations. Dr. Canniff, in his "History of the Settlement of Upper Canada," describes the details of the arrangements very fully. The Loyalists settled near one another in groups, and thus was initiated the "institution" of "bees." Each, with his axe on his shoulder, turned out to help the other, and in this way the humble log shanties were built. The trees were laboriously cut down with ship axes, which were not suited for the work. Split logs furnished the floors of the little cabins, and the clumsiest kind of furniture, roughly

made out of split wood, served many who had been nurtured in comfortable homes amid all the conveniences of a refined and cultivated civilization.

Their progress toward comfort was slow and laborious. There were no villages, no shops, no posts, no newspapers, no roads, no churches, no schools, none of the conveniences, and hardly any of the necessities of life. Although later settlers who arrived after a few years had passed underwent great hardships, they were infinitely better off than the gallant band of United Empire Loyalists who had to break the first openings of the forest.

It is recorded, and it is a touching illustration of the feelings of the Loyalists, that in the early days it was a common practice to sing "God Save the King" together before going to rest. The Pilgrim Fathers were able at the end of their first year to keep a "harvest home," but it was years before the Loyalists had means to keep any such festivity. In fact their third or fourth year was the worst of all. The winter of 1787-8 is known as the "scarce" or "hungry" year, and the sufferings of the refugees during that period were universal and terrible. The pinch of famine was everywhere felt. Cornmeal was meted out by the spoonful. Wheat flour was unknown, and millet seed was ground for a substitute. One man sent money to Quebec for flour; his money was sent back, as there was no flour. Wheat bran, bought at a dollar a bushel, was greedily eaten. Indian cabbage, a plant with a large leaf, and ground nuts, were also used. When potatoes could be had, the eye alone was planted, the rest being reserved for food.

One of the little daughters of a settler, in her extreme hunger, dug up some of the potato rind and ate it. Her father caught her, and, seizing her arm to punish her, found her

arm so emaciated with hunger that his heart melted with pity for his starving child.

The majority of the settlers had no salt, and game and fish, when caught, was eaten without it. When the buds on the trees began to swell in the spring, they were gathered and eaten. The bark of certain trees was stripped off and eaten. One family lived for a fortnight on beech leaves. Some of the settlers were killed by eating poisonous roots, and some died of starvation.

In one township on a southern slope people came from far and near to a field of early wheat to eat the milk-like heads of grain as soon as they were sufficiently grown. One family lived for months on boiled oats. Beef and mutton were unknown for many years. Once, when an ox was accidentally killed, the neighbors were invited for thirty or forty miles around to taste an article of diet so long unknown. Tea, now considered an indispensable luxury in every family, was quite beyond the reach of all for a long time, because of its scarcity and high price, and for a while, until they had learned to make maple sugar, they were without sugar of any kind.

Under such hardships, toiling incessantly from year's end to year's end, the Loyalists slowly began to secure a few home comforts around their humble shanties in the lonely clearances. Their families grew up and increased, and after 1793 a few new settlers began to arrive. Some came from the mother country, and still more from the United States. The Province slowly progressed till in 1812 the population had increased from its first settlement of probably 15,000 to about 70,000.

The year opened with the mutterings of war. Once more their old enemy was preparing to attack them, to conquer, if possible, their country, and to deprive them of their flag and

their allegiance, and that connection with the Empire for which they had made such immense sacrifices and suffered such cruel hardships.

Once again they had to take up arms to defend the little homes so laboriously carved out of the forest. The quarrel was none of their making. The orders in council of the Imperial Government, which were made the pretext of a war commenced really for aggression and conquest, were at once repealed, but still the contest was forced on us.

Before the war American emissaries were busily engaged in preparing the way for an expected easy conquest. Joseph Wilcocks, the then leader of the Opposition, and Benjamin Mallory, a Yankee settler, were the moving spirits on the disloyal side in the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and took every step to embarrass General Brock in his preparations for the defence of the Province. They continued the policy of obstruction till the war broke out, when they deserted to the enemy, Wilcocks taking up arms and commanding a corps in the Yankee army. Mallory was major in the same corps. Wilcocks was killed in action at Fort Erie in 1814, fighting against Canada.

Although, as we see, there were even then a few traitors, the old Loyalists and their sons turned out everywhere in defence of their country. The odds were enormous, the invasions constant and in apparently overwhelming numbers.

It is not necessary here to enter into any account of the war of 1812 further than to say that through the united determination of the United Empire Loyalists and other true Canadians, aided by the British troops, some twelve or thirteen distinct invasions of large armies were driven back in confusion across the border, and that after three years of incessant war the enemy did not hold one inch of Canadian

territory. The fighting was desperate, and our whole frontier is dotted over with battlefields, in which lie the bones of our Loyalist fathers who died for the independence of Canada and the unity of the Empire.

This war proved that the Canadian people did not intend that their country should be conquered by any foreign power, or that they should lose the monarchical institutions which they valued so highly. This should have taught strangers and newcomers that if they admired the republican institutions of the United States it was their duty to go where their fancies would be gratified, and not to settle among a people who had so emphatically declared their love and affection for a different system.

After the war of 1812, Canada had peace for twenty-five years. Emigrants from the Old World came to Canada or to the States, as their predilections guided them; the loyal British subjects coming to Canada, valuing their allegiance and their flag more than the greater facilities for getting rich in the republic to the south. Men who did not have these sentiments, and who were without fixed principles, tempted by the greater opportunities in the States, went there, and so, by a kind of natural selection, the different types have been separated and have grown side by side together on this continent.

In 1837 the descendants of the Loyalists and their loyal comrades and fellow Canadians were obliged once more to take up arms in defence of the same idea. This time the trouble came from within. A stranger named MacKenzie, a dissatisfied Scotchman, found fault with everything in Canada, its system of government and methods of administration. Although there were then grievances which have long since ceased to exist, and although all constitutional

means had been unsuccessfully employed to redress them, and although he had many sympathizers, yet the instant he raised the standard of revolt the Canadian people replied so clearly and emphatically that the result should have proved conclusively that under no circumstances would they accept republican principles or approve of any movement hostile to the independence of the Provinces upon this continent and their union with the Empire of Great Britain. For two years they had to resist attacks all along the border, fostered and encouraged by our neighbors. These attacks were sternly resisted and put down, and peace was again restored.

In 1866, Canadian lives once more had to be sacrificed for the defence of our borders from Fenian attacks organized in the United States. Canadians have therefore never yet failed to show their confidence in their country, their love for its institutions, and their determination to uphold the honor and autonomy of their native land.

Canada has been assailed, not only by armed men, but trade restrictions and hostile tariff laws have also been used to coerce the Canadian people from their steadfast adherence to the principles for which their fathers fought and suffered. In spite of it all they have been true to their country, and they will in the future, as in the past, suffer hardships and trials and rise unitedly and loyally for the defence of their native land should the occasion ever require it.

EVERETT

WILLIAM EVERETT, an American teacher and author, was the youngest son of the noted orator, Edward Everett, and was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, October 10, 1839. He graduated at Harvard University in 1859 and afterward studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He graduated from the law school of his Alma Mater, but never practised his profession. From 1870 to 1877 he was tutor and assistant professor at Harvard, and master of Adams Academy at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1877-93, and again from 1897. He was licensed to preach by the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian Ministers and has done so occasionally. During the presidential campaign of 1884 he was an active supporter of Cleveland, having previously acted with the Republicans, and was an unsuccessful Congressional candidate in 1890 and 1892. He was successful the next year, and sat in the national House of Representatives through the Fifty-third Congress, 1893-95. He has been long prominent as a civil-service and tariff reformer, and is a pungent, fearless speaker in behalf of any cause that he elects to support. His published books include "On the Cam," a series of lectures on Cambridge University (1865); "College Essays;" "Hesione; or, Europe Unchained," a poem (1869); "School Sermons" (1881), and the juvenile stories, "Changing Base" (1868); "Double Play" (1870); "Thine, not Mine" (1890).

PATRIOTISM

ORATION DELIVERED JUNE 28, 1900

I DO not see how any one can rise on this occasion without trembling. It has been illustrated by too many distinguished names, it has brought forth too many striking sentiments, not to give every orator the certainty that he will fall short of its traditions and the doubt if he will so disastrously. But of one thing I am sure; it behooves the speaker to-day to be candid: no elegant or inflated commonplaces, concealing one's real sentiments by the excuse of academic dignity of courtesy, ought to sully the honesty with which brethren speak to each other. The first, the only aim of every university is the investigation and propagation of truth; truth in the convictions and truth in the utterance.

My very first knowledge of the Phi Beta Kappa dates back to early childhood. In the year 1846 I was present at a portion of the Commencement exercises when the parts were sustained by Francis James Child, George Martin Lane, Charles Eliot Norton, and George Frisbie Hoar.

Those exercises were followed by a Commencement dinner whose good cheer proved too much for a boy not yet seven years old. It was a dinner at home: no one ever wanted to eat too much at the official Commencement dinner. I heard, therefore, at my bedside the next day the tale of Phi Beta Kappa, how Charles Sumner had held his audience for two hours relating the achievements of the four Harvard graduates who had lately died, Pickering, Stone, Allston, and Channing, winding up with the magnificent peroration transferred, I believe, from an earlier address, in which he appealed so earnestly for peace as the duty of our age and answered Burke's lament that the age of chivalry had gone by, the declaration that the age of humanity had come, that the coming time should take its name, not from the horse but from man.

I can not even think of Phi Beta without these names and these thoughts ringing in my ears and almost dictating my words.

It seems to me that an orator can hardly go wrong if he holds fast to our motto, "Philosophy the guide, or rather the sailing-master of life." There is little doubt that when this motto was first given to a secret fraternity, "veiled in the obscurity of a learned language," it meant that philosophy which rejects revelation, the philosophy of the encyclopædists of France.

Accordingly, when the veil was taken away from the mys-

tic characters Phi Beta Kappa, it was declared that philosophy included religion. How many who accept membership in it to-day direct their voyage of life by philosophy or religion after it might not be safe to say. It cannot, however, be wrong, whatever our subject is, to steer our way in it with her at the helm.

I am not going to plunge into a discussion of what philosophy means. It has been used to mean many things, and to some it means nothing at all. When Wackford Squeers, who sixty years ago we all knew was of the immortals and who is now in danger of being forgotten, was asked by any parent a question in some occult branch of study, like trigonometry, he was wont to answer, "Sir, are you a philosopher?" And to the invariable negative he would then reply, "Ah, then I can't explain it to you."

As one of Wackford Squeers's humblest successors I feel there is something not absurd in his counter-question when I meet what are called practical men discussing what they call the practical problems of life.

He who, whether decked with a blue and pink ribbon or not, steers his course with philosophy as his guide, approaches all life's problems in another temper and another spirit; he is working by other roads to other ends from him who is guided by the passions and worships the idols of the hour. Philosophy has different meanings for different men but the gulf is infinite between those who accept it with any meaning and those who know it not, or know it only as an object of patronage or scorn.

The philosopher walks by principle, not merely by interest or passion; by the past and the future, not merely by the unseen and the eternal, not merely by the seen and temporal—by law and not only by accident. It is not, as sometimes

fancied, that he does not see, and, seeing, does not heed these things; he does not, as Plato bids him, turn his back on what this world shows. He meets immediate duties; he lives with contemporary men; he deals with existing demands. But he does all this by the light and guidance of rules of which the servant of time and place knows nothing.

I claim for this the assent of all my brothers here as an intellectual fact; but I desire at the outset of what I say to rouse your thoughts to it as the dictate of emotion and of conscience. Philosophy, the study of causes in their deepest effects, beginning with the true use of terms and proceeding by sound reasoning, has the power to transmit and sanctify the most commonplace transactions, the most hackneyed words.

The master of all philosophy began his work by forcing his contemporaries to define the commonest subjects of conversation. I would, as his follower, ask you to apply that method to one of the favorite watchwords, one of the pressing duties of to-day, and see if philosophy has not something to define and correct in a field where her sway is scarcely admitted.

You cannot talk for ten minutes on any of what are rightly held to be the great interests of life without feeling how loosely we use their names. We seem not to be dealing with sterling coin, which has the same value everywhere and always, but with counters that, passing with a conventional value here and now, are worthless when we come to some great public or private crisis.

Education, business, amusement, art, literature, science, home, comfort, society, politics, patriotism, religion—how many men who use these words have any true conception of their force? How many simply mean that form of educa-

tion, that line of business, that sect in religion, that party in politics, to which they are accustomed?

How many are led by this loose yet limited use of words into equally loose and equally narrow ways of action? How many need a Socrates to walk through the streets and force them to define their terms? And how many, if he did appear again, would be ready to kill him for corrupting the youth, and holding to a god different from those the country worships?

Patriotism—love of country—devotion to the land that bore us—is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand, and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero, "Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinqui; sed omnes omnium caritates una patria complexa est."

"Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone."

The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland," and we are beginning to copy them; though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators whose heir he was had repeated again and again, have been re-echoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

But to give life for their country is the least part of what

men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men.

Wealth that Crœsus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which St. Francis never knew—ease and luxury, refined company, and cultivated employment have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp—the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren which were to have been the old man's and the old woman's solace are freely sent forth in the cause of the country which will send back nothing but a sword and cap to be hung on the wall and never be worn by living man again.

Such are the sacrifices men have cheerfully made for the existence, the honor, the prosperity of their country.

But perhaps the power of patriotism is shown more strongly in what it makes them do than in what it makes them give up. You know how many men have been, as it were, born again by the thought that they might illustrate the name and swell the force of their country, achieving what they never would have aroused themselves to do for themselves alone.

I do not mean the feats of military courage and strategy which are generally talked of as the sum of patriotic endeavor. I recollect in our war being told by a very well-known soldier who is now a very well-known civilian that it was conceited

for me or any other man to think in time of war he could serve his country in any way but in the ranks.

But in fact every art and every science has won triumphs under the stress of patriotism that it has hardly known in less enthusiastic days. The glow that runs through every line of Sophocles and Virgil, as they sung the glories of Athens and Rome, is reflected in the song of our own bards from Spenser and Shakespeare to this hour; the rush and sweep of Demosthenes and Cicero dwelling on the triumphs and duties of their native lands are only the harbingers of Burke and Webster on the like themes; the beauty into which Bramante and Angelo poured all their souls to adorn their beloved Florence was lavished under no other impulse than that which set all the science of France working to relieve her agriculture and manufactures from the pressure laid upon her by the strange vicissitudes of her Revolution.

Not all this enthusiasm has succeeded; there have been patriotic blunders as well as patriotic triumphs, but still it stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glowed strongest in their hearts. It would seem as if all citizens poured their individual affections and devotions into one Superior Lake from which they all burst in one Niagara of patriotism.

I am ashamed, however, to press such a commonplace proposition before this audience and in this place, where the walls are as redolent of love of country as Faneuil Hall itself. The question is if philosophy, our chosen guide of life, has anything to say of this same love of country,—if she brings that under her rule, as she does so much else of life, supplementing, curtailing, correcting,—or whether patriotism may bid defiance to philosophy, claiming her submission as she claims the submission of every other human interest, and

bidding her yield and be absorbed, or stand off and depart to her visionary Utopia, where the claims of practical duty and natural sentiment do not seek to follow her.

For indeed we are told now that patriotism is not merely a generous and laudable emotion, but a paramount and overwhelming duty, to which everything else which men have called duties must give way. If a monarch, a statesman, a soldier stands forth pre-eminent in exalting the name or spreading the bounds of his country, he is a patriot—and that is enough.

Such a leader may be as perjured and blasphemous as Frederick, or as brutal and stupid as his father; he may be as faithless and mean as Marlborough, or as dissolute and bloody as Julius Cæsar; he may trample on every right of independent natives and drive his countrymen to the shambles like Napoleon; he may be as corrupt as Walpole and as wayward as Chatham; he may be destitute of every spark of culture, or may prostitute the gifts of the Muses to the basest ends; he may have, in short, all manner of vices, curses, or defects; but if he is true to his country, if he is her faithful standard-bearer, if he strives to set and keep her high above her rivals, he is right, a worthy patriot.

And if he seems lukewarm in her cause, if, however wise and good and accomplished he may be in all other relations, he fails to work with all his heart and soul to maintain her position among the nations, he must be stamped with failure if not with curse.

For the plain citizen who does not claim to be a leader in peace or war, the duty is still clearer. He must stand by his country, according to what those who have her destiny in their control decide is her proper course. In war or in peace he is to have but one watchword.

In peace, indeed, his patriotic duty will chiefly be shown by obeying existing laws, wherever they may strike, even as Socrates rejected all thought of evading the unjust, stupid, and malignant sentence that took his life. But it is not thought inconsistent with that true love of country to let one's opinions be known about those laws, and about the good of the country in general, in time of peace.

In a free land like ours every citizen is expected to be ready with voice and vote to do his part in correcting what is amiss, in protesting against bad laws, and, as far as he may, defeating bad men whom he believes to be seeking his country's ruin.

Nay, a citizen of a free country who did not so criticise would be held to be derelict to that highest duty which free lands, differing from slavish despotisms, impose upon their sons.

But in time of war we are told that all this is changed. As soon as our country is arrayed against another under arms, every loyal son has nothing to do but to support her armies to victory; he may desire peace, but it must be "peace with honor," whatever that phrase of the greatest charlatan of modern times may mean. He must not question the justice or the expediency of the war; he must either fight himself or encourage others to fight. Criticism of the management of the war may be allowable; of the fact of the war, it is treason. And the word for the patriot is, "Our country, right or wrong."

Right here, then, as I conceive it, Philosophy raises her warning finger before the passionate enthusiast and says: "Hold!" In the name of higher thought, of deeper law, of more serious principle, to which every man here, every child of Harvard, every brother of this society is bound to

listen, Philosophy says "Hold!" With the terror of the voice within, with the majesty of the voice from above to Americans now, and with the spirit of Socrates returning to earth, it bids them know what they mean by the words they use, or they may be crowning as a lofty emotion that which is only an unreasoning passion, and clothing with the robes of duty what is only a superstition.

This love of country, this patriotic ardor of ours, must submit to have Philosophy investigate her claims, to rule above all other emotions, not in the interest of any less generous emotion, not to make men more sordid or selfish, but simply because there is a rule called truth, and a measure called right, by which every human action is bound to be gauged, because all gods and men and fiends should league all their forces, and with the golden chain of Olympus to draw its glory down to their purposes they will only find themselves drawn upward subject to its unchanging laws, the weak members hanging in the air, and the vile ones hurled down to Tartarus.

What is this country—this mother country, this fatherland that we are bidden to love and serve and stand by at any risk and sacrifice? Is it the soil? the land? the plains and mountains and rivers? the fields, and forests, and mines? No doubt there is inspiration from this very earth—from that part of the globe which one nation holds, and which we call our country.

Poets and orators have dwelt again and again on the undying attractions to our own land, no matter what it is like, the Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy, and stern Spain equally clutching on the hearts of their people with a resistless chain.

But a land is nothing without the men. The very same

countries, whose scenery, tame or bold, charming or awful, has been the inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent savages, listless slaves, or sordid money-getters. Byron has told us this in lines which the men of his own time felt were instinct with creative genius, but which the taste of the day rejects for distorted thoughts in distorted verse:

> "Clime of the forgotten brave!
> Whose land from plain to mountain cave
> Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
> Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
> That this is all remains of thee?
> Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
> Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
> These waters blue that round you lave,
> O servile offspring of the free—
> Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
> The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
> 'T were long to tell and sad to trace,
> Each step from splendor to disgrace;
> Enough—no foreign foe could quell
> Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
> Yes; self-abasement paved a way
> To villain-bonds and despot sway."

It is the nation, not the land, which makes the patriot; if the nation degenerate, the land becomes only a monument, not a dwelling: let the nation rouse itself and the country may be a palace and a temple once more.

But who are the men that made the nation? Are they the whole of the population or a part only? are they one party only among the people, which is ready perhaps to regard the other party not as countrymen, but as aliens? Are the country the men who govern her and control her destinies, the king, the nobles, the popular representatives, the delegates to whom power is transmitted when the people resign it?

Once the king was the nation, with perhaps a few counsellors; patriotism meant loyalty to the sovereign; every man

who on any pretext arrayed himself against the Crown was a disloyal rebel, an unpatriotic traitor; until at length God for his own purposes saw fit to array Charles the First against the people of England, when, after years of civil war, and twice as many years of hollow peace, and five times as many years when discussion was stifled or put aside, the world came to recognize that loyalty to one's king and love to one's country are as different in their nature as the light of a lamp and the light of the sun.

And yet, if a king understands the spirit and heart of his nation, he may lead it so truly in peace or in war that love of country shall be inseparable from devotion to the sovereign. Modern historians may load their pages as they please with revelations of the meanness, the falsehood, the waywardness of Queen Elizabeth; yet England believed in her and loved her; and if England rose from ruin to prosperity in her reign it was because her people trusted her. In her day, as for two centuries before, Scotland, where three different races had been welded together by Bruce to produce the most patriotic of peoples, had scarcely a true national existence, certainly nothing that men could cling to with affection and pride, because kings and commons were alike the prey of a poor, proud, selfish nobility who suffered nobody to rule, scarcely to live, but themselves; exempting themselves from the laws which they forced upon their country.

An American cries out at the idea of a trusted aristocracy seeking to drag the force and affection of a nation of vassals, and calling that patriotism. Then what will he say to the patriotism of some of those lands which have made their national name ring through the world for the triumphs and the sacrifices of which it is the emblem?

What was Sparta? What was Venice? What was Bern?

What was Poland? Merely the fields where the most exclusive aristocracies won name and fame and wealth and territory only to sink their unrecognized subject citizens lower every year in the scale of true nationality.

Not one of these identified the nation with the people. Or does an American insist on a democracy where the entire people's voice speaks through rulers of its choosing? Does he prefer the patriotism of Athens, where thirty thousand democrats kept up an interminable feud with ten thousand conservatives, one ever plunging the city into rash expeditions, the other, as soon as its wealth gave it the upper hand, disfranchising, exiling, killing the majority of the people, because it could hire stronger arms to crush superior numbers?

What was the patriotism of the Italian cities when faction alternately banished faction, when Dante suffered no more than he would have inflicted had his side got the upper hand? What was the patriotism in either Greece or Italy, which confined itself to its own city, and where city enjoyed far more fighting against city than ever thinking of union to save the common race from bondage?

For years, for centuries, for ages, the nations that would most eagerly repeat such sentiments as Cicero's about love of country never dreamed of using the word in any sense that a philosopher, nay, that a plain, truth-telling man, could not convict at once of meanness and contradiction.

But we of modern times look back with pity and contempt on those benighted ages which had not discovered the great arcanum of representative government, whereby a free nation chooses the men to whom it entrusts its concerns; its presidents and its prime ministers, its parliaments and congresses and courts. Yet even this mighty discovery, where-

by modern nations are raised so far above those poor Old World creatures, the Greeks and Romans and mediæval Italians, has not so far controlled factional passion that many countries do not live in a perpetual civil war which Athens and Corinth would have been ashamed of. We all know how our dear sister republics of Central and Southern America, which, as Mr. Webster said, looked to the great Northern Light in forming their constitutions, treat their elections as merely indications which of two parties shall be set up to be knocked down by rifles and bombshells. unless it retains its hold by such means.

But how with ourselves? How with England? How with France? How often do we regard our elected governors as really standing for the whole nation and deserving its allegiance.

In 1846 the President of the United States and his counsellors hurried us into a needless, a bullying, a wicked war. Fully a quarter of the country felt it was an outrage and nothing else. But appeals were made to stand by the government, against which our own merciless satirist directed the lines which must have forever tingled in the ears and the consciences of the men who supported what they knew was irretrievably wicked.

> "The side of our country must allus be took,
> And President Polk, you know, he is our country;
> And the angel who writes all our sins in a book,
> Puts the debit to him and to us the percontry."

No, brethren! no president, no prime minister, no cabinet, no congress or parliament, no deftly organized representative or executive body is or can be our country. To pay them a patriot's affectionate allegiance is as illogical as loyalty to James II or to the French National Convention. Mere obedience to law when duly enacted is one thing; Socrates

may drink the hemlock rather than run away from the doom to which a court of his native city has consigned him; but when the tribunals of that country perpetrated such a mockery of justice, Plato and Xenophon were right in cherishing to their dying day a poignant sense of outrage, an implacable grudge against such a stepmother as blood-stained Athens.

But sometimes the voice of the whole people speaks unmistakably; its ruler is the true agent and representative of a united and determined people; the will of the nation is unquestioned; who are you, who am I, that we should dispute it and think ourselves wiser and better than all our countrymen? Is not the whole nation the mother, whom to disobey is the highest sin? No! the particular set of men who make up the nation at any time will die and pass away, and what will their sons think of what they made their country do?

In 1854 the Emperor Nicholas, whose thoughts were never far from Constantinople, picked an unintelligible quarrel with the Sultan of Turkey. The unprincipled adventurer who contrived to add new stains to the name of Napoleon Bonaparte saw his chance to win glory for the Gallic eagle; he plunged into war and entrapped England into it with him.

The wise old statesman who was at the head of the English government knew the war was needless and wrong; he did his utmost to stop it; but his countrymen preferred to listen to the reckless Palmerston, and they lashed first themselves and then Aberdeen into war.

The whole nation went mad. John Bright told them the philosophic, the political, the Christian truth, and Palmerston insulted him on the floor of the House of Commons. Two years were consumed in the costly and pestilential siege of Sebastopol; a hollow peace was patched up, of which the only

significant article was after a short interval impudently broken by Russia; the unspeakable Turk was given another thirty years' lease of life.

And now I do not believe there is one grown man in England among the sons and grandsons of those who fought the Crimean war who does not believe Aberdeen and Bright were right, that Palmerston and England were wrong; and that the war was a national blunder, a national sin, a national crime. When John Bright stood almost against the whole nation, he was neither self-conceited nor unpatriotic, but a great and good man speaking as the prophet of God.

Yes, a whole people may be wrong, and deserve at best the pity of a real patriot rather than his active love. Our country is something more than the single procession which passes across its borders in one generation; it means the land with all its people in all their periods; the ancestors whose exertions made us what we are, and whose memory is precious to us; the posterity to whom we are to transmit what we prize, unstained as we received it; and he who loves his country truly and serves her rightly must act and speak not for the present generation alone, but for all that rightly live, every event in whose history is inseparable from every other. If we pray, as does the seal of Boston, that "God will be to us as he was to the fathers," then we must be to God what our fathers were.

But after Philosophy has forced the vociferous patriot to define what he means by his country, she has a yet more searching question to ask: What will you do and what will you suffer for this country you love? How shall your love be shown?

There is one of the old Greek maxims which says in four words of that divine language what a modern tongue can

scarcely stammer in four times four: "Sparta is thine allotted home; make her a home of order and beauty." Whatever our country needs to make her perfect, that she calls on us to do.

I have run over to you some of the great sacrifices and great exertions which patriots have made to make their dear home perfect and themselves perfect for her sake. But everything done or renounced to make her perfect must recognize that she is not perfect yet; and what our country chiefly calls on us for is not mighty exertions and sacrifices, but those particular ones, small or great, which shall do her real good and not harm.

That her commerce should whiten every sea; that her soil should yield freely vegetable and mineral wealth; that she should be dotted with peaceful homes, the abode of virtue and love; that her cities should be adorned with all that is glorious in art; that famine and poverty and plague and crime should be fought with all the united energy of head and hand and heart; that historians and poets and orators should continue to make her high achievements and mighty aims known to all her children and to the world; that the oppressed of every land may find a refuge within her borders; that she may stand before her sister nations indeed a sister, loved and honored,—these are the commonplaces, tedious, if noble to recount, of what patriotism has sought to do in many ages.

Yet every one of these things, when actually achieved, has had a worm at the core of the showy fruit, which has made their mighty authors but little better than magnificent traitors.

For every one of these has been achieved at the expense of other nations, as ancient, as glorious, as dear to their own children, as worthy of patriotic love as their triumphant

antagonist; and every one has been achieved at the still worse price of corruption and tyranny at home.

Every country has in times mistaken material for moral wealth, and has grown corrupt as she grew great; and every country in time has fancied that she could not be great and honored while her sisters were great and honored too; and has gone to war with them hoping to enlarge her borders at their expense and to gain by their loss.

It is here, again, at this very point, that the philosopher calls upon the patriot to say what he means by his cry, "Our country, right or wrong," the maxim of one who threw away an illustrious life in that worst of wicked encounters, a duel.

If there are such words as right and wrong, and those words stand for eternal realities, why shall not a nation, why shall not her loving sons, be made to bow to the same law, the utterance of God in history and in the heart? Can a king, can a president, can a congress, can a whole nation, by its pride or its passions turn wrong into right; or what authority have they to trifle or shuffle with either?

We are told that if we ever find ourselves at war with another country, no matter how that war was brought on, no matter what folly or wickedness broke the peace, no matter how completely we might oppose and deprecate it up to the moment of its outbreak, no matter how, as truthful historians, we may condemn it after it is over, no matter how iniquitous or tyrannical our sense and our conscience tells us are the terms on which peace has been obtained, we ought, during the war, to be heartily and avowedly for it. "We must not desert the flag." Patriotism demands that we should always stand by our country as against every other.

And what are the patriots in our rival country to be doing the while? Are they to support the war against us whether

they think it right or wrong? Are they cheerfully to pay all taxes? Are they to volunteer for every battle? Are they to carry on war to the knife or the last ditch? Is their love for their country to be as unreasoning, as purely a matter of emotion, as ours?

Certainly, if the doctrine of indiscriminate patriotism, "our country, right or wrong," is the true one. If France and Germany fight, no matter what the cause, every Frenchman must desire to see Germany humiliated, and every German to see France brought to her knees, and it is absolutely their duty to have all cognizance of right and wrong swallowed up in passionate loyalty.

Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Bright were right in deprecating the Crimean War up to the moment of its declaration; history says they were right now, but while the war lasted it was their duty to sacrifice their sense of right to help the government aims. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were right in pouring out their most scathing eloquence against the Mexican War; General Grant was right in recording in his memoirs that he believed it unjust and unnecessary; yet Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay only fulfilled patriotic duty in sending their sons to die, one by the sword and one by the fever, in the same army where Grant did his duty by fighting against his conception of right.

Brethren, I call this sentimental nonsense. It cannot be patriotic duty to say up to 1846 that our country will be wrong if she fights, to say after 1849 that she was wrong in fighting, but to hold one's tongue, and maintain her so-called cause in 1847 and 1848 though we know it is wrong all along.

And, observe, these patriots make no distinction between wars offensive and defensive, wars for aggression and conquest and wars for national existence. In any war, in all

wars in which our country gets engaged, we must support her; her honor demands that we shall not back out.

Oh, Honor! that terrible word, the very opposite of Duty; unknown in that sense to the soldiers, the statesmen, the patriots of Greece and Rome; honor, the invention of the Gothic barbarians, which more than any other one thing has reduced poor Spain to her present low estate.

There was a time when individual men talked about their honor and stood up to be stabbed and shot at, whether right or wrong, to vindicate it. That infernal fiction, the honor of the duel, was on the point, sixty years ago, of drawing Macaulay into the field in defence of a few sarcastic paragraphs in a review which he admitted himself were not to be justified. It was very shortly after that, that Prince Albert came to England with his earnest, simple, modest character: he used all his influence to stop the practice and the very idea of duelling; and now all England recognizes that any and every duel is a sin, a crime, and a folly, and that the code of honor has no defence before God or man. When shall the day come when the nations feel the same about public war? When shall the words of our own poet find their true and deserved acceptance, not as a poetical rhapsody, but as practical truth?

> "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts.
>
> "The warrior's name should be a name abhorred,
> And every nation that should lift again
> Its hand against its brother; on its forehead
> Should bear forevermore the curse of Cain."

Brethren, if there is anything of which philosophy must say it is wrong that thing is war. I do not mean any particular school of philosophy, ancient or modern. But I mean,

if any one studies the nature of God and man in the light of history, with a view to draw from that study rules of sound thought and maxims of right action, he must say war is wrong, an antiquated, blundering, criminal means of solving a national doubt by accepting the certainty of misery.

I began my address with Cicero's definition of patriotism. I now recall to you his sentence wrung from the heart of a man who had blazoned with his eloquence the fame of many great soldiers, and was not even himself without a spark of military ambition: "Ego sic judico, inquissimam pacem justissimo bello esse anteferendam."—"This is my judgment, that the most unfair peace is preferable to the justest war."

Granting—as I do not—that war is sometimes necessary: so cutting off a man's leg, or extirpating an organ may be necessary; but it is always a horrible thing all the same, and just as the conservative surgery of our age is at work day and night to avoid these destructive operations, so the statesmanship of the day ought to be at work, not specifically to secure arbitration, as if that was anything more than a possible method, but to stop war as an eternal shame.

And granting war is sometimes necessary: if it is ever engaged in for any cause less than necessary, it is wrong; and the country is wrong that engages in it. A doubtful war, a war about which opinions are divided, is for that very reason not doubtfully evil, and the country that makes it is wrong.

Yes, brethren, a nation may be in the wrong, in every war one nation must be in the wrong, and generally both are; and if any country, yours or mine, is in the wrong, it is our duty as patriots to say so, and not support the country we love in a wrong because our countrymen have involved her in it.

In the war of our Revolution, when Lord North had the king and virtually the country with him, Fox lamented that Howe had won the battle of Long Island and wished he had lost it. What! an Englishman wish an English army to be defeated? Yes, because England was wrong, and Fox knew it and said so.

But there is a theory lately started, or rather an old one revived, that war is a good thing in itself; that it does a nation good to be fighting and killing the patriot sons of another nation, who love their country as we do ours. We are told that every strenuous man's life is a battle of one kind, and that the virile character demands some physical belligerency. Yes, every man's life must be to a great extent a fight; but this preposterous doctrine would make every man a prize-fighter.

They say war elicits acts of heroism and self-sacrifice that the country does not know in the lethargy of peace.

Heroism and self-sacrifice! There are more heroic and sacrificial acts going on in the works of peace than the brazen throat of war could proclaim in a twelvemonth. The track of every practising physician is marked by heroic disregard of life that Napoleon's Old Guard might envy. Every fire like that of Chicago, every flood like that of Johnstown, every plague and famine like that of India, are fields carpeted with the flowers of heroic self-sacrifice; they spring up from the very graves and ashes. And these flowers do not have growing up beside them the poisoned weeds of self-seeking or corruption which are sure to precede, to attend, to follow every war.

The dove of peace that brings the leaves of healing does not have trooping at her wings the vultures that treat their living soldiers like carrion. When Lucan has seen throughout the

catalogue of the national miseries that followed the quarrel of Cæsar and Pompey, he winds them all up in the terrible words, "*multis utile bellum*"—"war profitable to many men."

There is now much questioning of the propriety of capital punishment; it is strongly urged that the State has no right to take the life even of a hardened criminal, whose career has shown no trace of humanity or usefulness, and has put the capstone of murder on every other crime.

And yet we are told it is perfectly right to take a young man of the highest promise, a blessing to all who knew him, the very man to live for his country, and send him to be cut down by a bullet or by dysentery in a cause he cannot approve.

But there is a still newer theory come up about war as applied to ourselves. It seems that we share with a very few other peoples in the world a civilization so high, and institutions so divine that it is our duty and our destiny to go about the globe swallowing up inferior peoples and bestowing on them, whether they will or not, the blessings of the American——constitution?—well, no! not of the American constitution, but of the American dominion——and that when we are once started on this work of absorption they are rebels who do not accept the blessings. Now, if this precious doctrine were true, it utterly annihilates the old notion of patriotism and love of country; for that notion called upon every nation, however small or weak or backward, to maintain to the death its independence against any other, however great or strong or progressive.

According to this Mohammedan doctrine, this "death or the Koran" doctrine, the Finns and Poles are not patriots because they object to being absorbed by Russia, and the Ham-

burgers are rebels for not accepting the beneficent incorporation into France graciously proffered to them by Marshal Davoust.

But I will not enlarge upon this delicate subject by modern Americanism. It is bad enough for the nations we threaten to absorb. It is worse for us, the absorbers. I will ask you to remember what befell a noble nation which took up the work of benevolently absorbing the world.

When Xerxes had been driven back in tears to Persia, his rout released scores of Greek islands and cities, in the loveliest of lands and seas, and inhabited by the highest and wisest of men. There is nothing in art or literature or science or government that did not take its rise from them. Their tyrant gone, they looked around for a protector.

They saw that Athens was mighty on the sea, and they heard that she was just and generous to all who sought her citadel. And they put themselves, their ships and treasure, in the power of Athens, to use them as she would for the common defence. And the league was scarcely formed, the Persian was but just crushed, when the islands began to find that protection meant subjection.

They could not bear to think that they had only changed masters, even if Aristides himself assigned their tribute; and some revolted. The rebellion was cut down, Athens went on expanding, she made her subject islands pay money instead of ships, she transferred the treasury to her own citadel; she spent the money of her allies in those marvellous adornments that have made her the crown of beauty for the world forever.

Wider and wider did the empire of the Athenian democracy extend. Five armies fought her battles in a single year in five lands; Persia and Egypt, as well as Sparta, feeling the valor of her soldiers.

And the heart of Athens got drunk with glory, and the brain of Athens got crazed with power, and the roar of her boasting rose up to heaven, joined with the wail of her deceived and trampled subjects. And one by one they turned and fell from her, and joined their arms to her rival, who promised them independence; and every fond and mad endeavor to retain her empire only sucked her deeper into the eddy of ruin; and at length she was brought to her knees before her rival and her victorious fleet, and her impregnable walls were destroyed with the cry that now began the freedom of Greece.

It was only the beginning of new slavery; enslaved by the faithless Sparta, who sold half the cities back to Persia. Patching up once more a hollow alliance with Athens, enslaved by Macedonia, enslaved by Rome, enslaved by the Turks, poor Greece holds at last what she calls her independence under the protection of the great civilizing nations who let her live because they cannot agree how to cut up her carcass if they slay her.

Brethren, even as Athens began by protection and passed into tyranny and then into ruin, so shall every nation be who interprets patriotism to mean that it is the only nation in the world, and that every other which stands in the way of what it chooses to call destiny must be crushed. Love your country, honor her, live for her, if necessary die for her, but remember that whatever you would call right or wrong in another country is right and wrong for her and for you; that right and truth and love to man and allegiance to God are above all patriotism; and that every citizen who sustains his country in her sins is responsible to humanity, to history, to philosophy, and to Him to whom all nations are as a drop in the bucket, and the small dust on the balance.

REED

THOMAS BRACKETT REED, an eminent American congressman and Thirty-first Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in Portland, Maine, October 18, 1839. He received his early education in the common schools of that city, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860. After spending a few years in teaching school and studying law, he was appointed acting assistant paymaster in the United States navy, and served from April 19, 1864, to November 4, 1865. After his discharge he returned home, was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of his profession. Three years later he was elected as a Republican to the legislature of Maine, and in 1870 was made State senator, from which position he passed the same year to that of attorney-general of the State. Retiring from this office in 1873, he became solicitor of the city of Portland, and after four years of service was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress of the United States, which assembled in December, 1877. In this congress Mr. Reed was prominent in many ways, taking important part in several notable measures, and since then has been re-elected to Congress without interruption. In the Forty-sixth Congress his skill as a debater became recognized, and each succeeding year his influence as a party leader became more strongly marked. The leadership of his party was finally conceded to him, and in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses the complimentary nomination of the speakership was tendered him, and he occupied that position in the Fifty-first, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses. In 1896 Mr. Reed was a prominent candidate for the presidential office. Besides being a brilliant orator and able statesman, he has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

ADDRESS ON NATIONAL ISSUES

DELIVERED AT OLD ORCHARD, MAINE, AUGUST 25, 1896

IN this great temple of nature, which has so often echoed with the words which teach of a nobler and broader life hereafter which is to be purchased by a manly struggle with evil here below, it is very fitting that we should commence this campaign for the opportunity to labor, which is the opportunity to live; for a sound currency, whereby we gather to ourselves the just and undiminished results of our labor; and for national honor, which is the culmina-

tion of individual honor and the foundation of national prosperity.

What seemed the great primeval curse, that in the sweat of his face should man eat bread, has been found, in the wider view of the great cycles of the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power. Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good will.

Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few, but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions of people which make up the great Republic the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources great beyond the comprehension of any mortal, and the diffusion among all of riches to which the glories of the "Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawnshop, and to which the sheen of all jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glowworm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work; that all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life which

begins with the cradle and ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

Man alone has mastery of the earth and sea and sky, and by him alone can the hidden treasures be poured into the light of day.

But each individual man is weak and powerless. Only by combination each with the other can great results be had. No more striking proof of this can anywhere be found than in that complex union of men which makes up the modern nation and modern society. But while men must be united for great enterprises, the nature of man craves also liberty and individuality. Modern union and the complex, wonderfully complex condition of modern society has drawbacks and sorrows which are completely its own.

The sachems of New England had no financial troubles, no strikes. The currency question was as simple as a string of wampum. In Central Africa to-day banks never break and checks are never dishonored; for neither banks nor checks are needful for their kind of prosperity. Before the factory system rendered combinations of workmen needful there was less discontent but almost no progress, and there was no sharing, by the toilers, of the profits and the pleasures.

But if you believe, as I do, that the world is better than it was, and that all the discomforts of modern life are but a fair price paid for a higher civilization growing ever higher, then you must with patience try to understand the temporary evils and seek in good temper to rectify wrongs by good sense.

Neither loud indignation nor flowery speech, neither great promises nor wild harangues, will help any man out of disaster or any nation out of hard times. Temper will not even

untie a shoe-string, and the harder you push a rope the more it will not go any whither.

What are the causes of prosperity, and what are the causes of panics? Are they mysterious things beyond human ken? If you will analyze you will find that, whatever the remote causes are,—and they are different every time,—the immediate cause of prosperity is the confidence of all the people in each other and in the situation and in the future. When the people all work together, when they all have faith in each other, then prosperity reigns.

After prosperity reigns for some time, longer or shorter, men think that hard times are permanently done away with, and get wild, and over-prosperity sets in. Then some wise men earlier than others see that the world cannot absorb all that is made, cannot permanently support all the enterprises which the over-confidence of men has set in motion, and begin to doubt, to refuse discounts, to hoard money, and call a halt to speculation. Then the distrust spreads, and panic and hard times follow. Then we set to work to climb out of our troubles, and the process is slow. While we are climbing out we suffer. What a lovely period that climbing out season is for quack doctors in finance and professors of oratory!

How they swarm!

Haven't you and I seen them in this very State of Maine, in this very county of York? How they did pour in upon us in 1878! What a great career Professor Leo Miller had under these very skies. Where is Professor Leo Miller now? His name has perished from off the earth, and with him have passed into oblivion many hundreds of stout orators who vexed the air with the cry that fiat money alone could save the ruined nation. We were saved without fiat money then, just

as we shall be saved now, not by orators or professors, but by the sound sense of an honest nation. These things are not without a parallel. History is full of just such situations as we find ourselves in now.

In 1825 England had one of those paroxysms like the one we are passing through now. Everything there had been prosperous for a long time. The hum of industry was heard all over the land. Men's eyes looked into each other with trust and faith in all mankind. Capital was accumulated in legitimate business, which is the supply of each others' wants. Then accumulated capital, eager for employment, burst the restrains of safety and speculation set in. Companies were formed to do everything under the sun, and lend everybody money, from the Czar of Russia to the King of the Mosquito shore.

Pretty soon, after a slight drain of gold, it occurred to someone to figure up all these contracts, and the astonished nation found that England had agreed to lend more money than there was in the world, twice over. Then the bubble burst. Merchants failed, banks broke, universal distrust poured over the land. For one day trade absolutely ceased in London. Nobody would take anybody's note or buy anybody's securities. Where was the difference between England prosperous and England at a standstill? It was all in the change of one word. Confidence was prosperity. Distrust was ruin.

Then began the slow growth of confidence again, which took years. But England's prosperity did not perish. In our own country we have had many such instances, many more than I mean to mention, for history on that subject is as cheap and abundant as wheat when times go hard. Away back in 1837 the country was overwhelmed by one of the

crises. The great land speculation was the termination of a period of prosperity too much prolonged. Whole families, whole towns and cities were ruined, and the memory of it, long ago as it was, clouds some family histories here in Maine to-day. Prosperity, speculation, hard times, it is the same succession of events all the world over.

The hard times of 1837 are part of history, but at least half this audience can remember 1873. We had then pulled through a tremendous war. Millions of men had been withdrawn from productive industry to try to kill each other. All the rest were busy providing for the wants of those in the field, and running in debt three thousand million dollars to pay the bills. When the army came marching home the men all went to work. The soldier, weaned from his home ties and broadened by his travels and battles, scattered himself all over the land, and the land teemed with enterprises and with vigorous men. Millions had been flung out with such profusion that dollars seemed but dross.

It was the old story over again. We had not contracted, as England did in 1825, to lend the world five times as much money as there was in it. We had done worse. We had piled up importations and spent money as if wealth was but a wish and a rub of Aladdin's lamp. You will find in a book of Professor Cairnes's a prophecy of what would happen to us in 1873, made just before it did happen. Then came five years of struggle back to a sound currency, the restoration of confidence; and then, confidence restored, fourteen years of prosperity, the results of which have never yet been effaced and never will be until the sun ceases to pour its energies upon a productive earth. We had hard times then, but, thank heaven, the American people stood steadfast and listened to no false prophets and no false economics, but

moved steadfastly toward a sound currency, and the long-pent-up energies of the great American people rushed forward in the straight line of progress.

We have just passed through another of those terrible crises and are on our way to other years of wealth with this additional benefit, that the distribution of wealth, when we reach it, will be more even as well as more abundant than ever before. In 1893 we had a great crash as we had in 1873; all the world went with us, but for special causes we had gone farther, and it is for us a longer way back. In 1892 we thought hard times had been banished forever, we were sure that work and high pay were never more to be separated.

But we were mistaken. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. The election of 1892 was a great misfortune. It may be we should have had a collapse then, in any event; no one can be quite sure. But if we had been in skilful hands we should never have gone so far or suffered so much.

I make no harsh criticism on the Democratic party or their President. I plant myself on Abraham Lincoln's text of Scripture, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I do not believe that three Democrats out of ten in the business parts of this country ever meant such a change in the tariff as was made. Many of them were more astonished than
H we were. I make no criticism of the President. There are many things about him that I admire. He is both strong and brave. Nevertheless there are some things which ought to be squarely stated, not to provoke partisan feeling, but simply as descriptions of errors which we must avoid, not as Republicans, but as citizens of a republic the prosperity of which is under the charge of us all.

Among the arguments which the friends of silver urge to-day is one which was to be anticipated long ago, and which I knew was sure to come. When the Sherman law was struggling to be repealed, the Democratic press, and even some Republicans, told us that repeal alone would be the final remedy, and business would again revive. I never shared that belief; on the contrary, just three years ago to-day lacking a single day, while I was consorting with good Democrats, as I hope to consort with the like in this campaign, I took occasion, in the presence of three thousand men, women, and children, to declare that the repeal of the Sherman law was only one step in the upward march; since then many bad things have happened, plunging us deeper into the mire.

In that very discourse I told the Democrats that "I did not expect the Democratic party to be utterly bad." I have been always very much interested in the Democratic party. I have always been its true friend, tender, affectionate, but always truthful; pointing out its faults in a spirit of meekness, remembering ourselves, fellow Republicans, lest we also should be tempted.

But when I said in 1893 that I did not expect the party to be utterly bad, I had not the slightest idea what the convention of Chicago would do and say in 1896. Since that speech in 1893 we have had a most severe season. When the tariff act proposed by Mr. Bryan and his associates was presented in the House it was certainly a great shock to the business of the country. The change was so radical, and men like Mr. Bryan were so carried away by their own eloquence, that there seemed no limit to the possibilities of evil.

Now I am not here just now to say whether that bill was founded on just principles or not. I have my own opinion, which I propose to express at the proper time. Nor do I

propose to charge Democrats with that bill. The one they finally passed was a vastly different one. But the mischief had been done. The shock had stopped business. Men did not know which way to turn. Money in hand is better than money in a bush, especially when you cannot tell what kind of a bush it will be. Then came the income tax, unconstitutional and destructive, declared so by the supreme court, and then the attendant deficiency.

That deficiency has been a corroding cancer ever since. That deficiency, and the way it has been managed, has scared and frightened our people beyond all reason. What are four hundred million dollars increase of debt to a nation so rich that one of its big railroads on half its lines in six months can lose twice as much as paid the whole revenue of good Queen Bess in the days of her highest glory, and never pass a coupon or refuse a dividend? Why has this four hundred millions frightened us so?

Because the government has refused either to raise revenue or to separate the deficit from the redemption of greenbacks. We have been frightened by talk of an endless chain, which could have been broken like a pipe-stem by providing for the borrowing, on short-time certificates of indebtedness, lawful money directly instead of borrowing it for the gold fund indirectly, and thus creating the false impression of a struggle for gold when we were only borrowing money to pay our debts.

Had the House revenue bill of last session passed Congress and became a law, the country, with full hope of a Republican administration in the near future, would have started upward and onward.

But the condition has been peculiar. We have had a three-cornered triangular government. Everybody has been

in the minority, and hence nobody has had any responsibility, and nobody has been able to take any responsibility, and we have drifted sailless and rudderless, but, thank God, with a stout ship, stouter than all the winds that blow. When next you put the ship into commission, had you not better have a harmonious captain and crew, all of them men who have been to sea? I know that the three gentlemen, Messrs. Bryan, Watson, and Sewall, have been at sea for many years, but that is a different thing.

While I do not propose to offer any remedy—for I have not a powerful imagination and no powers of description of things which have never happened—nevertheless I venture to suggest that what has happened will happen again. The past is for the wise man the only guide for the future. What man has done, man will do.

What we ought to do is to get back to the sound basis of mutual confidence. We have money in our banks. We have capital here in this country, the piled-up riches of fourteen years of prosperity. The capital of all the world is waiting to be our servant. We are to-day richer in all those things which satisfy human wants than ever in our history. Were capital free to operate we should march resistlessly. We have skilled labor to which we can pay just wages. Our crops of wheat and oats and corn and cotton will be immense.

We have paid off a great debt to foreign nations by purchase of our returned securities, and our absorption of them on a falling market deserves the wonder of the world. Of facilities to manufacture goods we are full. Look at the Sunday newspapers. What tons of paper we can furnish every day. We can make all things cheaper than ever before and more of them. What shall we do? Pursue our old course of blundering, shock business some more, or shall

we set capital in motion? But how shall we set capital in motion?

We must restore confidence. How can we restore confidence? First of all by putting anarchy down and all manner of disturbance. Peace and a stable government are the first necessity. This is a borrowing and lending world. That is a fixed fact. No amount of denunciation of money-lenders, no wild talk about Wall Street,—which, by the way, is the greatest money-borrower in the world,—will ever put down the fact.

Enterprises are carried on by the united confidence of men of money and men of brains. Bring this thing home to yourselves, and then you will understand it. If you had money or any other capital you had earned yourself, or your father had left to you, or even money you had won in the luck of a lottery, would you let it out to anybody on earth who was liable to give you back only half of it and want to call it square?

How would you, my farmer friend, like to let your farm to a fellow who by law might turn your story-and-a-half house into a shanty, spread sand over your arable land, and burn up your wood-lot, and then hand it back to you dismantled and half ruined? How quick you would invert such a fellow.

Well, the man who has other capital to let besides farms has just as much sense as you have. The first thing he wants to know is, will he get his capital back? This same idea fills the mind of the business borrower. If Jordan, or Alfred, puts his property into the forest and makes lumber and sells it on credit, he wants to know that he will be paid in as good a dollar as he put into the woods. Else why should he put dollars into the woods at all?

Now, I put it to you as men of sense, plain men of sense

would you lend money, if you had it, to any man, or set of men, or any nation, which you knew was trying to devise some way whereby you would get back only half of it? You may not, like a silver man, understand currency. You may not be able to dally with statistics, but you do understand that simple proposition. If you were a business man, would you make things on a gold basis and sell them on credit to a people who were trying to see if they could not pay you on a silver basis?

Is it not clear as noonday why men do not lend capital and why men do not undertake enterprises? I do not say that silver agitation is the only lion in the way. I believe that the laws are so made that the American people shall do all their own work. In due time I mean to discuss that. Just now our first duty is with the silver question. My friends, I have said many times and I cannot repeat it too often, experience is the best teacher.

Within this very twelve months we have had an example of what confidence will do and what distrust will do. In December, 1895, this very last year, there was a revival of business hope. The iron business, one of the great indices of prosperity, having in many respects a good tariff schedule, began to revive. Some other industries followed suit, and a temporary hope went over the community. One great steel company had orders six months ahead. Its stock rose from 40 to 80. Men who knew best purchased it at 80 and thought it worth 125. Confidence began to show itself. Then came Venezuela, and then what Senator Brice called the petition in bankruptcy followed. Confidence died. One day the iron mills had business beyond power of supplying wants. The next day they had none. Reasonable certainty makes business; uncertainty paralyzes it.

In 1879 we resumed specie payments. We had suitable tariff laws. The foundation for certainty was laid. We knew we were to do our own work. Capitalists, savings banks, all who had capital to lend at home and abroad, knew there was certainty of honest repayment, and business resumed its onward march.

In 1897, with such change of tariff as will be founded on business principles and have the approval of the people of the United States, we shall again have the certainty of doing our own work. With the defeat of the Bryan-Watson-Sewall combination will come certainty of repayment of capital borrowed at home and abroad; certainty that business enterprises will have a sound foundation; and 1897, with its attendant fourteen years of success, will lift us to another height of success where perhaps another set of misguided citizens, forgetful of the past, will waylay us and we shall have to beat them again. This, then, is the reasonable prospect of the future. I wish I could assure you of a future prosperity that would reign unbroken forever and ever. But history knows human nature too well.

You will see that my statements are not promises without limit. You have seen exhibited many times remedies for all the ills the world is heir to, but did you ever see a perfectly healthy world? You never will.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico is Latin, and pretty old, and of course we all understand it. But I want to give you a free translation,—Everything we do not know about always looks big.

The human creature is imaginative. If he sees a tail disappearing over a fence, he imagines the whole beast, and usually imagines the wrong beast; especially if it is dark, and wild animals abound. I suppose that all the king's

horses and all his armed men never frightened the people of this world half so much as ghosts, and yet there never were any ghosts.

Whenever we take a trip into the realms of fancy we see a good many things that never were. The safe footing in this world is on the things we know. If this nation follows the silver people, what sure foothold is there anywhere? Not one. Has any nation ever failed? Mexico, supported by the great empire of China with 400,000,000 of people, has failed to lift silver above its market value. I am well aware that we are mightier than Mexico or China, or both combined. But we are not omnipotent. We are only part of the world. We cannot add a cubit to any man's stature. We cannot fix the price of wheat. Chicago, standing for the whole country, tried that once, and was worsted in the struggle. We tried to fix the price of greenbacks by calling them a dollar and backed up the promise with a hundred millions of gold.

When gold was at 200, not all the power of this country with two millions of men in arms could make a greenback buy more than fifty cents worth of anything except human labor.

Either the silver men expect silver, under free coinage, to go to par, or they do not. If they do, they have not one single fact upon which to depend. All human history is not only against them, but overwhelmingly so. If overvaluation of the silver dollar by three cents on a dollar drove all the gold out of our country for sixty years once in its history, what will fifty cents overvaluation do? Why, it is as clear as mathematics.

We shall then be on a silver basis, whatever that may be. If we get there, the basis will either be stable or unstable.

If it is stable what improvement will that be? Are there any more potatoes in four pecks than in one bushel? Are 133 seventy-five-cent dollars worth any more than 100 hundred-cent dollars? Does a dollar get any more valuation by changing in its coppers?

But suppose the new standard is unstable, what will happen then? Well, human experience is here to tell you. All uncertainties are a detriment to business. For the last fifty years all the struggle of business has been toward certainties. Business has long ago ceased to be gambling. Small and sure profits often repeated are the foundation of modern wealth. The Suez Canal, the ocean cable, the swift steamships and the swiftest railroads are all harnessed into this service; and whosoever, having a stable currency, swings off into an unstable currency, sets himself against the civilized world and must take the consequences.

But, say some of these men, suppose we do swing off from Europe, we join the great silver-using countries, China and Japan and Mexico, and all the rest, with their 400,000,000 inhabitants. Why not give up the European trade and take the trade of China and Japan? This sounds well. It looks all the larger because it exists in imagination. Do you suppose we could get the trade of these countries by simply having the same money? Such ideas, like the old-time cry of "markets of the world" are of such stuff as dreams are made of. Trade takes decades, nay, centuries, for its growth.

But let us imagine we could have all that trade which would come to us, see how actual experience will cause to dwindle the figures of the imagination. In the first place there are no 400,000,000 of silver-using people. Of these outsiders 150,000,000 are on a paper basis. We could not get them even by giving them greenbacks. How much do

you suppose the remaining people take of our stuffs now? Only $50,000,000. How much do the gold countries take? Only about thirteen times as much,—$765,000,000; Great Britain alone takes $400,000,000 of our products, eight times as much as all the silver countries in the world. We buy of silver countries $117,000,000; of gold countries, $530,000,000. Putting these figures together, our trade with silver countries is $169,000,000, with gold countries $1,300,000,000, one to nine. Do you desire to exchange nine dollars worth of trade for one? Do you want to do anything which will even tend to make such an exchange?

Ah, but we want the prosperity of Japan and Mexico. Really, my friends, we passed that stage of prosperity long ago. Mexico prospers because of silver! A constant fall of the dollar and no rise of wages; and you call that prosperity! For the middleman it may be, and for the manufacturer also, but for the wage-earner not yet. So far as wages are lowered, so far has silver contributed to manufacturers' profits. But not even lowered wages—a thing intolerable for our people—has started production in Mexico. What was Mexico once, and what is she now? Once she was the land of revolutionists, of fratricidal strife, torn asunder by the ambition of any petty chief.

Now, under Porfirio Diaz, representing the growing civilization of his country, she is the land of peace. Not silver and dwindling wages have revived Mexico, but Porfirio Diaz and the civilization he represents.

Let me venture to say just here that neither Mexico nor any other country will ever have true prosperity until she has increasing instead of diminishing wages. We passed Mexico's prosperity long years ago, and no man in his senses will ever want to go back to that. How we shall meet the

competition of the cheap labor of Oriental countries is a problem for the future, but this much we do know, that cutting the dollar in two is no solution whatever, and that the permanent lowering of wages here by any device will never be tolerated by the people of America.

Remember that this contest to-day is not between bimetallism and mono-metallism. That subject would bear discussion. This contest also is not between the East and the West. There can be no such contest. Our interests are identical. With their growth comes our growth. We cannot go on alone. We have sent our children there. Our money is there. No misfortune can happen to them that does not happen to us. We here have full esteem for the pioneers of the West, and rejoice in their prosperity. They are all a brave and vigorous people. As Burke said of the younger Pitt, they are, "not chips of the old block, but the old block itself."

Every wise man agrees that beyond the Mississippi lies the great wealth of the days to come. In the development of this wealth we all are interested, and we in the East are not the unwise men to believe that we are not concerned in the progress and future of the West. Unfounded sectional differences are without excuse, and it will be woe to those who try to foment them. The West is too vigorous not to find out the truth, and is too valiant not to follow it when found. What the West needs is loanable capital which will develop its resources. No part of this Union is so concerned in restoring confidence as the undeveloped territory. The South, too, has a similar interest. But they are busy down there just now asserting their rights and keeping down the negro. If they could be persuaded to look after their interests what a happy country this might be.

John Sherman, whose name will be a great name in history, made a speech the other day and showed that all the demonetization of silver there ever was, was made by the help of Stewart and Jones, of Nevada, and that free coinage of silver by the United States alone will not and cannot cause any surcease of our calamities, but on the contrary would be the cause and summit of further sorrow. It is curious to see what effect that had on the silver men. One of them in Massachusetts lifted up his voice and said, Mr. John Sherman has told us of no remedy for our hard times, therefore the silver remedy which Sherman proves to be no remedy is the only remedy. This calling upon great men to help us is out of place in a land where we help ourselves. Let us do what we all of us know and good result will follow.

Is it true that when this world is badly off we have all got to be in the slough of despond until some great man invents a remedy? Are we all to plunge into foolishness unless some great man hits upon something sure? If the world has got to wait for that panacea let me tell you that the rest of death is a flash of lightning compared with the rest we are going to take. Is there nothing in our idea that the best sense is common sense?

No, no, these things are governed by natural laws and take their course like the rolling of the round earth or the glitter of the stars. Suppose a man were created full grown and set upon a solitary earth facing the dawn. As the panorama of sunrise, the march of the fountain of light across the sky, the red sunset and the black darkness, came over him, what could he make of this termination of the gorgeous pageantry of the skies? Nothing but darkness, desolation, and death, and a wild calling on unknown gods to help him. But the man who has from earliest boyhood seen the sun disappear

into the red West to light up another day may be ignorant of Kepler's laws and of Galileo's fate, but he knows no greater certainty on earth than that the day follows the night. A man who has only seen 1893 might well wonder and call on some great man for rescue, but we who have seen 1873 in England and 1837 in America know that we shall as surely rise again to business prosperity as that to-morrow's sun will rise.

Be not deceived by false prophets. In the West they tell the people that Maine is faltering. You and I know she was never so steadfast. Here in the East they tell us the West is blazing with silver crosses and is crowned with silver thorns, but, when the tug of battle comes, the gallant West, peopled by our children, will show to the world that brothers true and tried, who have fought so many fights shoulder to shoulder in the great conflict of human progress, will never be separated from each other or from that great party around which clusters all the glories of thirty of the most illustrious years of this country's history.

BURKE

THOMAS F. BURKE, Irish-American patriot, was born at Fethard, County Tipperary, December 10, 1840. In 1852 his parents brought him to the United States, where, after receiving an excellent education at the seminary established in New York by Archbishop Hughes, he adopted his father's trade of house-painter. On the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederate army. He was severely wounded and was breveted general. In 1865 he joined the Wolfe Tone Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood in New York and the following year went to Ireland to carry on the revolutionary propaganda, which brought about an abortive insurrection on March 5, 1866. Burke had command of a Fenian party in Tipperary, but it was dispersed by a detachment of soldiers, and he himself was thrown from his horse and captured. He was tried in Dublin in April, and condemned to death for treason, but his sentence was commuted to that of penal servitude for life.

"THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF REVOLT"

SPEECH DELIVERED FROM THE DOCK AT DUBLIN, APRIL 24, 1866

MY LORDS,—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering the question what I have to say why sentence should not be passed upon me? But I may, with your permission, review a little of the evidence that has been brought against me. The first evidence that I would speak of is that of Sub-Inspector Kelly, who had a conversation with me in Clonmel. He states that he asked me either how was my friend, or what about my friend, Mr. Stephens, and that I made answer and said that he was the most idolized man that ever had been or that ever would be in America.

Here, standing on the brink of my grave, and in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, I brand that as being the foulest perjury that ever man gave utterance to.

In any conversation that occurred the name of Stephens was not mentioned. I shall pass from that, and then touch on the evidence of Brett. He states that I assisted in distributing the bread to the parties in the fort, and that I stood with him in the wagon or cart. This is also false. I was not in the fort at the time; I was not there when the bread was distributed. I came in afterward. Both of these assertions have been made and submitted to the men in whose hands my life rested, as evidence made on oath by these men—made solely and purely for the purpose of giving my body to an untimely grave. There are many points, my lords, that have been sworn to here to prove my complicity in a great many acts it has been alleged I took part in.

It is not my desire now, my lords, to give utterance to one word against the verdict which has been pronounced upon me. But, fully conscious of my honor as a man, which has never been impugned, fully conscious that I can go into my grave with a name and character unsullied, I can only say that these parties, actuated by a desire, either of their aggrandizement or to save their paltry, miserable lives, have pandered to the appetite, if I may so speak, of justice, and my life shall pay the forfeit. Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I have nothing to recall, nothing that I would not do again, nothing for which I should feel the blush of shame mantling my brow. My conduct and career, both here as a private citizen, and in America—if you like—as a soldier, are before you; and even in this, my hour of trial, I feel the consciousness of having lived an honest man, and I will die proudly, believing that if I have given my life to give liberty and freedom to the land of my birth I have done only that which every Irish-

man and every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of liberty should do.

I, my lords, shall scarcely—I feel I should not at all—mention the name of Massey. I feel I should not pollute my lips with the name of that traitor whose illegitimacy has been proven here—a man whose name even is not known, and who I deny, point-blank, ever wore the star of a colonel in the Confederate army. Him I shall let rest. I shall pass him, wishing him, in the words of the poet:—

> "May the grass wither from his feet;
> The woods deny him shelter; earth a home;
> The dust a grave; the sun his light;
> And heaven its God!"

Let Massey remember from this day forth that he carries with him, as my able and eloquent counsel [Mr. Dowse] has stated, a serpent that will gnaw his conscience, will carry about him in his breast a living hell from which he can never be separated.

I, my lords, have no desire for the name of a martyr; I seek not the death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion for the land of my birth shall be tested on the scaffold, I am willing there to die in defence of the right of men to free government—the right of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of thraldom. I am an Irishman by birth, an American by adoption; by nature a lover of freedom and an enemy to the power that holds my native land in the bonds of tyranny. It has so often been admitted that the oppressed have a right to throw off the yoke of oppression, even by English statesmen, that I do not deem it necessary to advert to the fact in a British court of justice.

Ireland's children are not, never were, and never will be willing or submissive slaves; and so long as England's flag

covers one inch of Irish soil, just so long will they believe it to be a divine right to conspire, imagine, and devise means to hurl it from power and to erect in its stead the God-like structure of self-government.

I shall now, my lords, before I go any further, perform one important duty to my learned, talented, and eloquent counsel. I offer them that which is poor enough, the thanks, the sincere and heartfelt thanks of an honest man. I offer them, too, in the name of America, the thanks of the Irish people. I know that I am here without a relative—without a friend—in fact, three thousand miles away from my family. But I know that I am not forgotten there. The great and generous Irish heart of America to-day feels for me—to-day sympathizes with and does not forget the man who is willing to tread the scaffold—aye, defiantly—proudly, conscious of no wrong—in defence of American principles—in defence of liberty. To Messrs. Butt, Dowse, O'Loghlen, and all the counsel for the prisoners, for some of whom I believe Mr. Curran will appear, and my very able solicitor, Mr. Lawless, I return individually and collectively my sincere and heartfelt thanks.

I shall now, my lords, as no doubt you will suggest to me, think of the propriety of turning my attention to the world beyond the grave. I shall now look only to that home where sorrows are at an end, where joy is eternal. I shall hope and pray that freedom may yet dawn on this poor, downtrodden country. It is my hope, it is my prayer, and the last words that I shall utter will be a prayer to God for forgiveness and a prayer for poor old Ireland. Now, my lords, in relation to the other man, Corridon, I will make a few remarks. Perhaps, before I go to Corridon, I should say much has been spoken on that table of Colonel Kelly and

of the meetings held at his lodgings in London. I desire to state I never knew where Colonel Kelly's lodgings were. I never knew where he lived in London till I heard the informer, Massey, announce it on the table. I never attended a meeting at Colonel Kelly's; and the hundred other statements that have been made about him I now solemnly declare on my honor as a man—as a dying man, these statements have been totally unfounded and false from beginning to end. In relation to the small paper that was introduced here, and brought against me as evidence, as having been found on my person in connection with that oath, I desire to say that that paper was not found on my person. I knew no person whose name was on that paper. O'Beirne, of Dublin, or those other delegates you heard of, I never saw or met.

That paper has been put in there for some purpose. I can swear positively it is not in my handwriting. I can also swear I never saw it; yet it is used as evidence against me. Is this justice? Is this right? Is it manly? I am willing, if I have transgressed the laws, to suffer the penalty, but I object to this system of trumping up a case to take away the life of a human being. True, I ask for no mercy. I feel that, with my present emaciated frame and somewhat shattered constitution, it is better that my life should be brought to an end than that I should drag out a miserable existence in the prison dens of Portland.

Thus it is, my lords, I accept the verdict. Of course my acceptance of it is unnecessary, but I am satisfied with it. And now I shall close. True it is, there are many feelings that actuate me at this moment. In fact, these few disconnected remarks can give no idea of what I desire to state to the court. I have ties to bind me to life and society as

strong as any man in this court can have. I have a family I love as much as any man in this court loves his family. But I can remember the blessing I received from an aged mother's lips as I left her the last time. She, speaking as the Spartan mother did, said—"Go, my boy, return either with your shield or upon it." This reconciles me—this gives me heart. I submit to my doom; and I hope that God will forgive me my past sins. I hope also that inasmuch as he has for seven hundred years preserved Ireland, notwithstanding all the tyranny to which she has been subjected, as a separate and distinct nationality, he will also assist her to retrieve her fallen fortunes—to rise in her beauty and majesty, the sister of Columbia, the peer of any nation in the world.

ZOLA

EMILE ZOLA, the novelist, whose championship of Dreyfus brought him so prominently into the public eye in connection with that remarkable case, was born in 1840. Three days after the acquittal of Major Esterhazy on the charge brought by Dreyfus' brother that the former was the real author of the bordereau which Captain Dreyfus was accused of having prepared, Zola published his famous "J'accuse" letter to President Faure, which, as he had anticipated, resulted in his own arrest. He was convicted of libel and sentenced to banishment. He did not, however, cease to promote the agitation in Dreyfus' behalf, and his efforts had a large share in forcing a retrial of the case.

HIS APPEAL FOR DREYFUS

DELIVERED IN PARIS, FEBRUARY 22, 1898, AT THE ZOLA TRIAL FOR LIBEL

IN THE Chamber at the sitting of January 22, M. Méline, the Prime Minister, declared, amid the frantic applause of his complaisant majority, that he had confidence in the twelve citizens to whose hands he intrusted the defence of the army. It was of you, gentlemen, that he spoke. And just as General Billot dictated its decision to the court-martial intrusted with the acquittal of Major Esterhazy, by appealing from the tribune for respect for the *chose jugée*, so likewise M. Méline wished to give you the order to condemn me "out of respect for the army," which he accuses me of having insulted!

I denounce to the conscience of honest men this pressure brought to bear by the constituted authorities upon the justice of the country. These are abominable politi-

cal practices which dishonor a free nation. We shall see, gentlemen, whether you will obey.

But it is not true that I am here in your presence by the will of M. Méline. He yielded to the necessity of prosecuting me only in great trouble, in terror of the new step which the advancing truth was about to take. This everybody knew. If I am before you, it is because I wished it. I alone decided that this obscure, this abominable affair, should be brought before your jurisdiction, and it is I alone of my free will who chose you, you, the loftiest, the most direct emanation of French justice, in order that France, at last, may know all, and give her decision. My act had no other object, and my person is of no account. I have sacrificed it in order to place in your hands, not only the honor of the army, but the imperilled honor of the nation.

It appears that I was cherishing a dream in wishing to offer you all the proofs, considering you to be the sole worthy, the sole competent judge. They have begun by depriving you with the left hand of what they seemed to give you with the right. They pretended, indeed, to accept your jurisdiction, but if they had confidence in you to avenge the members of the court-martial, there were still other officers who remained superior even to your jurisdiction. Let who can understand. It is absurdity doubled with hypocrisy, and it shows clearly that they dreaded your good sense—that they dared not run the risk of letting us tell all and of letting you judge the whole matter. They pretend that they wished to limit the scandal. What do you think of this scandal—of my act which consisted in bringing the matter before you—in wishing the people, incarnate in you, to be the judge?

They pretend also that they could not accept a revision in disguise, thus confessing that in reality they have but one fear, that of your sovereign control. The law has in you its complete representation, and it is this chosen law of the people that I have wished for—this law which, as a good citizen, I hold in profound respect, and not the suspicious procedure by which they hoped to make you a laughing-stock.

I am thus excused, gentlemen, for having brought you here from your private affairs without being able to inundate you with the full flood of light of which I dreamed. The light, the whole light—this was my sole, my passionate desire! And this trial has just proved it. We have had to fight step by step against an extraordinarily obstinate desire for darkness. A battle has been necessary to obtain every atom of truth. Everything has been refused us. Our witnesses have been terrorized in the hope of preventing us from proving our case. And it is on your behalf alone that we have fought, that this proof might be put before you in its entirety, so that you might give your opinion on your consciences without remorse. I am certain, therefore, that you will give us credit for our efforts, and that, I feel sure, too, that sufficient light has been thrown upon the affair.

You have heard the witnesses; you are about to hear my counsel, who will tell you the true story, the story that maddens everybody and that everybody knows. I am, therefore, at my ease. You have the truth at last, and it will do its work. M. Méline thought to dictate your decision by intrusting to you the honor of the army. And it is in the name of the honor of the army that I too appeal to your justice.

I give M. Méline the most direct contradiction. Never have I insulted the army. I spoke, on the contrary, of my sympathy, my respect for the nation in arms, for our dear soldiers of France, who would rise at the first menace to defend the soil of France. And it is just as false that I attacked the chiefs, the generals who would lead them to victory. If certain persons at the War Office have compromised the army itself by their acts, is it to insult the whole army to say so? Is it not rather to act as a good citizen to separate it from all that compromises it, to give the alarm, so that the blunders which alone have been the cause of our defeat shall not occur again, and shall not lead us to fresh disaster?

I am not defending myself, moreover. I leave history to judge my act, which was a necessary one; but I affirm that the army is dishonored when gendarmes are allowed to embrace Major Esterhazy after the abominable letters written by him. I affirm that that valiant army is insulted daily by the bandits who, on the plea of defending it, sully it by their degrading championship—who trail in the mud all that France still honors as good and great. I affirm that those who dishonor that great national army are those who mingle cries of "Vive l'armée!" with those of "À bas les juifs!" and "Vive Esterhazy!" Grand Dieu! the people of Saint Louis, of Bayard, of Condé, and of Hoche, the people which counts a hundred great victories, the people of the great wars of the Republic and the Empire, the people whose power, grace, and generosity have dazzled the world, crying "Vive Esterhazy!" It is a shame the stain of which our efforts on behalf of truth and justice can alone wipe out!

You know the legend which has grown up: Dreyfus was

demned justly and legally by seven infallible ones
om it is impossible even to suspect of a blunder without
sulting the whole army. Dreyfus expiates in merited
orments his abominable crime, and as he is a Jew, a
Jewish syndicate is formed, an international *sans patrie*
syndicate disposing of hundreds of millions, the object of
which is to save the traitor at any price, even by the most
shameless intrigues. And thereupon this syndicate began
to heap crime on crime, buying consciences, precipitating
France into a disastrous tumult, resolved on selling her to
the enemy, willing even to drive all Europe into a general
war rather than renounce its terrible plan.

It is very simple, nay childish, if not imbecile. But it
is with this poisoned bread that the unclean press has been
nourishing our poor people now for months. And it is not
surprising if we are witnessing a dangerous crisis; for when
folly and lies are thus sown broadcast, you necessarily reap
insanity.

Gentlemen, I would not insult you by supposing that
you have yourselves been duped by this nursery tale. I
know you; I know who you are. You are the heart and
the reason of Paris, of my great Paris, where I was born,
which I love with an infinite tenderness, which I have been
studying and writing of now for forty years. And I know
likewise what is now passing in your brains; for, before
coming to sit here as defendant, I sat there on the bench
where you are now. You represent there the average
opinion; you try to illustrate prudence and justice in the
mass. Soon I shall be in thought with you in the room
where you deliberate, and I am convinced that your effort
will be to safeguard your interests as citizens, which are, of
course, the interests of the whole nation. You may make

a mistake, but you will do so in the thought that while securing your own weal you are securing the weal of all.

I see you at your homes at evening under the lamp; I hear you talk with your friends; I accompany you into your factories and shops. You are all workers—some tradesmen, others manufacturers, some professional men; and your very legitimate anxiety is the deplorable state into which business has fallen. Everywhere the present crisis threatens to become a disaster. The receipts fall off; transactions become more and more difficult. So that the idea which you have brought here, the thought which I read in your countenances, is that there has been enough of this and that it must be ended. You have not gone the length of saying, like many: "What matters it that an innocent man is at the Ile du Diable? Is the interest of a single man worth this disturbing a great country?" But you say, nevertheless, that the agitation which we are carrying on, we who hunger for truth and justice, costs too dearly! And if you condemn me, gentlemen, it is that thought which will be at the bottom of your verdict. You desire tranquillity for your homes, you wish for the revival of business, and you may think that by punishing me you will stop a campaign which is injurious to the interests of France.

Well, gentlemen, if that is your idea, you are entirely mistaken. Do me the honor of believing that I am not defending my liberty. By punishing me you would only magnify me. Whoever suffers for truth and justice becomes august and sacred. Look at me. Have I the look of a hireling, of a liar, and a traitor? Why should I be playing a part? I have behind me neither political ambition nor sectarian passion. I am a free writer, who has

given his life to labor; who to-morrow will go back to the ranks and resume his interrupted task. And how stupid are those who call me an Italian—me, born of a French mother, brought up by grandparents in the Beauce, peasants of that vigorous soil; me, who lost my father at seven years of age, who never went to Italy till I was fifty-four. And yet I am proud that my father was from Venice—the resplendent city whose ancient glory sings in all memories. And even if I were not French, would not the forty volumes in the French language, which I have sent by millions of copies throughout the world, suffice to make me a Frenchman?

So I do not defend myself. But what a blunder would be yours if you were convinced that by striking me you would re-establish order in our unfortunate country! Do you not understand now that what the nation is dying of is the darkness in which there is such an obstinate determination to leave her? The blunders of those in authority are being heaped upon those of others; one lie necessitates another, so that the mass is becoming formidable. A judicial blunder was committed, and then to hide it, it has been necessary to commit every day fresh crimes against good sense and equity! The condemnation of an innocent man has involved the acquittal of a guilty man, and now to-day you are asked in turn to condemn me because I have cried out in my anguish on beholding our country embarked on this terrible course. Condemn me, then! But it will be one more error added to the others—a fault the burden of which you will hear in history. And my condemnation, instead of restoring the peace for which you long, and which we all of us desire, will be only a fresh seed of passion and disorder. The cup, I tell you, is full; do not make it run over!

Why do you not judge justly the terrible crisis through which the country is passing? They say that we are the authors of the scandal, that we who are lovers of truth and justice are leading the nation astray and urging it to violence. Surely this is a mockery! To speak only of General Billot—was he not warned eighteen months ago? Did not Colonel Picquart insist that he should take up the matter of revision, if he did not wish the storm to burst and destroy everything? Did not M. Scheurer-Kestner, with tears in his eyes, beg him to think of France, and save her such a calamity?

No! our desire has been to make peace, to allay discontent, and, if the country is now in trouble, the responsibility lies with the power which, to cover the guilty, and in the furtherance of political ends, has denied everything, hoping to be strong enough to prevent the truth from being revealed. It has manœuvred in behalf of darkness, and it alone is responsible for the present distraction of the public conscience!

The Dreyfus case, gentlemen, has now become a very small affair. It is lost in view of the formidable questions to which it has given rise. There is no longer a Dreyfus case. The question now is whether France is still the France of the rights of man, the France which gave freedom to the world, and ought to give it justice. Are we still the most noble, the most fraternal, the most generous of nations? Shall we preserve our reputation in Europe for justice and humanity? Are not all the victories that we have won called in question? Open your eyes, and understand that, to be in such confusion, the French soul must have been stirred to its depths in face of a terrible danger. A nation cannot be thus moved without imperilling its

moral existence. This is an exceptionally serious hour; the safety of the nation is at stake.

When you have understood that, gentlemen, you will feel that but one remedy is possible—to tell the truth, to do justice. Anything that keeps back the light, anything that adds darkness to darkness, will only prolong and aggravate the crisis. The duty of good citizens, of all who feel it to be imperatively necessary to put an end to this matter, is to demand broad daylight. There are already many who think so. The men of literature, philosophy, and science are rising in the name of intelligence and reason. And I do not speak of the foreigner, of the shudder that has run through all Europe. Yet the foreigner is not necessarily the enemy. Let us not speak of the nations that may be our opponents to-morrow. But great Russia, our ally; little and generous Holland; all the sympathetic nations of the north; those countries of the French language, Switzerland and Belgium—why are their hearts so heavy, so overflowing with sympathetic suffering? Do you dream, then, of an isolated France? Do you prefer, when you pass the frontier, not to meet the smile of approval for your historic reputation for equity and humanity?

Alas! gentlemen, like so many others, you expect the thunderbolt to descend from heaven in proof of the innocence of Dreyfus. Truth does not come thus. It requires research and knowledge. We know well where the truth is, or where it might be found. But we dream of that only in the recesses of our souls, and we feel patriotic anguish lest we expose ourselves to the danger of having this proof some day cast in our face after having involved the honor of the army in a falsehood. I wish also to declare positively that, though, in the official notice of our list of wit-

nesses, we included certain ambassadors, we had decided in advance not to call them. Our boldness has provoked smiles. But I do not think that there was any real smiling in our Foreign Office, for there they must have understood! We intended to say to those who know the whole truth that we also know it. This truth is gossiped about at the embassies; to-morrow it will be known to all, and, if it is now impossible for us to seek it where it is concealed by official red tape, the government which is not ignorant—the government which is convinced as we are—of the innocence of Dreyfus, will be able, whenever it likes and without risk, to find witnesses who will demonstrate everything.

Dreyfus is innocent. I swear it! I stake my life on it—my honor! At this solemn moment, in the presence of this tribunal which is the representative of human justice, before you, gentlemen, who are the very incarnation of the country, before the whole of France, before the whole world, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By my forty years of work, by the authority that this toil may have given me, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By all I have now, by the name I have made for myself, by my works which have helped for the expansion of French literature, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. May all that melt away, may my works perish if Dreyfus be not innocent! He is innocent. All seems against me—the two Chambers, the civil authority, the most widely-circulated journals, the public opinion which they have poisoned. And I have for me only an ideal of truth and justice. But I am quite calm; I shall conquer. I was determined that my country should not remain the victim of lies and injustice. I may be condemned here. The day will come when France will [illegible] me for having helped to save her honor.

PERE DIDON

HENRI DIDON was born at Touvet in March, 1840, and at the age of twenty-two he became a member of the Dominican order. In 1879 he assumed a position with reference to the question of divorce then occupying the public mind in France which his superiors condemned, and he was consequently "silenced." Subsequently, however, he was restored to favor, and in 1890 became Director of the College of Albert the Great at Arcueil.

CHRIST AND HIGHER CRITICISM

JESUS CHRIST is the greatest name of history. There are others for which men have died. His is the only one worshipped among all peoples of all races in all ages.

He who bears it is known of all the earth. Among savages of the most degenerate tribes of the human species, missionaries go incessantly to announce his death on the cross and the sacrifice made for the human race which is saved by loving him. The most indifferent in the modern world have been obliged to admit that nothing has ever helped the weak and the suffering more than Christianity.

The most glorious geniuses of the past will be obscured. Whether in monuments, palaces, obelisks, or tombs; whether in written encomiums, papyrus or parchment, bricks or medallions—only reminiscences of them have been preserved for us. Jesus will live forever in the conscience of his faithful people. Here in this great manifestation of his power is his indestructible monument.

The Church founded by him fills with his name all time and all places. The Church knows him, loves him, adores him! As he lives in her, so she lives in him. . . . In a few simple words the Church teaches that the greatest event which ever occurred to humanity was the arrival of Christ, and that God loves man, since God saves him from the penalty of the law; that God would save him from harm by giving him aid; that charity is the supreme duty, since by his charity and goodness the Saviour was brought to the cross; that the Christian must be vigilant in the good because his Master will be the judge; that he need not fear death because his Master conquered it and because he himself is destined to eternal life.

The man who accepts these instructions and believes in Christ can walk uprightly in life. He is armed for defence and for growth. Nothing can arrest his progress. The disciple of Jesus Christ has become the conqueror of the world —not from the standpoint of materialism and brutality, for violence is not in the spirit of the crucified Master, but in the sense of goodness, of abnegation, of sacrifice, and of moral dignity. In sowing these virtues as seeds of life, he prepares and enriches the human soil until it is capable of all culture and of all harvests.

But since believers in their intelligence seek to find reasons for elementary dogmas, it is necessary that we explain to them, in the measure of our imperfect and always limited knowledge, the facts and details of the human and divine life of Jesus, the words he spoke, the laws he formulated, his manner of teaching, evangelizing, combating, suffering, and dying. The history of Jesus is the foundation of faith. Evangelical doctrine, moral Christianity, culture, hierarchy, Church dignities, all rest on him. Thanks to the work of

educated teachers, the doctrine of Jesus, his moralities, his faith, and his Church, have become little by little the object of distinct science, perfected, organized, responding to the legitimate aspirations of believers who would be men of faith and men of science; equally, the life of Jesus Christ must in its detail meet the exigencies of history.

The partisans of those called the critical school will say: The Christ of dogma and of tradition, the Christ of the Apostles and the Evangelists, interpreted according to the doctrines of the Church, is not and cannot be the Christ of history. This ideal Christ, God in man, Spirit Incarnate, conceived by an unknown miracle, calling himself the only Son of God, in the absolute and metaphysical sense, multiplying miracles, speaking as the fourth Evangelist makes him speak, rising again three days after death, ascending to the heavens in the face of his disciples, after forty days—such a man is not real! He exists only in the pious fancy of his believers who have created him piecemeal. The true Jesus, the Jesus of history, was born as are all other men; he lived like them; he did no more miracles than they! He taught a purer morality, and founded a religion less imperfect than others. Like all reformers, as a rule, he succumbed to the jealousies of his contemporaries. Becoming the victim of Jewish hatred and dying as we die, he has neither ascended to heaven nor is he living with God!

I revolted (pardon the phrase) not only in my Christian faith, but in my impartiality as a man, at this contradiction. Convinced that Jesus was the invisible God in a human form resembling our own, I, as a historian, regard him as still living, such as he was in this double nature.

The question of his Divinity has divided the greatest minds since the advent of Christ, and it will create division

to the end. It is already a strange phenomenon that Jesus alone disposed of a problem that never sleeps in the consciousness of humanity—a problem that always excites the emotions. I shall permit myself here to make a simple historical reflection addressed to unprejudiced men, to true critics with open minds.

This violent contradiction and contention of which Jesus is the object was prophesied. It shall last as long as the world; it afflicts the Christian, but it does not astonish or trouble him; he sees the signs of his Master. It is the product of living the life of Christ.

While his disciples in reply to the question said: "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God," the Jews said: "He is but a prophet"; others, blinder, called him a blasphemer and a conspirator.

After he had left the earth and while his Apostles preached in the Jewish synagogues, the Messiah, God and man, filled with the wisdom and goodness of God, the first sectaries, the Nazarenes and Ebionites, would see in him nothing but a man.

The contention on this point continued for centuries. A Pagan philosopher, Celsus, without denying the miracles of Christ, ridiculed his doctrines, calling them absurd, and his Cross he called infamous. Origen refuted him and proclaimed with his mighty voice the divinity of his master.
I Since then the ages have advanced; the Crucified One has grown, destroying paganism, absorbing philosophy, dethroning empires, conquering the earth, civilizing the barbarian, creating a new world!

With what reason, then, did the Jews anathematize Jesus and kill him! Pagans, like Tacitus, Suetonius, and the honest pro-consul of Bithynia, Pliny the younger, disdained

him, and looked upon his disciples as a detestable sect. Philosophers like Celsus bore him down with their wisdom, while the Apostles adored in him the Son of God.

If Jesus was, indeed, but the wretch despised by Jews and Pagans, how has he carved on earth such a pathway? How has he founded a religion that dominates the earth? Were he merely human, the achievements would be inexplicable, and it is the popular proof that Jesus is what the Church affirms him to be.

We must not confound criticism with history. Though inseparable from each other, they must remain distinct. In its general sense criticism is the exercise of the judgment, a faculty essential in all reasonable beings. To criticise and to judge are synonymous terms. For judgment as criticism first tries to discern the true from the false. This is the first right and the most necessary duty of the mind. Whatever the domain it explores, religion, philosophy, science, literature, æsthetics, even in mathematics, reason must be attentive to discern the real from the apparent, the true, sometimes unapparent, from the false which is frequently most plausible.

Criticism, therefore, cannot be a special science. It is rather a condition of all science. It enters into the logical rules which determine how men shall think fairly and judge justly. These simple considerations demonstrate the vanity of those who would arrogate a monopoly of criticism. The school of criticism is the school of all the world. Each has a right to claim and to exercise it. The most ordinary temptation of the cultivated mind is to desire to criticise too much, to overjudge, to criticise even that of which he knows nothing. The sage moderates this intemperance. He learns to judge only what he knows, never forgetting

that his knowledge is limited and his ignorance immeasurable.

One may be a good critic in philosophy and a very poor judge of religion or history. Certain human sciences demand, not only the speculative mind, but a long experience.

Moral doctrines are much better criticised even by the ignorant who have experimented with virtue than by the sceptic who doubts the austere joys of sacrifice.

The saints who lived on the word of Jesus will always understand him better than the exacting Pharisees who repelled him and knew not the Saviour. A delicate taste distinguishes shadings which escape the chemist.

As applied to history, the critic has a well-defined duty. The object of history is to state facts. That is, the facts of the past being known to us but by documents, and the documents being the records of witnesses, more or less immediate, to the facts themselves, the critic should examine the documents, facts, and witnesses together.

Some facts are absurd; the critic discards them. Some documents are altered or suspected; the critic notices and amends. If some witnesses are unworthy of belief, he unmasks and confounds them.

In all that concerns the life of Christ, the critic has the right and the duty to inspect the documents and the witnesses we adduce. To judge the life, the antiquity, and the authenticity of one, the value as testimony of the other, they should examine the nature of the facts in the documents as reported by the witnesses.

CHAPLEAU

JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, an eminent Canadian politician and orator, was born in Ste. Thérèce de Blainville, Terrebonne County, Quebec, November 9, 1840, and died in Montreal June 13, 1898. He was called to the bar in 1861, and practised in Montreal, being made a queen's counsel by Lord Dufferin in 1873. In 1867, at the Union of the Provinces, he entered the Quebec legislature as member for Terrebonne; became solicitor-general in the Ouimet administration, in February, 1873; and was subsequently Provincial Secretary under M. de Bucherville, January, 1876. This position he retained until March, 1878, when Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just dismissed the ministry. Sir Adolphe was then chosen leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Quebec Assembly, and acted as such up to the period of his appointment as Provincial Premier, October, 1879. In July, 1882, he exchanged places with the late M. Mousseau, who was then Secretary of State at Ottawa. After Sir John A. Macdonald's death in June, 1891, Sir Adolphe was continued in the Abbott Ministry, first as Secretary of State, and afterward, for a short time, as Minister of Customs. He was appointed to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec in December, 1892, a position that he held until February of 1898, when he retired, being replaced by the Hon. Judge Jetté. In 1884 he served as a commissioner for the purpose of investigating and reporting on the subject of Chinese immigration into Canada.

THE EXECUTION OF RIEL

SPEECH BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 11, 1886

MR. SPEAKER,—A newspaper having announced last evening, that I had become suddenly a penitent, that I was very near adjuring the errors which, with my colleagues in the government, I had been suffering under of late, and that I was, in the near future, going to bid adieu to political life—I only wish that could be true—and that I would retire repenting; and as the paper wished I should employ the last days of my life in prayer, so as to be forgiven by God and man, I thought I would take this first opportunity of making my last confession of the great crime of which I

have been accused during several months past, and I hope I shall make it as plain, as complete, as full as possible, so as to satisfy both friends and foes.

I do not know, Mr. Speaker, whether I can do justice to this debate. I know it is, perhaps, out of place for me to apologize for not speaking in the language which is my mother tongue; but every time I rise in this House, every time I have to express what I feel deeply and vividly in my heart, I have to express it in a language which is not my own, I think it is necessary for me to apologize; for the English language, that has taught the world the great lessons of liberty, does not give me that full freedom of expression which I would have in my own language.

What a change a year can make in the ideas of men, in the feelings of men! What differences do we remark when we look over the proceedings of last session, as I did yesterday! Read over "Hansard" and compare dates with this year. The 19th of March last year, St. Joseph's Day, the day named after that great saint whose name is synonymous with fidelity and loyalty, was chosen by Louis Riel for the outbreak of his rebellion in the Northwest. On the 19th of March Louis Riel inaugurated his revolt, in acts, in his official declaration, in his open opposition to both civil and spiritual power in the Northwest.

On the following days the rebellion was in full blast, and the day after to-morrow will be the anniversary of one of the sad events of our history—the anniversary of the Duck Lake fight—when some of our bravest soldiers, some of the good men of the Northwest, fell under the bullets of traitors and rebels, led by Louis Riel, fell victims to the treachery of a criminal band, who, after destroying government property, after ransacking and plundering the stores of industrious

citizens, after having seized and taken prisoners the men who were doing their duty under the laws of their country, in the protection of the Canadian and the British flag, had torn down the flag of her Majesty and had begun that rebellion of which I hope we will have to-day the last recollection. I hope that the memories of men will not recollect it, after we have done our duty to-day and said that the country cannot countenance those who would like this House—representing the interests, the desires, and the wishes of the people,—to say that that event was one which would be excusable and justifiable in the eyes of true Canadians.

We all remember the feeling that pervaded this House when, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of March, the news arrived that really a rebellion was existing in the Northwest, and that the agitation which had begun many months before had taken the form of an open revolt. We remember the feeling that existed in this House.

It is true that then, as since the beginning of this session, some gentlemen on the other side, exercising their rights as members of Parliament, had been asking for information, had been clamoring for papers, but still the House went on with the performance of its duties until the day we heard the sound of rebellion, and learned that the sons of Canada, at the call of the government, had to go up and fight that revolt.

Sir, when the news of the Duck Lake fight arrived, there was not one man to be found here who would not have said frankly and openly that those who had commenced that rebellion, those men who were ignoring the laws of the country and rebelling against them, were deserving the severest punis. ment of the law.

I remember a few days later, when a newspaper in Ontario had had the audacity, as it was then styled, to say that my

honorable friend sitting on our left had been actually giving countenance to the rebellion, that he had been aiding the conspirators against the peace and integrity of the country, that the honorable members sitting on that side of the House were accomplices of those in the Northwest who were trying to take those large territories away from their allegiance to our Sovereign, I remember what took place in this House.

I remember seeing the honorable leader of the Opposition rising in his seat, his features altered, trembling with emotion and saying, with tears in his voice, that there never was such a slanderous insinuation cast upon him and his party as to say that he and they might be called accomplices or even sympathizers with the rebellion in the Northwest. We all remember the honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] stating that he had a relation whose blood had already stained the snow of the prairies, that he had a nephew whose life was in danger, that his son and his brother's son were ready to shoulder their muskets and go to the Saskatchewan and fight against those who wanted to commit that attempt against the liberties of the empire and the good name of the people of Canada.

At that time we responded to the expression of those feelings; and I remember the right honorable Premier in this House getting up in his seat and saying that whatever differences of opinion there might be between him and honorable gentlemen opposite, he thought the article in question was an ill-advised one—that we all here in this House sympathized together in supporting the laws of our Dominion, and keeping in its integrity the fine country which we are now administering to the glory of those who acquired it, and the glory of the Sovereign who rules over us.

Who would have said then a word of justification of that criminal band that was beginning a rebellion on the shores of the Saskatchewan? Who would have thought, when the honorable gentlemen who left this House to take upon themselves the arduous task of leading their men to the field of battle,—who would have thought when we were all shaking hands with them,—who would have thought when we said good-bye and farewell to the late lamented and regretted member for East Durham, whose name has been revered and cherished, and loved amongst us, since he lost his life in the defence of his country,— who would have thought then that in this House, twelve months afterwards, we would have been asked to vote regret for the lawful execution of the leader of that rebellion?

When Colonel Williams left us here, shaking hand with us, and telling us: "Yes, gentlemen, I am going, and I am proud and happy to perform my duty to my Queen and country, proud to leave you while you are doing your duty here," who would have said to him, "Oh! yes, you are going there to risk your life, but twelve months after this, from his seat in Parliament, a member will rise and say: "I want to declare by my vote that those who killed you and your brothers deserve the sympathies of Canada, and that we regret their punishment!"

Mr. Speaker, I regret the execution of the late rebel leader, Louis Riel, because I cannot find in my heart a place for a feeling of pleasure or rejoicing at the ignominious death of a fellow being. I regret the execution of Louis Riel as I regret those painful occasions when a sacrifice of human life has to be made for the vindication of the law or for the protection of society. I regret, sir, the execution of Louis Riel because of the unhappy trouble he has caused in one of the

finest Provinces of this Dominion. I regret the execution of Louis Riel because of the occasion it has given, for discussion in this House, in which, to use the expression of the honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake], "words have been said that should not have been said, things have been uttered that should not have been uttered, and sentiments have had room for expression which should not have been expressed in this House." I regret the execution of Louis Riel for those reasons; but I cannot condemn the punishment of his crime.

Providence, sir, suffers the mysterious agencies of human passions and the free will of men to mark dark hours in the history of nations. Louis Riel has written with his own hand and with his own deeds the darkest pages in the history of the Northwest of this Dominion; he has signed those bloody pages, and sealed them with his blood on the scaffold of Regina on the 16th of November last. The scaffold has spread its hideous shadow over the newly christened town of Regina—christened after the name of our beloved Sovereign; and the virgin soil of the Province of Assiniboia was torn open to receive the dead body of a man who had sown the seeds of discontent, of revolt, and of war and death in a land which should have been reserved for peace, unity, happy tranquillity and industry.

The solemn sanction which was then given to the law should deter all other men, and deter, I hope, all other evil-disposed and evil-thinking men from imitating his example. Unfortunately, sir, from the cell of the doomed agitator, from the scaffold, and the grave of the executed criminal, there came the wind of revolt and the poison of national animosity, which pervaded one of the great Provinces of this Dominion, and which threaten even now, perhaps to a larger extent than

we believe, the future tranquillity, and destinies of the Dominion.

Mr. Speaker, if I bring to your recollection these sad events, it is only to show you the unfortunate position in which are placed those who in the Province of Quebec have espoused—some with sincerity and good faith, others with schemes for political supremacy—the cause of rebellion, which, it cannot be denied, has produced in this country one of the most unfortunate periods in our political history.

Mr. Speaker, it is the deep feeling of the danger arising from the present crisis which has animated me during the whole of that period, and which has often driven away from my lips and from my pen words of anger and words of violent rebuke, which would have been justified by the treatment to which I and my honorable colleagues in the government have been subjected for over three months past. During that time, sir, we have seen an infuriated and maddened mob tearing to pieces our likenesses, and hanging and burning us in effigy; but this has had upon me no other effect than to make me feel more pity than anger toward the crowd who had been excited against us.

In the city of Montreal my portrait has been for days exposed in windows, bearing on the forehead a large red stain, to convey the idea that I was the murderer of one of my fellow-countrymen. Sir, I forgave that villainy. As one of my friends in Montreal remarked: "The poor individual who did that has himself on his brow a stain which neither rubbing nor washing will ever take away," and calls back to my memory the following lines:—

> "La mer y passerait sans laver la souillure,
> Car le gouffre est immense et la tache est au fond." [1]

[1] "The sea might flow over it without washing out the stain
For the abyss is immense and the spot goes to the very bottom."

I forget easily those attacks prompted by the public excitement, but there is one thing from which I have suffered—it is this: These demonstrations were called by men who have been associated with me in friendship, and knew me better than with sincerity to call me a traitor and a coward. I, a traitor! Mr. Speaker, I have been now over twenty-seven years in active public life, and I think I could ask from friends and foes this testimony, that I have been true to my Sovereign, true to my country, true to my party, true to my friends. Sir, if there is one reproach which I do not deserve from either side of the House, it is the reproach of treachery. I have been at times accused, and accused by the press of my honorable friends opposite, of having perhaps too much political loyalty.

They have also called me coward. Well, it is hard to speak of oneself, but I might say of those who have uttered this charge, that their hearts would, perhaps, have faltered if they had had to go through the ordeal through which I have passed since the 13th November last. To have retained the courage I have retained, to have faced what I have faced, to have refused what I have refused, to have done what I have done—does not, I ask those who have called me a coward, merit for me that epithet! But, as I have said, feeling that the occasion was one which seldom presents itself in the life of a man, feeling deeply the danger which, I thought, was menacing our country and our nationality, I kept away from my lips and my pen all words of anger against those who abused me.

I might also say here, there was another reason that prevented me from resenting those insults. I am frank, and I must say that, whatever might be the cause, the movement that spread through the Province of Quebec did not surprise

me, and if I have not reproached, in bitter terms, my friends for what they have done, it is because I thought that, although we, the ministers of the Crown, had not failed in our duty toward the Crown, toward our oath of office, toward our country generally, perhaps we were in fault to a certain degree in not having taken more care in the direction of public opinion in the Province of Quebec.

The cause, the main cause of the trouble in that Province has been the exaggerations of the Conservative press. I have stated to my friends that the trouble we have had, the dangers we have run, the consequence from which we may probably suffer, would not have been occasioned if the press, and especially the Conservative press, had been better directed.

It is true that, as people say, it was in the wind, it was everywhere, the atmosphere was full of it, and nobody could escape; but I am, nevertheless, surprised to see that men, such as some of our friends in this House, should have been caught with the disease—let me call it that name—yielding to that movement, forgetting their old associations, and becoming parties to what I consider to be one of the greatest mistakes that our population in the Province of Quebec has ever made. I know that they have yielded to what they considered a good impulse, a national sentiment.

I am not one of those who believe that that natural national feeling is not one which deserves praise. The population in our country, being divided, as it is, in different nationalities, the affirmation of the rights of one fraction of the people is not bad in itself. That pride in one's nationality is a thing that might be productive of good results; like all powerful motives, it must be regulated, otherwise disorder will result; like all those strong agents on the human organ-

ism, taken in a moderate dose it is a splendid remedy, but taken in an immoderate dose it becomes a poison.

In this instance, our friends have exaggerated that feeling, and hence we have seen in the Province of Quebec that outburst of sectional animosity which we all deplore, and which, I trust, will end after this House has taken its determination and has given the vote which moderate, deliberate men are asked to give.

But, sir, we have not here to deal with those demonstrations; we have to deal with the question which is proposed to us, and that question is this: Was the execution of Louis Riel one which we, the House of Parliament—we, the House representing the views, feelings and ideas of the country, should condemn or approve?

My honorable friend from Montmagny [Mr. Landry] has put his motion in a particular way, and in his opening remarks he said: "I have not qualified the expression of regret for the execution of Louis Riel; I have left to everyone the right to choose the reason why they should regret that execution." I must say this was perhaps in the idea of the mover a skilful arrangement with a view to draw as many votes as possible for his motion, but I understand that he wanted to say that everyone might express his reason why the execution should be blamed or should be approved.

As I have said before, I would be ready to unite my sympathies with his if he only wanted an expression of regret, if there was not coupled with that an expression of blame for the action of the government in asking that the law should be carried out.

The honorable member for Quebec-East [Mr. Laurier], who has taken upon himself the defence of the rebellion in the Northwest, was very careful, in the beginning of his re-

marks and during the whole of his speech, to say that the movement which had been carried on in the Province of Quebec was not a political movement; secondly, that it was not a national movement; and further, that the House had not to decide upon those questions.

My honorable friend said it was not a political movement. Well, Mr. Speaker, I ask everyone of those who saw the beginning of that agitation to say whether it was so or not. I ask those who saw the press, before this Session, whether there was nothing in that movement of a political character, whether there was nothing but a sincere desire to see if the law had been justly administered or if a great injustice had not been done in the execution of the sentence. My honorable friend will allow me to ask him, how did the agitation begin in Montreal?

It did not begin with the meeting of the Champ-de-Mars; it did not begin with the outburst of the Conservative press which made it a general question in the country; it began when two of the friends of the honorable member for Quebec-East started the movement. I must give credit to those to whom it is due.

Mr. L. O. David, of Montreal, was the originator and initiator of that movement. He was assisted, it is true, in his effort by a man whose name and profession are more modest, by a bailiff of the name of Phaneuf, one of the agents of the Liberal party in Montreal. They began to create an agitation in Montreal, and everyone knows how easily that is done in a large city. Then, in regard to the delays in the execution of the sentence, there were the reporters who had been sent by the press to report the proceedings of the trial at Regina, and who, instead of reporting truly and solely the proceedings of the court, did send to the press of Montreal

fantastical reports having more the color and shape of novels than of true reports from a court of justice. These were the beginnings of the movement in Montreal.

After a while, when it had taken shape, everybody was expecting—what? I must say it, Mr. Speaker—on one side, among our Conservative friends in Montreal, some were expecting that the government would take the side of mercy, would treat that question with the view of trying to preserve peace by the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy, and, on the other, the Liberals were only speculating upon the government carrying out the law to its fullest extent, to its direct execution, so as to have a lever upon public opinion for political designs.

I do not dissimulate the state of public opinion in the city of Montreal. What was the state of things in that city in the month of October? I arrived in Montreal in the beginning of October, and I was met by friends who said: "Well, there is a great movement pervading the country, and it is for you to be at the head it; it is for you to see that justice is done, but at the same time that mercy is given by the government; we must lead public opinion; we must not allow the Liberals to take the lead; we must not allow them to gain the confidence of the electors, to arouse a national feeling in the country."

Such was the state of things in Montreal in October. One party was looking for political aggrandizement and triumph. The other party was looking truly, sincerely, earnestly for something which they thought was due to the national services that have been rendered by the Conservatives and the French-Canadian nationality. One party was looking for power; the other party was looking for mercy. The honorable member for Quebec-East [Mr. Laurier], said: "No,

we have been careful to abstain from any political declaration on that subject."

Yes, sir, and that is true in words; that is true like that loyalty on the lips, of which my honorable friend for Quebec-East spoke, and to which I will allude in the course of this debate. My honorable friends were saying: "No, let us cast aside all political differences, let us all be united as one man to ask the government to do justice."

But, Mr. Speaker, I who knew what was going on, I who was made the confident of many indiscreet confidences, knew one thing. After petitions had been sent, after all influence had been exercised to try to obtain the result of what was then asked by, I might say, the whole population of the Province of Quebec, I heard this, and I shall quote the words from a letter which was sent to me—after it was announced in Montreal that the government had taken a decision—from one of the hotels in Montreal where a little conclave of Liberals had been held waiting for the news from Ottawa; and, learning that the government had decided that the law should be carried out, one of them said:

"Eh bien! tant mieux.

"Nous avions bien peur que le vieux Sir John n'eût arrangé cela pendant qu'il était en Angleterre pour en laisser la responsabilité au gouvernement Impérial, comme dans l'affaire Letellier. Mais cela nous vaut vingt comtés dans le Bas-Canada."[1]

This declaration, Mr. Speaker, cannot be denied. It has been sent to me quite warm from the lips of the man who said it, and it is a secret to nobody in Montreal that all the Liberals

[1] "Very well! So much the better. We were very much afraid that old Sir John would have settled that matter while he was in England so as to lay the responsibility on the Imperial government as in the Letellier affair. But that is worth to us twenty counties in Lower Canada."

openly said: "We have got them now; we have taken the Conservatives with us, and now that the government is obliged to see that the law is carried out, twenty counties will come to us in the Province of Quebec. We thought that the great schemer, Sir John, would have arranged it in England."

I received a letter to that effect whilst I was in Paris, in which one of my friends, not belonging to my own political party, said: "I know very well how it will be done. You will be a partner in that scheme, and you will arrange it so that the Imperial government will take the responsibility, and then you will go flying along, sails to the wind, and again you will carry your elections."

Sir, that has not been done, and the right honorable gentleman at the head of the government had no such design when he was in England. But that was said, and it is an indication that the movement had not that character which the honorable member for Quebec-East gave it, that is non-political and non-national, but having only for its object the fair and just administration of the law to all, and mercy to who deserves it. The honorable member for Jacques-Cartier [Mr. Girouard], has said that those who were asking for the head of Riel were not friends of the government. Those who were asking for the head of Riel were the organs representing the Liberal party in Ontario. They were clamoring for his death, believing, as the Liberals of Montreal had said, that the government would be unable to settle that question without appealing to the Imperial authorities.

But I will not take up the time of the House to show the insincerity of those who pretend now that they are working in the cause of humanity, and who were then asking for the head of the man whose fate they now pretend to deplore.

They did not want—what shall I say? to save Louis Riel from death? No. The moment they knew that his fate was sealed, the moment they knew that the grave would soon be closed over him, they began the agitation. Their sympathy is only for the corpse of the man, but it was not for the body and soul of the living man. It is true, Mr. Speaker, our Province got excited over it, and it is one of the traits of my nationality to have that chivalrous spirit for which due credit is not given to us.

It is not the first time that spirit has shown itself in favor of others—I hope it will be the last. We saw the same thing in 1872 in reference to the New-Brunswick school question to which my honorable friend for Jacques-Cartier has alluded. The whole Province of Quebec was aroused. The Conservative party was split in two; more than that, I think the majority of the Conservative party in that Province left the ranks for the moment. What did the leader of the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec say then? Sir George E. Cartier said: "Gentlemen, you are taking a course which you ought not to follow; you are the minority in the Dominion, and you are setting a precedent which will be turned against you."

That lesson, sir, was one which should have been remembered. As soon as our friends opposite came into power, the sympathies which they had shown us previously, soon vanished, and even those for whom the Conservative party had fought came up and said that they expected to find the Province of Quebec satisfied with the law against which it had nearly revolted.

Mr. Speaker, the honorable member for Quebec-East, in his speech, has tried to make the House and country forget his speech on the Champ-de-Mars—not by repudiating it, but by

making, in this House, even bolder assertions than those he made on that occasion. What do we find in his speech?

First, a plea in justification of the insurrection; second, the cruel treatment which the government meted out to a defeated man in his struggle for liberty against a despotic government; and at last—I was surprised to hear the last part of his speech, which actually pulled down the fine edifice he had built up—after having crowned his hero with the halo of a martyr, he finished his portrait of Riel by saying that the government had not taken sufficient pains to prove that his idol had nothing more than feet of clay and legs of sand, but that even his head was not in the right place, and that his hero was an insane, forgetting that Riel or any other man could not be both a hero and an insane.

Well, my honorable friend has said the government had acted badly towards the Half-breeds, and that the insurrection on the Saskatchewan was justifiable—not only excusable, but justifiable, he said.

And how, and why? He said the legislation of 1879 concerning the Half-breeds of the Northwest was nothing but the completion of the legislation of 1870. But he added: You have taken from 1879 to 1885, the whole of that time, to give justice to those people who were entitled to what you gave them in 1885, under the act of 1870. I admit, for argument's sake, the delays of the government have been faulty. But they were only delays.

And has the honorable gentleman considered that the responsibility for those delays bears much more heavily on the government to which he belonged than it does on this government? No, he forgot that circumstance. If his own government had not given as an answer to the Half-breeds that they would not be treated otherwise than as white settlers, those

delays might perhaps have been avoided and the revolt of 1885 averted.

In that great display of eloquence we had from the honorable gentleman, he declared that the government had only moved when bullets were coming upon them. But the honorable gentleman was obliged to admit that on 26th January the government had decided to grant those rights, and to send a commission to see that those rights were granted to the parties entitled to them. He has stated that the government did not want to give the Half-breeds their rights and do justice to them, and that they only intended to take a census of the Half-breeds who might have been entitled, under treaty rights according to the acts of 1870 and 1879.

He thereby dealt the heaviest blow at the government, of which he has been a member, and at those who have taken up arms against this government, in stating that we had had the prudence to think as to who were entitled to the rights according to the act of 1870. The honorable gentleman was forgetting, that of all those who rebelled and fought on the Saskatchewan, not more than twenty-one had really a right to claim land under that title. The other Half-breeds, who were acting with Riel, had already obtained land by virtue of the act of 1870, after the transfer of Manitoba and the Northwest territories to the government.

In that list, it is true, a few names were given among the rebels, but those were probably the greatest proportion of those who had reasons to urge their claims before the government. If that honorable gentleman had occupied a seat on the treasury benches, he would have said what we have said, and he would have said more than the honorable member for Bothwell [Mr. Mills] said, when he refused the whole of the rights demanded by the Half-breeds.

I was surprised when I heard the honorable member for Quebec-East say that what is hateful is not rebellion but the despotism that induces rebellion; what are hateful are not rebels but the men who having the possession of power did not discharge its duties. The sentiment expressed by the honorable member might be very good for a rhetorical display, a very happy answer to the remark of the Minister of Militia, who said that in his heart he hated rebellion and hated rebels; that might be a very fine answer in a debating club, but in the mouth of a privy councillor the statement that what he hated was not rebellion and not rebels was an expression which should not be heard in any deliberative assembly.

The honorable gentleman thought he could answer the declaration of the Minister of Militia by saying that if Sir George Cartier, the great leader for years of the French-Canadian Conservative party, had been here and had heard the statement of the Minister of Militia, holding the same portfolio that Sir George Cartier held, he would have reproached him for his words, for he, in 1837, had been a rebel. I wish Sir George Cartier could have been here to have heard the words of the honorable member. He might have said perhaps that in his youth, carried away by ideas of liberty, he joined a movement which was much more justifiable than the Northwest rebellion, and he might have been found in the ranks of the rebels.

But that distinguished statesman would probably have said to the honorable gentleman what I heard him say one day, that if he had been taken with arms in his hand and been executed he would have received nothing but what he deserved. The honorable gentleman cannot quote words from Sir George Cartier that he was right in rebelling against

the authority of his Sovereign; he never heard him mention a word to that effect. But if Sir George Cartier had done so he would have been speaking of an occasion, not at all identical with the insurrection of 1885 on the Saskatchewan; and although the honorable gentleman may be able to show that rebellion and rebels, when viewed through the magic lantern of his eloquence, were justifiable, he would never convince good Canadian subjects that the recent rebellion in the Northwest could be properly compared with the movement of 1837.

I have to thank the honorable member and his friends for not having repeated in this House what they have stated all over the country, that those martyrs of the Northwest should be honored and applauded equally with the victims of 1837-38, and should have the veneration, and admiration, and respect of our fellow citizens as those heroes have.

My friend from Quebec-East could not have repeated these words in this assembly. He knows that his old friends in Lower Canada, who were associated with the agitation of 1837 and 1838, would have repudiated him. I have a letter here from one of those men of 1837, who says it would be a mockery to think of it—and this man is a true Liberal, a Liberal in heart and not a mere political schemer—he says:

"I told my friends: Do not be guilty of putting the mockery of a martyr of liberty among those who have been real martyrs to the cause of freedom? Do not desecrate that tomb in the cemetery, at Montreal, and do not class those who sleep in that tomb with this man. They would blush to see his name associated with theirs, and would ask him what he has done with the money which his ambition and his cupidity wanted to have, while they gave their blood for their principles when treachery was offering thousands of pounds for their surrender."

My honorable friend did not make a happy allusion when he wanted to assimilate those two cases, or when he said that Sir George Cartier, if he had been here and had been the leader of the Conservative party, would never have allowed the execution of Riel.

I can recall one case which occurred when Sir George Cartier was Attorney-General, and when he had the sad duty to perform of reporting in favor of an execution. In that occurrence, Cartier stated himself that he had gone so far as to consider that he could not remain in the government if his opinion as Attorney-General was not adopted in a case where the judge had refused to concur in the recommendation to the mercy of the Crown. My honorable friend from Quebec-East [Mr. Laurier], in a great outburst of Liberalism, said that he knew what Tory loyalty was, and he went on to state what it was in his estimation.

I do not want to follow him in that line, but I will only refer to one point. He has spoken of Tory loyalty, and I might perhaps on this occasion speak to him of Grit and Rouge political honesty, and I will not look for many past occasions in which that honesty shone with great brilliancy, but will confine myself to the one now before us. I ask, Mr. Speaker: Is it honesty to take up this question, which has already been decided by the honorable gentlemen, for they have decided what Riel was, as far back as 1871? They said what they had to say of him in 1874. Every one of their organs, after the insurrection of 1870, had given their opinion about him, and when, the other day, I heard the honorable member for West Huron [Mr. Cameron]—the gentleman who is represented to be the very essence of Gritism in the Province of Ontario—rising in his seat and speaking as he has spoken, I was astounded to hear him and to see what he was doing, and

I asked myself, where is Liberal honesty in politics, when they champion Riel as a martyr now that he is dead, and have never done anything to save him before the 16th of November?

Why! it looks like a put-up job, and lowers party politics to mere trickery. I think, sir, that against Tory loyalty we might fairly set up in comparison the Liberal-Rouge-Grit honesty on this question. I do not believe that there is one man in the Dominion, I do not believe that there is one man on that side of the House, who honestly and truly and sincerely thinks that the issue which has been raised on this question is one which they do truly in their souls and hearts approve of.

My honorable friends need not get up and tell me I am not speaking parliamentary language. I have as much right to say that I do not believe in their sincerity upon this question, as they had to say that we were traitors, that we were the men who should have been punished.

But my honorable friend from Quebec-East thought he could bring to the House recollections of the past, that he could quote to the House all those instances where insurrections had been decided by history to have been not only justifiable, but to have been the steps by which, one after another, the great nations of the world have reached the height of liberty.

My honorable friend has enumerated them all. He said he had admired, and he still admired, and felt a sympathy for, the French people who had tried to win their liberties in the insurrection of 1870; misguided though he says they were, they are still worthy of admiration. He said that his sympathies had been with the Italians when they were endeavoring to liberate themselves from the yoke of their op-

pressors; and with the Americans when they were fighting in the great cause of national unity. It is true my honorable friend made a great rhetorical spread, but he forgot that the great fight for freedom, for state rights, if it had any application to his case at all, would have been the fight of the South for their liberty against the despotism of the North. However, that was a splendid occasion to deliver some magnificent rhetorical periods, and that was all the honorable gentleman cared for. After enumerating the revolutions which he glories in, my honorable friend said:

"And when at last—at last—a section of our own countrymen rose in arms to claim rights long denied them, rights which were immediately acknowledged to be just, as soon as they were asked with bullets, are we to have no sympathy with them?"

There are three great errors in that sentence. First, those rights which he says were not acknowledged to them, he has said in another part of his speech they were acknowledged to them, but that delays had occurred in the execution of that acknowledgment. Next, it is not true, that their demands were only answered when bullets were sent. They were acknowledged, and the execution of that acknowledgment took place before the bullets came; and, as I shall prove in a moment, the bullets came from Riel's partisans only because justice had preceded him, and he was afraid of the effect of justice on his deluded partisans. The last heresy of the honorable gentleman is in asking our sympathy with them in their rebellion. But, sir, let us see another sentence which I find in my honorable friend's speech:

"Though these men were in the wrong, though the rebellion had to be put down, though it was the duty of the government to assert its authority and vindicate the law, still I ask any friend of liberty if there is not a feeling rising in his

heart stronger than all reasoning to the contrary, that these men were excusable."

Mr. Speaker, I cannot reconcile those two ideas. Since those men were wrong, since the government was right and did well to put down the rebellion, what is the conclusion from my honorable friend's premises to his vote! If the government was right, if the rebels were wrong, should we regret the punishment of the man who took up arms against the government of her Majesty, and who has been the cause of the death of hundreds of good citizens? Should we regret the execution, because they were wrong and the government was right, or should we regret it because a feeling of generous sympathy comes into our hearts because those men, as my honorable friend said, took their lives and their liberty in their hands to put them in place of petitions and protests and demands which they should have sent to the government?

Had my honorable friend gone one step further he would have fallen into the anarchical doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, speaking in his "Contrat Social," says:

"Les clauses du 'Contrat Social' sont tellement déterminées par la nature de l'acte que la moindre modification les rendrait vaines et de nul effet. . . en sorte que chacun rentre alors dans les premiers droits et reprenne sa liberté naturelle."[1]

This is another endeavor to adapt a social theory to the unfortunate rebellion of which an apology has been attempted. My honorable friend has recalled the memory of the great agitations which in the past century have changed dynasties, have inaugurated new charters of liberty, and have molded

[1] "The clauses of the 'Social Contract' are so determined by the nature of the act that the slightest modification would make them nugatory . . . . so that each one then comes into the first rights and regains his natural liberty."

new destinies for some of the nations of Europe. He has recalled to our minds the revolution of 1870—that revolution which gave the régime of the Commune and the reign of that liberty *rouge* with the blood of General Lecomte and of Mgr. D'Arboy, *rouge* with the incendiary lights of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville, which the *pétroleuses* had ignited as fitting torches for the altar of triumphant demagogism, *rouge* with the atrocities that all the world has deplored—that last revolution of France my honorable friend has taken as a model. [Mr. Laurier: Hear, hear.]

My honorable friend shall not say that he has not cited it. He said:

"I appeal to every friend of liberty, to all those who during twenty-five years past, have felt their hearts thrill whenever a struggle for freedom was going on in any corner of the world——

And when he comes to the French Revolution—

"With the French themselves, in their generous though misguided efforts to establish amongst themselves the blessings of freedom and parliamentary and responsible government."

My honorable friend could not have left aside the word "misguided"; but his thrill of generous impulse for the friends of liberty was for that régime of 1871, as I have stated. My honorable friend also cited the revolution of Italy. It is true that revolution is worthy of his sympathy. It was the revolution that wrested from the Papacy, with the temporal power, an independence that for ages had been the safeguard of the thrones of Europe, and which at the present moment the greatest statesmen of Europe are thinking of restoring, in the hope to save the Old World from the an-

archical wave which socialism and nihilism are bringing over it.

My honorable friend also referred to the French revolution of 1789 which invented the guillotine and deified the *sans-culottes.* That also was one of the great impulses of human liberty. If my honorable friend and his colleague sitting beside him have chosen those events as examples to us of the right of resistance and revolution, I decline to accept their conclusions.

My honorable friend from Quebec-East has attempted to draw a parallel between the conduct of this government toward the Half-breeds, and that of the United States toward the South. He tried to be particularly eloquent on this point, but his comparison lacked of justice, and if he had carried it out to its proper terms, he would have found himself in the painful necessity for him to praise this government.

Let us briefly recall a few facts connected with the American rebellion and that of Riel.

The South, after having been tyrannized by the Federal government for years, saw his enemies pressed by the rabid Abolitionists, ready to wipe out slavery, a course I should approve with all the friends of Liberty, but which meant ruin for the South if the slaves were to be set free without compensation for their owners.

The South took up arms and waged, for four years, one of the most terrible wars of modern times. There was unanimity in the course of the Southerners. The whole nation went to war; there were not particular persons against whom alone could be charged the crime of rebellion. The whole South was guilty in the same degree, and it would have been ridiculous to bring Jeff. Davis before courts of justice,

charged with high treason. He was simply elected chief and did assume command on the authority imposed to him. Besides, as the South had suffered wholesale slaughters, it would have been absurd and useless to shoot or hang one individual after the war.

But these were not the only reasons why Jeff. Davis was not tried. Had the honorable gentleman forgotten that the Southern States were recognized as belligerents; that all through the war constant exchanges of prisoners had taken place between the contending armies, and that the articles of capitulation quoted by the honorable member accepted to some extent their standing as belligerents.

Now, if we turn to Canada we find quite another state of things. Did we deny the rights of the Métis? Did we not recognize them from the first, and that, after the previous government had distinctly declared that it did not see any reason why the Half-breeds should be treated otherwise than white settlers? Delays were the cause of the troubles, but if the government, of which my honorable friend was a member, had recognized, as we did, the rights of the Métis, these delays would have been less, and the war might have been averted. The government, I am ready to concede, may be responsible for some delays; but the Métis must also be responsible, because of some of their demands which could not be granted, on account of their impracticability, as were the claims of those who had already received their grants, in Manitoba, after 1870.

But, Mr. Speaker, people do not go to war for questions of details, for a question of delay; when the principle is admitted, the main point is settled; and they would not have rushed to arms, at the very moment when the announcement came that justice was coming to them, if Riel, rebelling in

one breath against Church and State, had not blinded them altogether, in his desire to achieve his own objects.

And here, sir, I cannot refrain from remarking that the honorable gentlemen who have magnified Riel's claims so as to justify his rebellion, have forgotten to tell us what claim he had against the Church, against the missionaries; they have prudently omitted to justify his rebellion against spiritual power. I hope they will attempt it before this debate is over.

But now, to revert to our comparison, how have we dealt with the rebels after the war, and how the government which my honorable friend points out as a model in its dealings with defeated rebellion? We have taken the poor Métis, crushed, ruined by their fault; we have fed them; we have repaired the evil brought on them by the folly of their leader, we have saved them from starvation; we have opened the doors of the prisons where the most compromised had been confined after a trial.

And our great models, what have they done? Let history answer. Not satisfied with having laid the South waste, they robbed the slave owners by setting free, without compensation or preparation, a most dangerous class, not fit for liberty; and to crown their horrible conduct, they threw the South into the hands of a new Egyptian plague, the carpet-baggers who, for almost twenty years, have persecuted and tyrannized the unfortunate down-trodden Southerners as no nation in the present age has been!—Such has been the glorious conduct of our models towards a defeated enemy.

But perhaps my honorable friend has taken those examples to prove that after a revolutionary movement or a great political commotion no blood should be shed for political crimes and that mercy should be exercised, for he said that during

the last century nothing of the kind was done except in the despotic countries of Europe.

My honorable friend has forgotten his history on the shores of the Saskatchewan; his historical reminiscences are as rusty as the musket he wanted to shoulder. It was a very unfortunate recollection that took him back to the revolution of 1870, in France. We know that hundreds and thousands of men were sacrificed as political offenders after that terrible war. I cannot compliment him on the fitness of his choice. It was indeed a most unfortunate precedent for one who contended that political offences are no more visited with capital punishment, since the French revolution of 1870. With the record of the post of Satory, with the hecatombs of victims sentenced and executed after the defeat of the Commune, that page of history hardly bears testimony in favor of the cause of my honorable friend.

It is true that all governments have not acted as we have, and in recommending us to follow the example of other governments, no doubt honorable gentlemen opposite believed that, in our paternal care of the Northwest and the poor deluded people who were carried away by the rebellion, we should have done what we did not choose to do, namely, proclaim martial law. Honorable gentlemen opposite would no doubt have done this, and all those rebels would have been executed, their families deprived of their support, and my honorable friends would have claimed that that was right because it was the effect of martial law and not the revenge of society against political offenders.

But the government did not do that; the general in command showed that sympathy and humanity which should not be made a reproach against him. He is a good general and he is also a good-hearted man, and he tried to save the lives

of those who fought against him as he did throughout the whole campaign the lives of our best youth in arms for their country.

It is an insult to history, it is an insult to logic to pretend that there is any point of similarity between the great social perturbations which were cited and the events of the North-west. My honorable friend from Quebec-East may show the treasonable revolt of Riel through the magic lantern of his eloquence as often as he pleases, he will never succeed in magnifying it to the dimensions of the rising of nations, breaking the shackles of servitude and shattering the walls of the social edifice to breathe the refreshing air of liberty.

Honorable gentlemen have been speaking about papers being wanted, petitions sent in connection with the North-west grievances. I ask the honorable member for Quebec-East [Mr. Laurier] if he has quoted a single instance in which those appeals would indicate a refusal of justice by the government, that would justify the insurrection. The honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] says that since last year they had been asking papers.

Why, there is not a scrap of paper written in the North-west which has not been published in the press all over the country. There are papers in condemnation of the rebellion, in condemnation of the arch-traitor, and in condemnation of the theories of honorable gentlemen opposite,—and what papers are they? They are the letters of Riel to the Indians, the proclamation sent to the Half-breeds calling on them to rebel, the Memoirs of Riel written by himself, his letter to Dr. Fiset, the confessions he has made—all these are papers you know of, and which condemn not only those who have rebelled, but those who are upholding the rebellion.

There are the letters of the missionaries and the bishops,

who have said the leader of the insurrection was wicked in intention and treacherous in conduct, both to the government and the interests of the people; there are above all, to condemn those who plead for the rebellion, the statutes of the land. These are the papers which honorable gentlemen should have read; these are the papers the people will read, and in which they will read the condemnation of honorable gentlemen opposite.

But when I heard the theory advanced by my honorable friend in favor of the right, as he called it, the sacred right of resistance, I could not help looking into those books which we studied and were taught in our youth to respect. The honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] called it the sacred right of resistance; the honorable member for Quebec-East [Mr. Laurier] called it the right of rebellion and insurrection.

I maintain that my honorable friend has laid out a doctrine which is reproved by the authority to which he must submit, in those matters. What is the true doctrine in relation to legitimate resistance to the established powers? The rules, if rules they may be called, which have been expounded on that subject, in the most liberal as well as the most prudent formula, are those which we find in the works of Thomas Aquinas. I quote the illustrious doctor without fear of being accused of bigotry. Protestant writers have agreed to say that his definition of the law is the boldest and noblest which could be devised. The law, says the great Catholic philosopher, is: "Rationis ordinatio, ad bonum commune, ab eo qui curam habet communitatis, promulgata."[1]

On reading to-day the definition of law by Blackstone and

[1] "A decree founded on reason, and for the common good, published by him who has charge of the community."

Chitty, and the comments of Chitty on Blackstone's definitions of law, I remembered having read somewhere in the works of a Protestant author that Thomas Aquinas' definition of law was really the noblest that had been written by man. That author, who defines the law to be a decree founded upon reason for the common good, and proclaimed by the ruler of the community, adds: "In certain cases resistance to that power might be legitimate."

But when is the right of resistance legitimate? When the prince has decreed laws which are against the principles of justice, of honor, of morality; when he has put aside the care which is entrusted to him of keeping the community for the good of the people, and when he has taken it for the sole satisfaction of his appetites, of his passions, or of his caprice; and then even the right of resistance can only be exercised when long and personal suffering has been sustained, when prayers, petitions, protests, summonses have been sent——

[Some honorable member: Hear, hear.]

Yes, I hear my honorable friends say "hear, hear," and I tell them that their "hear, hears" are of no account—when prayers, petitions, summonses, protests have been presented, when those who are most qualified to advise the people, who are most qualified to know the common good of the community, have decided that the rule of the ruler is intolerable and is producing more harm than would a revolution, which is always productive of harm, and when those who are in a position to judge of the wants of the people and to advise the ruler and who have advised him, agree with the nation that a rising is legitimate. That is a doctrine which the Church has not proclaimed, but which she has tolerated as being the doctrine founded on real and true Christian principle. Are those the conditions which my honorable friend from Quebec-

East has found for his eulogy? Are those the conditions which the rebel leader in the Northwest Territory had in view?

No, Mr. Speaker, I assert here what I have said before when I wrote on the 6th of June last year—not to Mr. Dubuc, as the Liberal press has said always, not even taking the trouble to inquire the names of those to whom I wrote—but to Mr. Plante and Mr. Charland in Fall River, that, since the entry of Riel into the Dominion of Canada in 1884, no petition had been presented to the government by him or by his government or council, and that I, the friend of the Half-breeds, I, the man who had shown my friendship and my sympathy for them in a substantial manner, I had received nothing from them, not even a letter; and that no protest or summons had been sent to this government since the beginning of the agitation of Louis Riel.

No; Louis Riel, when he arrived in the Northwest, commenced his work, as the evidence which has been brought before the House shows, by trying to captivate the sympathy of the people. He was a master in that art. After having succeeded in that, what did he do? When he saw that the people were not ready to accept all his views, he began a political agitation. He did not address himself to the government, but went on with his agitation; and, when, as in one instance a venerable bishop, Bishop Grandin, had him at a meeting, and said: "Perhaps this is not the course you should follow," immediately you see Louis Riel not only trying to captivate the sympathies of the people and alienating from them the government and the officials, but even alienating those who, according to the words of the great writer, whose authority I have cited, "are in the best position to know the wants of the people and to advise the rulers of the country."

He alienated them from his cause, he created a new religion, he was a renegate and an apostate.

Then, Mr. Speaker, Riel did nothing of what is considered to be the necessary conditions in order to justify the rising of a nation. He is inexcusable if he is judged according to the rules accepted by the Church.

But there is another rule by which he, perhaps, wanted to be judged; that is the political rule which is this—the man who rises against the government, if he succeeds, might be a hero; if he succumbs he is a traitor and he is executed. Riel has chosen what he wanted to have—not the rule of a justifiable rising, but the human political rule, to be applied to him: to be considered a hero if he succeeded, or a felon and a traitor if he failed, and to be acted upon as such; as he was treated and as the law acted upon him.

Mr. Speaker, I will ask permission of the House at this moment to refer to a point taken in this debate, that Riel, who had been arrested and tried for high treason, was considered by the courts, by the government, and by public opinion, as not being entitled to any special kindness at the hands of the government because he was a rebel for the second time, and that, though not convicted, he had been already accused of and outlawed for another criminal offence.

I shall not take up the time of the House to expound the jurisprudence upon this question. The Minister of Justice has said that a conviction, on a previous occasion, of the same offence, is a real and just consideration for a judge to take into account in sentencing an offender. But my honorable friend from Quebec-East, and the honorable member for West Durham, have tried to put me into contradiction with myself for having been a defender of Lépine in 1874; and

I only allude to it because the press throughout the country has been harping upon it.

I did say in my letter to my constituents that I knew that Riel had been guilty of a previous murder, had been guilty of rebellion before 1885. I do not see my honorable friend for West Durham in his seat at this moment, but I must say that he was not generous on that occasion, he, a member of the profession to which I am proud to belong; and I was sorry to hear him speak as he did.

In 1874 Ambroise Lépine and Louis Riel were indicted for the murder of Thomas Scott. It is well known that, at that time, there was a great deal of excitement in the country, especially in the Province of Quebec. Many considered that the transfer of the Northwest by the Imperial government to Canada not having been completed when the Canadian authorities took possession of the territory, the government then instituted by Louis Riel was a *de facto* government, and that the crime of which Riel and Lépine were charged, might be defended upon the same grounds as the then insurrection. I must say that that ground was taken in this House by honorable members sitting on both sides of the Speaker.

I was asked then to go and defend Lépine. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the letter which I received from my esteemed friend the honorable member for Provencher [Mr. Royal]. He had volunteered to be the counsel of the accused. Riel had fled from the country. Riel, the principal guilty party, if there ever was a guilty party in the country, had not surrendered to justice, but Ambroise Lépine came up for his trial.

My honorable friend from Provencher wrote to me, as near as I can remember, to this effect:

"My dear friend, I am charged with the defence of one

of the most important cases that ever was tried, and certainly the most important case which I shall probably ever have. I ask you—you having such a reputation as a criminal lawyer—to come and assist me in that work, which I consider as the duty of a fellow man to a fellow man."

I think my honorable friend added in his letter: "I shall share with you my fees in the case—I plead *in formâ pauperis*—all I can offer you is a hearty hospitality."

Sir, I left Montreal at the first bidding. I did not myself take, nor did I ask my friends to take the hat around for subscriptions. I knew that a man of warm sympathies was waiting for me. I knew that the trip, long as it was, was one that a brave man could undertake, and I left Montreal with my clerk and secretary, Mr. Forget, who is now the much esteemed secretary of the Northwest Council.

We found in Manitoba the kind hospitality of an old friend, the honorable member for Provencher, and I acted with him as counsel for Lépine. We fought that case. The judge who presided, and who is no more of this world, had no more sympathy for the rebel than have my honorable friends opposite, in their hearts, for Riel. The case was a hard one to fight, we lost it; but on that occasion, Mr. Speaker, the trial was not only a legal trial, but it was a British trial such as my honorable friend for Jacques-Cartier wants to have.

On the jury we had six French Canadian Half-breeds, five English Half-breeds and only one white man; and the verdict went against our Half-breed client, whom I then thought and whom I still think, was innocent of the crime of which he was accused. He was tried because Louis Riel had not had the manliness to surrender himself, an act which would have saved Lépine. He was accused of murder. I do not want to plead the case over again, but I say that, that being a case

of murder, we proved that he had nothing to do with causing the death of the man who was shot.

We proved that Lépine had not even voted for the death of Thomas Scott, that he was opposed to it; that he had not been a party to the execution, that he was absent from the execution, and that Riel had himself been supervising the execution as a corporal of a guard would have done. The jury, however, found Lépine guilty. I bowed to the decision, although I believed in my heart that my client was not guilty.

I went to Quebec; the legislature was sitting. In the Quebec legislature I proposed a resolution which was read the other day by my honorable friend from West Durham, who tried to find fault with my actions on that matter. The resolution had reference to the murder of Thomas Scott, but in a greater degree concerned the demand which we were making for a commutation of the sentence in the case I had defended, and our request was couched in respectful words. For whom were we then petitioning? For Ambroise Lépine; the document was not prepared for anybody else. It set forth particulars with respect to the insurrection, and stated that one of the most deplorable incidents was the death of Thomas Scott. We stated that we deplored that murder, yet we thought the event was so much interwoven with political events that it had not for my client the significance of an ordinary murder.

I wish honorable gentlemen opposite would fairly consider the resolution and the speech I made at that time. I was warm with the feeling that the verdict of the jury was not what it should have been, that the judge's charge had been given against the prisoner in a manner not warranted by the rules which should conduct judges in addressing juries; and still what did I say? The honorable gentleman quoted my

words in French only the other day. I wish he had done me the justice of giving also a translation. My speech, as reported in the newspaper, was as follows, when translated:

"I now come to the burning question, to a most unfortunate event which has set fire to public opinion over the whole of Canada, the great fault which has marked the conduct of the provisional government of Manitoba."

Remember that was in 1874, when everybody was clamoring for an amnesty, and I then said it was "a most unfortunate event" a "great fault." I continued:

"It has been attempted to cast upon a few individuals the responsibility which must lie upon all those who had charged Riel and his companions to protect them and lead them. This unfortunate event which I condemn, has been committed by persons who believed it in good faith to be necessary for the safety of the society and the government which they judged was legal because it was issued of popular will. All that can be said on the execution of Scott has often been repeated. It is a subject which it will be well to allow to fall into oblivion, in order not to arouse national susceptibilities. I ask that it be forgotten in the same way that I desire that the murder of Goulet and other Half-breeds be no longer spoken of. Blood calls for blood, and there has been enough shed to satisfy both sides, admitting, what I will not admit, that the two nationalities in conflict upon that point required that barbarous reparation."

I ask all men who are not prejudiced if I, as the lawyer of Lépine, speaking in his name, was using any language which entitles me to condemnation to-day. I then said that the execution of Thomas Scott was the most unfortunate event that had happened in that unfortunate movement of 1870. I said it was to be deplored that such a thing had happened. I said I condemned it. Is that any contradiction of what I say to-[illegible] in adjudicating the fate of Riel, the government

had a right to inquire into his antecedents, into his previous convictions, and although punishment had not to be inflicted for an act for which he obtained pardon, though he had not performed the conditions of his pardon, yet, we had a right to say that he had been once guilty of rebellion and once guilty of murder, and we could not give him our sympathy to-day as we might have been ready to have given him our sympathy at a previous time?

I wish I had here to read the testimony of the witnesses in the case of Ambroise Lépine. I heard the other day an honorable member read a letter that had been written by the Rev. Mr. Young about the murder of Scott. I desire to refer to a witness who, before the court, gave evidence with respect to that unfortunate event. The evidence was given by a French Half-breed, Joseph Nolin, and what did it establish to the court? He stated that Thomas Scott had been accused before the so-called council of Louis Riel in 1870, that his trial had taken place, if it can be called a trial, that sentence had been passed, that he had been condemned to die, and that during the whole of that mock trial the prisoner himself had not even been brought face to face with his accusers, those who judged and condemned him. He stated that Thomas Scott was brought and informed, by Riel, that he was to be shot, the next day, at 12 o'clock, and when the witness, a friend of the rebel leader, was asked whether any questions were allowed to be put by the prisoner, Riel replied: "No." Scott was told that he had been found guilty, that he was to be shot the next day and that he might write to his minister to come and comfort him in the few hours that were left to him.

These were facts which I knew, and if, in 1874, I said that pardon should be given to my client, Ambroise Lépine, it

was because I knew then that he had nothing to do with the murder, as he was one of the members of the tribunal who had refused to vote for the death of Scott and were opposed to the death sentence.

Lépine was at the time the lieutenant-general, as he was called. It was he who was charged with the execution of the orders of the president, and it was proved that when the sentence was executed, he was not even guilty of being present under orders. Then I referred to the to-be-regretted execution which I deplored, which I thought everybody should try to forget.

But, I must not keep the House much longer, and I will summarize the points which have been raised by my honorable friends opposite. The first was a justification of the rebellion, and this was the task imposed on my honorable friend from Quebec-East. Then it was argued that it was a political offence; that a reprieve had been granted which should imply the commutation of the sentence; that insanity had been pleaded, and that the government had not given the necessary care to an inquiry into the insanity of Louis Riel; that the recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the Crown had not been heard; and lastly, that the prayer of the whole nation asking for pardon had not been listened to by the government.

Mention has been made of the fairness of the trial which has been given to Riel. I shall not discuss that question, but shall content myself with quoting the words of the honorable leader of the Opposition, as I think they will dispose of the whole of that accusation. The honorable member for West Durham has said:

"From what I know of their leading counsels, I should think it impossible that in their management of the case

there was anything unfair to the prisoner or derogatory to the high character they deservedly enjoy, and the responsible duties they undertook to perform."

No better testimony than this, Mr. Speaker, could have been given to the fairness of the trial. Then, sir, Mr. Fitzpatrick, the leading counsel for Riel, has stated on different occasions, as this House knows, that the trial was a fair one, and that his client could not complain of the legality of the verdict which had been rendered against him.

Insanity has been pleaded, but how was it pleaded? It is a fact well known to everybody that no special plea of insanity was put in, at the trial of Louis Riel, on his behalf. I shall be answered that a general plea of not guilty would include the plea of insanity. But, sir, the authorities which have been read, in this House, will show that if insanity is to be pleaded only as an insane impulse at the time of the commission of the crime, then, the general plea of not guilty including the plea of insanity, to excuse the act of which the prisoner is accused, is the proper plea, and why? Because at the time of the trial, the prisoner is not supposed to be insane; because it is only intended to prove that, under a certain disease of the mind, at a certain time, the prisoner might have been then insane, and the general plea covers that plea of insanity, if it is intended to be proved at the trial.

But is that the theory of my honorable friends? Is that the plea of those members who are saying as the honorable member for Richelieu [Mr. Massue] said in his remarks: "I do not agree with what has been said on the other side, but I think that during the insurrection, before the execution, and at the time of the execution, there were doubts as to the mental sanity of the prisoner, and I think the government should have given him the benefit of the doubt."

The law is that, in cases of insanity, the benefit of the doubt must not be given to the pretended insane, but in favor of the reason and responsibility of the man who has committed the act. But let us take the declaration of my honorable friends, when they say that the man during the insurrection, before the trial, at the trial, and after the trial, and up to the time that he expiated his crime was insane. My friends will believe me when I tell them that, in such a case, the plea of insanity should have been a special plea. The plea of insanity should have brought all those medical men, whose duty it would have been to examine the prisoner with care; and I am sure the tribunal would willingly have allowed that examination. But the counsel for the prisoner chose to raise the general plea of not guilty. Every member of the legal profession knows how difficult it is, when it is not a special plea, to prove that insanity was the ruling disease of a man at an anterior date.

No, Mr. Speaker, insanity was not pleaded as being the actual state of the prisoner at the time of his trial, and why? Because the prisoner did not want it; because his counsel did not want it; because they knew that, if the prisoner had been examined at the time of the trial, the plea of insanity would not have been a good plea, then, any more than it is a good plea now.

What is legal insanity? We have heard of it here, and we might be kept for months listening to the opinion of doctors. It is true, doctors are called as witnesses to give their opinions in cases where insanity is pleaded; but the proof of insanity is not the opinion of a doctor. We must take the law as it exists, for the protection of society, and when it says that insanity should be declared legally so as to prevent the execution of an offender after the sentence is pronounced, or to

prevent the finding of the jury when the case is before the jury, the legal insanity is not what a doctor says, it is what the verdict of the jury declares it to be. If we took the medical books as authorities of what insanity is, we should have to believe that three fourths of the world's brains are not exempt from mental disease. Therefore we must accept the decision of a jury selected according to law.

I was surprised when I heard my honorable friend from Rouville [Mr. Gigault] quoting from Sir William Harcourt to the effect that the Home Secretary had the right to make an enquiry as to the mental state of an offender, at the time of the commission of the offence, as well as at the time he was about to be executed.

That is not what Sir William Harcourt said, and it is not what the law says. The quotation made by my honorable friend was to the effect that in certain cases in which the judges had not enquired into the sanity or insanity of the prisoner, owing, perhaps, to the prisoner being too poor to bring witnesses, the Home Secretary had taken upon himself, after having been duly advised that insanity existed, to hold an enquiry which the court had not made; but in England when the plea of insanity is raised, and the verdict of the jury is found upon that plea, it is not true that the Home Secretary orders an enquiry, to take up again the work that the court and the jury have done, or takes new evidence to prove that insanity existed at the time of the commission of the offence contrary to the evidence taken at the trial.

It could not be so, because if that were done the Home Secretary would have the right to take up the case again and institute another court in order to try the prisoner anew. This would be subversive of the administration of justice, and I am sure the practice is not so understood by honorable mem-

bers on the other side of the House who belong to our profession, and it should not be asserted in the House as being the true principle which should guide the action of the Executive here.

I know that the whole of the evidence has to be scrutinized by the Minister of Justice and by the Privy Council, and if that evidence is found to be defective, then it is the duty of the Executive to say so. But to hold another investigation and try the case anew I say is heresy in law and would be a subversion of the administration of justice.

Now, I come to another point—the recommendation to mercy by the jury; and I must say that, with the people, this feature of the case has had great influence. I do not agree with my honorable friend from Rouville [Mr. Gigault], that, in every case, in England, where a recommendation to mercy has been given by the jury, no execution has taken place. That was not the real meaning of the authority my honorable friend quoted. That authority said that if the judge did not agree with the recommendation to mercy, then the Home Secretary had to judge by himself upon the evidence and the record brought under his consideration. My honorable friend from Jacques-Cartier [Mr. Girouard] felt the weakness of that argument, when he said: "I have looked over the records and I have not seen anything to prove to me that the judge did not coincide with the recommendation to mercy by the jury."

Mr. Speaker, I need not take any more than what the judge said in passing sentence. He said:

"I cannot give you any expectation or hope that the recommendation to mercy will be taken into consideration by the Executive."

Would it be possible for the magistrate to say in plainer

terms that he could not agree with the recommendation of the jury, that the clemency of the Crown should be exercised? What would be the result if the theory of my honorable friend from Rouville were put into practice? I have had some experience in courts of criminal jurisdiction for over fifteen years; I have been practising in those courts and I know the danger of a recommendation of mercy by the jury. That danger is on both sides. There is a danger for the administration of justice, because the lawyer, who has a bad case to plead, can, almost in every case, save the life of his client by asking the jury to recommend him to mercy. It would be danger to the prisoner also, in doubtful cases, if the prosecutor for the Crown, unmindful of his duty, should tell the jury to find a verdict of guilty and couple it with a recommendation to mercy, which would save the life of the prisoner.

The law has enacted that the administration of justice should be set apart from all political prejudice or passion; the judiciary should be above partisanship, and yet, if we are to believe the advocates of Riel, we should put the Minister of Justice—who should be, with respect to those cases, on the same level as the judiciary since he is exercising the same functions—at the mercy of political opinion, political bias or passion, or any excitement in the country. And honorable gentlemen ask that we should take no account of the delicate functions he has to exercise, but subject him to the influence of every wave of public opinion. On that point I will give the opinion of the honorable member for West Durham:

"As Minister of Justice, I have had to advise in many capital cases, and I do not forget the heavy responsibility which rests on those in whose hands are the issues of life

and death, and whose task is rendered all the more difficult by reason of the large measure of discretion vested in them, and expressed in the word 'clemency.' I know how much these difficulties are enhanced by a heated partisan and popular discussion."

And the honorable gentleman added:

"And I declare the occasion must be grave which renders discussion opportune and the case must be clear which renders censure expedient."

This should have been the rule in appreciating the delicate position of the honorable Minister of Justice and of the Executive in the question.

I now return to the main point raised in this discussion, that is: the question of the insanity of Louis Riel. I have explained what insanity is, in a legal point of view, and how insanity should be considered in the administration of justice. It has been said that Louis Riel was insane; first, because he had formerly been confined in an insane asylum as an insane man; next, because he had religious mania, and then the new argument is advanced that he must have been insane because his secretary, Jackson, was insane, as otherwise he would not have employed Jackson.

On this subject, I may perhaps be allowed to allude to an incident in the debate. The honorable member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] accused me of having stated in my county, at St. Jérôme, that Jackson, Riel's secretary, was a Frenchified Anglo-Saxon. I do not know what conclusion the honorable gentleman was trying to come to from that, but, at all events, he said the secretary should not have been set at liberty when his master had been condemned to death. I told the honorable gentleman at the time that I blamed him

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for not taking the word of a colleague when I said I had not used those words on the occasion referred to.

I must tell him now what I did say. I said that newspapers had mentioned that Jackson was not more English that French, and might have been one of those Frenchified English, and that there was no reason why he should have been set at liberty; and in reply to the newspapers, I stated that Jackson might be a Frenchman, but, whatever his nationality, he was one of Riel's secretaries and Régnier was the other; I stated that the counsel for the prosecution had decided that neither should be subject to a trial, but they be set at large, that Régnier was set at large; and if Jackson was put on his trial, it was because his friends and family urged the government not to let him loose, because he was insane and should be put in the asylum, as an insane man, and cured if possible as they believed his insanity was only temporary. I had had that information from one of the counsel for the defence and I repeated it then. This disposes of the little aspersion of my honorable friend from West Durham in that respect.

But let us return to the main issue. Was Riel insane at the time of the insurrection, and is that insanity a reason against the verdict obtained against him, and against the sentence rendered against him? Riel had been put into an asylum, it is true. I was the Minister of the government at Quebec who signed the papers for his entrance into the asylum at Longue-Pointe. I am at a loss to know, even at this moment, whether the man was insane then or not. I shall state in a few moments why my doubts exist. Previous insanity is not a proof of insanity at a subsequent period.

Where shall we take then the evidence of the insanity of Riel if we do not take it at the trial from the verdict of the

jury? The insanity of Riel is proven by whom? By the missionaries who were, at that time, in that region? If they had believed that Riel was really insane, as insane as a man is legally, would they not have taken the means, during that time, to have him arrested as a lunatic, and confined as a lunatic? Let us take the testimony of his fellow countrymen. The first man who said that the government had hanged an insane man in hanging Riel, was slandering the Métis nation. We have the testimony of those who were with him, and we are told by one member of this House that he might have been insane and yet might have led sane men; that we have seen on some occasions an insane man creating a riot. That might be the case, for a few hours, in a sudden rising, but have we ever seen, and can we say, as sensible men, that a lunatic, that a demented man, from the month of July, 1884, to the month of April or May, 1885, could have acted as he did without anyone protesting against him, where men were placing in his hands their liberties and their lives, and could not perceive, by their daily and nightly communication with him, that he was not in possession of his senses?

We might go further. Take the plan of his campaign. I do not speak of the plan for the organization of the party of Louis Riel, but the plan of his campaign.

We are supposed to be sane men; we might be acting under delusions, as my honorable friends have been acting under delusions since November last, that this government would see its last days in consequence of this crisis, but we are supposed to be sane men, and yet did we not, last year, suppose, and do we not now think, that his plan of campaign was not only the work of a sane man but of a very cunning man?

The season when the outbreak took place, the 19th March,

at the beginning of spring, is a time when the roads are almost impassable, and when, in that country, even ordinary vehicles can hardly be used on those prairies, and the use of cannons and batteries, which Riel probably thought would be brought into the field, would be much more impossible.

Take the plan of his campaign. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not then finished, and Riel knew it as well as we did. He knew it better than the leader of the Opposition did, who was asking at that time what gaps of the railway remained uncompleted, how many miles remained to be constructed, and what were the difficulties to be encountered in building that road? The railway was not completed.

Was it not the work of a sane man to choose that time for an insurrection, when that road was not in a condition to use for the conveyance of troops into the Northwest? We did not think ourselves that it would be possible. We doubted it, and we were asking ourselves whether the American government would permit the transportation of men, ammunition and arms through American territory. We knew that international laws might have prevented it. We knew that on a certain occasion the transportation of troops had been prohibited by the American government, across the St. Clair Flats, where only a few miles had to be traversed in a neutral part of the country, and we thought that the government of the United States might have prevented this, especially on such an occasion, and Louis Riel knew it also. He knew that, at a time when a political campaign was just over in the United States, when the two parties were fighting, it was probable that the Canadian government would not have the authorization to transport troops through the American territory. Was that an evidence that he was an insane man?

Louis Riel knew all that, he knew the difficulties we had to

encounter. He knew that, just in the beginning of spring, before the grass would grow, as he said, we would have a rebellion such as we had never witnessed in the Northwest. He knew that, at that season, though the food might be sufficient for the ponies of the prairies, food for horses coming with troops from this country would be difficult to be found or to be transported there. He knew that thousands of Indians might take part in that uprising.

If the rising had been a successful one, if the Indian warfare had been a successful one, who knows what would have become of the Half-breed population who remained faithful and loyal to the government and to their Sovereign?—and I hope they were then, as now, really loyal.

Who knows what might have been the consequences of that uprising? Who knows what might have been the consequences in the Province of Manitoba? Who knows if the success would not have brought to him thousands of arms to aid him? Who knows if he had not planned that the rising of the Indians, scaring the settlers from our Northwest, would give cause to the thousands of Indians in the United States to join in the war and flood the Northwest, so that he might, in his own emphatic words, have taken possession of Manitoba and the Northwest? Who says that we did not believe that ourselves last year, and that, in the feeling we had that that country was to be submerged by rebellion, warfare and bloodshed, we did not believe that that man was the sanest man who ever planned a rebellion, selecting that particular time of the year, with the means at his disposal, and knowing the scanty means which were at the disposal of the government? His design has been frustrated, it is true, but who can say that he had not the free use of his mental faculties when he planned that campaign?

We expressed those fears last year. Honorable gentlemen opposite expressed those fears, and we then heard the honorable leader of the Opposition telling the Minister of Militia: "Sir, you shall be held responsible for the lives of the sons of this country who are going to the Northwest if you do not supply them with the best of arms, because we have been told that the Indians and the Half-breeds have been supplied with the best of weapons for the warfare they are undertaking."

This was our conviction. How has it changed since that time? How has it come that my honorable friends opposite believe the whole of that was nothing but the phantasy of a deranged mind? That there was no danger, that the people should have known the man was crazy, and that every one of his words, that every one of his actions, every one of his plans would have been frustrated on account of his insanity?

It is true that he had not collected the means necessary for the insurrection; it is true that his scheme was not such as would have been planned by a man accustomed to campaigns; but the wickedness of a man who contemplates a crime has always some weak point. A great criminalist said once to a lawyer who argued that his client could not be guilty because his utterances and actions were those of an insane man, and if he had been really a criminal he would not have spoken as he did—the celebrated judge answered: "Sir, this is no proof; fortunately, the insanity of criminals is the protection of life and of society."

Mr. Speaker, there is one point to which I am surprised that my honorable friends on this side of the House have paid so little attention. I refer to a piece of evidence which was received in this House—I would be disposed to say providentially—and that evidence the honorable leader of the Opposition himself has brought before us. I would not

apply the words of the judge that I quoted a moment ago that there is always some degree of insanity in wickedness; but the wicked idea which presided at the origin of that letter from a juryman on the trial at Regina, which was given before the House, is a most extraordinary thing.

I do not want to qualify the act, but I was surprised to hear a counsel learned in the law, a man accustomed to the dignity of courts of justice, coming up in such a solemn debate as this, and reading a letter from a juryman, who gives under his own signature, though no name was disclosed, the secret deliberations of the jury and the motives and reasons for their verdict.

But, Mr. Speaker, inopportune as this might have been, improper as this has been, a great point, the real point, lay at the bottom of it. The pleasure of reading it was only the pleasure of bringing out the conclusion of that most extraordinary letter, in which it was stated that if the Prime Minister, the Minister of the Interior, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest, had been tried as accomplices before the courts, they might have been adjudged guilty with the criminal, and the jury recommended one to the mercy of the court, because the others had not been indicted with him in the accusation.

I do not want to comment upon the impropriety, upon the indecency of the act of the man who wrote that letter, and who had the audacity of saying that he would have found a verdict of guilty against persons when not a word of evidence had been given against them at the trial, who had the audacity to come and give his declaration that though no evidence had been given against those members of the government and the administration in the Northwest, though they had not even been charged with any offence, he, a juryman,

who was sworn to give a verdict according to the evidence, declares that he would have found them guilty.

But, as for the issue before us, we cannot doubt the document nor suspect the intentions of the writer. In that document, it is stated that not one of the jury for a moment thought that the prisoner was insane. This man says: "We do not declare to you that each and every one of us, when he answered the roll call, said: "He is guilty and perfectly sane." The question had been put frankly and in a judicial manner by the judge: "Do you find him guilty of the rebellion? And if so, say guilty. Do you find him guilty of the rebellion, but if you think that his mind was deranged at the time, that he was not responsible for his acts, say that he is guilty but insane." And he said: "We answered that he was guilty and perfectly sane."

Mr. Speaker, if there was a corner in my conscience where the shadow of a doubt had existed, that shadow of a doubt has been cleared away, and I must say that I felt as if a heavy weight had been taken off me when I heard the honorable gentleman disclosing the secret deliberation of that jury, and telling me: "You were right in surmising that there was no evidence of insanity, and if the whole jury had recommended him to the mercy of the court, that would have been no reason for granting it."

My honorable friends opposite have contended that a recommendation for mercy was justified only on the ground that there was a disease in his brain, but that is cleared away by the letter which the honorable member has read to this House. What documents could prove more than that?

I have other documents which I hesitate to place before this House, though that would not be improper as the production of a letter from a juryman disclosing the deliberations

of the jury. The documents are before me, and if I am asked why were not the men who gave those documents examined before the court at Regina, I shall answer that they did not volunteer to be witnesses because men are not obliged to be informers against their fellow men and to give evidence to secure their conviction and send them to the gallows. I have the evidence; I have not asked for it. I have not enquired about it although I knew it; I did not want to ask for it, it was sent to me. I will ask the permission of the House to read these documents. I did not need them to influence my own feeling about the case, my own conviction as to the case and the conclusion at which I arrived; but they may assist the honorable member for West Durham as being confirmatory of the evidence of his friendly juror at Regina.

Here is a letter dated 19th March, 1886, from Longue-Pointe. It is given by the attending physician of the asylum since the opening of the institution—Dr. Perrault, a man against whose character, honesty, and integrity no man in the Dominion can have a word to say. Here is his certificate. As I have told the House, I knew it before; I knew it from authorities that I would not like to disclose. I will translate the paper:

"I, the undersigned physician of the asylum of St. Jean-de-Dieu, certify that a few days after the entrance of Louis Riel into this asylum I perceived that with him insanity was simulated. The exaggeration of his acts was such and so much beyond what we generally remark in subjects affected with real insanity that with a physician accustomed to treat such cases there would be no room for doubt. Upon making the observation to him that I was not to be taken for his dupe, he confessed to me in effect that he was shamming the insanity. And the evidence that I was right in my surmise and that his confession was really sincere, is that on all occa-

sions, and they were many, I have been along conversing with him, he has always talked in a manner absolutely lucid and sane upon all and every subject with which he has entertained me.

"F. X. PERRAULT, M. D.,
"Asylum of Longue-Pointe."

As I said before, this information was given to me a while ago. I knew it, I must say, even before this House sat. I knew it even, but not in a satisfactory manner, some time after the so-called insane man was admitted in the asylum. I knew it from some of the guards, but I would not have taken their authority. Honorable gentlemen may say: "How is it that a man who has been visiting doctor of an institution and knew a patient was not insane and yet allowed him to remain in the institution where he was shamming insanity?" I ask honorable members, and all those who know the circumstances under which the man was detained in the asylum, whether it would have been prudent, even in the public interest, to have, at that time, revealed that secret and set that man at large.

It was in 1876. The amnesty had been proclaimed, but the crime of the murder of Scott had not been forgotten, and it would not have been in the interest of anyone that this poor man should have been made a target for a bullet which would have been sent in revenge for the murder of Scott.

I hear some honorable members laugh. I wish they had been in the Province of Quebec, in the counsels of their own friends, some of whom came to me as Provincial Secretary and told me in effect that the man was Louis Riel, but his name had not been made public for the reason I have mentioned. They said that his retention in the asylum would never be made a reproach to me. I do not reproach myself for having admitted in the asylum Louis David, whom the

honorable gentleman's friends told me afterwards was Louis Riel. No good could have been obtained by not doing so. The evidence put before me was the evidence to which as a member of the government I had to submit.

The other document which I bring here in support of the letter of the juror at Regina is the certificate of a man whose name I would hesitate to place before the House. It might subject him to difficulty, to persecution; but I have the document in my hands, and the person to whom it has been given said I could place it before the House and the writer would not object. I do it upon my responsibility. It is the certificate of a man who stands high in the medical profession, a man who can be vouched for by some of the best men in the medical profession. It is the certificate of Dr. Brunelle, house-surgeon of the Hotel-Dieu, of Montreal, a professor of the medical faculty of Victoria University. Dr. Brunelle was an intimate friend of Riel. He knew him both in Montreal, at Beauport Asylum, and afterwards in the United States, where he lived for several weeks and months with Riel. The certificate reads:

"I, the undersigned, certify that, at the time of and after the confinement to Beauport Asylum of Louis Riel (whom I have particularly known, both in the United States and in Canada) I have ascertained on divers occasions that outside some eccentricities in his manner which were little to be noticed, he was perfectly lucid in his mind and sane in his intellect, and spoke absolutely well on all subjects when he was not observed. I attest, moreover, that in my presence the said Louis Riel has been simulating insanity in such a manner as to leave no doubt in my mind as to the character of his pretended insanity."

And then I may add that the writer of the last certificate has stated that he had on several occasions conversed with

Louis Riel, and had from him the whole secret of his sham insanity.

Although I have given to this House the evidence which I have received, I do not intend to make use of it to ask for the decision of the House upon the question before us. My honorable friend from Bothwell [Mr. Mills] is laughing. I do not know whether he is laughing at the sanity or the insanity of Louis Riel, whether he is laughing because these certificates are overwhelmingly against the poor unfortunate man, but I say that I think what I have given to the House is nothing but a corroboration of what I have stated and what I believe, that when Louis Riel was found by the jury at Regina to be a sane man, the finding was one which every man in this House would have found if he had been on that jury, after the evidence which was heard at the trial.

Outside of the insurrection, one of the reasons that prevented clemency being exercised in Riel's case, was his inciting the Indians to warfare. Upon that I might also claim the authority of my honorable friend from West Durham, who said that there was a most aggravating character to the rebellion in the fact that Riel had incited the Indians to warfare.

That aggravating feature, the greatest of all the crimes that Riel has committed in the Northwest, has not been answered by anyone in this House except the leader of the Opposition. He said, also, that we should not hold our heads very high with regard to that accusation of inciting the Indians to warfare, because the Indians had been pressed into war centuries ago to assist brave soldiers and humane men in wars against other nations. I do not want to dwell upon this. The Minister of Justice has done justice to that pretension.

I would ask, however, if there is any similarity between the

case of soldiers fighting in the citadel of Quebec, the walls of Montreal, or of the forts of the old Province of Upper Canada, having Indian allies in their struggles, and the case of Louis Riel? No, sir, there is not, and we have proof of it.

Let me remind the House of the letters which Riel wrote to the Indians telling them to come and plunder, as was stated in the case of the Indians who were put on trial before Judge Rouleau, and that before the 1st of June the order was given to the Indians to rise, and the whole of the white race was to be exterminated in the Northwest. What is the answer of the Indians to the messengers that Louis Riel sent to them? Their answer proves the demand, and proves the intent of the man who sent these messengers with presents to the Indians.

Here is a letter which was written by a number of Indians to Louis Riel:

"Mr. Louis Riel:

"I want to hear news of the progress of God's work. If any event has occurred since your messengers came away let me know of it. Tell me the date when the Americans will reach the Canadian Pacific Railway. Tell me all the news that you have heard from all places where your work is in progress. Big Bear has finished his work; he has taken Fort Pitt. 'If you want me to come to you let me know at once,' he said, and I sent for him at once. I will be four days on the road. Those who have gone to see him will sleep twice on the road. They took twenty prisoners, including the master of Fort Pitt. They killed eleven men, including the agent, two priests and six white men. We are camped on the creek just below Cut Knife Hill, waiting for Big Bear. The Blackfeet have killed sixty police at the Elbow. A half-breed who interpreted for the police, having survived the fight though wounded, brought this news. Here we have killed six white men. We have not taken the barracks yet, but that is the only entire building in Battleford. All the

cattle and horses in the vicinity we have taken. We have lost one man, a Nez-Percé, killed, he being alone, and one wounded. Some soldiers have come from Swift Current, but I don't know their number. We have here guns and rifles of all sorts, but ammunition for them is short. If it be possible, send us ammunition of various kinds. We are weak only for the want of that. You sent word that you would come to Battleford when you had finished your work at Duck Lake. We wait still for you, as we are unable to take the fort without help. If you send us news, send only one messenger. We are impatient to reach you. It would encourage us much to see you, and make us work more heartily."

There is the demand and the answer. It is a proof that the Indians were asked to rise, and that all the white settlements should be defaced from the prairie and the white men exterminated.

The laws of nations have declared within the last century that alliance with Indian was not only unwise and imprudent but inhuman and outside the pale of international law.

The United States government, which has been quoted as a model for us, have decided it very quickly because of the risings in their Northwest, the risings near Mexico, and the risings during the building of their railways. There they have given fomenters of Indian wars and hostile Indians no kind of trial except the bringing them before the military authorities, shooting them, or hanging them by the dozen or the four dozens, as was done after the Custer massacre. The government of the United States, that model government, do not allow any scruple to interfere; but when an Indian war is raised, the law of the land is enforced and executed by the military hand.

It is useless for my honorable friends on the other side to try to make of this rising, as my honorable friend from Quebec-East has been trying to make it, an insurrection that might

be justified and excused. It is of no use for them to try to make of Riel a martyr, as my honorable friend from Maskinongé [Mr. Desaulniers] said he did, or a hero, as my honorable friends opposite have tried to prove him, or even an insane man, as some of my friends on this side have been disposed to think him, giving the benefit of any doubt they had, not to the law, but to that humane tenderness which exists for a man who is condemned to the gallows.

No, sir, history in its impartiality, shall not decree him a hero. The *bonum commune*, the interest of the nation was not the motive of his actions. He had dreamed of being a Napoleon, but he was ready and willing to be the chief of a guerilla band, ruling by violence and terror over the region of his exploits, living on plunder and waiting for the accident of a fortunate encounter to secure a heavy ransom with the safety of his own life.

Here is my opinion, and I speak with the sincerity of my heart and of my conscience, here is my opinion of Louis Riel's campaign, surrender, and death. Riel was not an ordinary criminal, who, under the impulse of strong ruling passions, and for lucre, lust, and revenge, committed murder, arson, and pillage, with "malice aforethought." Riel has been an unscrupulous agitator, getting up a rebellion against the Sovereign for the sake of personal ambition and profit under the color of redressing public grievances. Riel was a born conspirator, a dreamer of power and wealth, frustrated in his design but not subdued by his former defeat, which had shaken his brains without eradicating the germ of his morbid ambition, he had been patiently watching his opportunity to come to the surface, until that opportunity came to him; fully cognizant of the nature of the insurrection he was planning and preaching; fully aware of the grave consequences of that

movement, ready to accept the full responsibility of the loss of his life in the prosecution of his design.

He considered the alleged grievances of the Half-breeds more in the light of the opportunities it would give him to resume power in the Northwest, than with the view of redressing those wrongs. He had always advocated that the Hudson Bay Company's privileges and government were an usurpation, and, as a consequence, that the Canadian government, who had acquired them from the Hudson Bay Company, were not the legitimate rulers of the Northwest and the Half-breeds. He was a convinced, although an extravagant, pretender. He believed in his mission, and to accomplish it, he wilfully agreed, with his conscience, to kill or to be killed.

He measured the distance between his ambition and the success that could crown it, and he deliberately consented to fill the gap, if necessary, with the corpses of his enemies or even of his friends. Devoid of the courage of a soldier, he believed in his own shrewdness as a plotter. He expected success by a surprise, not from a regular battle. He was a wilful and dangerous rebel. If rebellion, with the sacrifice of human life, with the aggravating circumstance of having incited to an Indian war, deserves the penalty of death, Riel deserved it as a political offender in the highest degree.

It has been pretended that, in his extravagant career, Riel was not sound in his mind and could not reason, although he accepted the responsibility of his actions. After the most careful examination of all the evidence which came before us, I cannot help saying that Riel, from the moment he left his home in the United States for the avowed purpose of assisting the Half-breeds in their demands for redress of alleged grievances, until the end of the Northwest insurrection, has deliberately pursued the object he had in view, namely,

to obtain full control of the Northwest Half-breeds and Indians. To obtain this object, he aroused in himself, and communicated to others, to an intense degree, a sort of national and religious fever. This was a comparatively easy work with an excitable and credulous people. Having thus subdued the Half-breeds, his next effort was directed toward alienating them from the government and from their clergy. When he had succeeded in doing this, he sought the alliance of the Indians and of the American sympathizers.

All that, he planned with a great amount of sagacity and with great pains. But the extravagant confidence he showed in his success, the smallness of the means he collected, his absolute impassiveness when reverse came, the unfeigned faith he had in what he called his mission, all point out to the conclusion that he was the prey to exaltation, to hallucination.

Though not insane, in the legal sense of the word, he was, to use a common expression, a "crank," but a crank of the worst kind, knowing well what was good and what was bad, what was wicked and what was kind, what was the value of life and what was death; but his notions of what was right and what was wrong had been distorted and altered by the determination and fixity of his purpose, by an ardent and selfish ambition, leading to injustice and cruelty. He was certainly, and without affectation, convinced that what he did was permitted by divine and moral laws, and that his treason was justifiable.

Up to the last moment he supported himself with the fixed expectation that the heroism of his struggle, the stoicism he had displayed when arraigned by the law, would bring him a timely deliverance. The death knell alone, that supreme shock which usually increases the nervous irritability of the maniac, when not subdued by illness, had the effect to bring

him back from the exalted atmosphere which he had purposely selected for himself. He then seems to have carefully put aside his fantastic character and resumed the collected and solemn demeanor of a Christian at the threshold of eternity.

That kind of delusion is natural to political fanatics and to religious maniacs. It is the paroxysm of a prejudiced mind, which has wilfully distorted in itself the true notions of law and of right. It cannot excuse a criminal act. The perversity of the intelligence is as much punishable as the perversity of the heart in its wrongful direction of the will for the performance of criminal acts. The ruling passion has for its origin the criminal purpose which the perverted intellect has consecrated and transformed into a sense of duty.

In this case the purpose was supreme power, both civil and religious. The redress of grievances on one part, and the desire of personal pecuniary advantages on the other, do not seem to me to have been the principal motives of Riel's actions, though they certainly were important factors in his conduct. But that object, supreme power, was criminal and could not qualify, could not excuse him. It is a wrong theory, and it would be a dangerous doctrine to excuse and leave without punishment crimes committed with the conviction that the act accomplished is one calculated to redress
K a wrong or to bring good results to the community.

I am not a free thinker. I believe that free thinking is the most pernicious evil of this country. It has engendered the worst utopies against moral, social, and religious order. But those who claim the right to the most absolute liberty for human thought, will restrict that liberty to the theoretical regions, and they are ready to punish it when it comes in con-

flict with existing laws. They will punish the manifestation of the idea after having given to that idea the freedom of the world. I agree with their conclusion in that respect; but I am logical, and I believe in the right, nay in the obligation of punishing the perversity of the doctrine. I believe that a man is guilty when he does not preserve his intelligence from the contagion of false doctrines; in the words of one of the most eminent Catholic writers of this age, in speaking of those whose guilty leniency toward the errors of the mind, gives an excuse to revolution and socialism:

"They go so far as to say that error is no guilt, that man is not bound to search the inmost of his soul to see whether there are not some secret causes that lead him away from the path of truth. They declare that in the spheres of human ideas, all human and divine laws are useless and out of place. What insanity! As if it was possible to exempt from any rule the highest and the most noble portion of human nature! As if the essential element, which makes of man the being of creation could be dispensed from the rules of that divine harmony of the various parts of the universe together and of that universe with its divine maker; as if that sublime harmony could exist or even be conceived with man, unless the first of human obligations be the constant accord with truth, that eternal attribute of divinity!"

This is the solid and only logical foundation for the legitimate punishment of a number of crimes which otherwise would find their excuse in the erroneous but firm convictions of their perpetrators. In such cases the law is at liberty to admit that the criminal was actuated by a wrongful notion of his intelligence, but it declares guilty the idea which has brought that erroneous conviction in them; and if the accused invokes the testimony of his own conscience, the law reminds him that it was his duty to keep his conscience right or to rectify it.

I am often pointed out to my countrymen and co-religionists as an unmitigated liberal-catholic, and I presume that my theological searches, in this case, will be found fault with as usual. I console myself, in advance, as I did before, in the idea that my detractors will be harmless, if not charitable, in their denunciations.

The crime of Louis Riel had been committed, the criminal had been taken and tried. The trial had been an impartial, a fair trial. A verdict had been rendered against Riel, the only verdict that could be found according to the evidence. Sentence of death had been passed against him. The sentence was a just punishment of the crime committed. It would serve as an example, a warning, a terror to all future criminal impostors; as a remedy against the increasing contagion of cranks. Riel had been pardoned once for the commission of a great crime; a second exercise of the prerogative of royal mercy would have looked as an inducement to treason and homicide. A commutation into life imprisonment would have been a danger to society. The people whom he had deluded, those whose prejudices had been aroused, and those who would have found an interest in working up a continuous excitement in the country, would have found themselves greatly assisted by the prolonged existence of Louis Riel.

The clamor outside was loud, asking for pardon, for commutation of the sentence, but no protest against the correctness of the verdict was made since the decision of her Majesty's Privy Council. The time fixed for the execution was nearing, when a last appeal was made on behalf of the convict, stating that he was, at that moment, so unsound in mind, so diseased in his brain, that to punish him would be useless cruelty, and request was made that medical men be

appointed to go and examine Riel and report upon his sanity or insanity, that is whether he could rightly understand the nature of his crime and the measure of his punishment.

That demand was supported by the almost unanimous prayer of the people of one of the Provinces. The government yielded to that demand, and the inquiry took place. Medical men whose character and respectability are above suspicion made the examination of the prisoner, and agreed in their conclusions that Riel was an accountable being for his actions and that therefore he could discern right from wrong, he could understand the verdict found against him and measure the severity of the punishment inflicted upon him. And after that report the Executive agreed that the sentence should be carried out against the unfortunate man.

A great deal has been said about the *personnel* of that medical commission, as it is called; I am ready to admit that the selection of more prominent men in the profession, men more specially prepared by their particular studies, for the examination of such cases, might have given more satisfaction to those who had asked for that commission. At the same time I affirm that a more correct conclusion would not have been arrived at, and I am sure that the clamoring multitude would not have been satisfied. The verdict was a correct one.

The zealous ministers who administered the last rites of the Church to Louis Riel had themselves,—and more than all others they were in a position to know the word of the mysterious enigma,—adjudged upon that point to a large extent, in receiving the abjuration of his past errors, in being made the confident of his last recommendations and his last will, in admitting him to the most august Sacrament of the Church, on repeated occasions. He had consoled their hearts in searching into the inmost of his own for the humble

confession and the sincere repentance of his faults against God and man. He had proved to all that he was enjoying the full usage of his mental faculties, the full force of the good impulse of his heart and soul by the letters he had written to his friends, to his mother, to his family, by the memoirs full of dates, of names, of figures, which he wrote from memory and without the assistance of persons or books or of notes, by his last will and by his whole demeanor in the face of death. He died as he had lived, a strong-willed man, he died a sane man.

Such is what the missionaries had said in the beginning, what the Half-breeds who followed him said, what the witnesses said who were produced against him, what the doctors said, what the courts said in rendering the verdict; and it is for having ourselves said the same thing that we have been censured, that we have been accused, that we have been branded, as I said before, as traitors to our nationality, as traitors to the law, as murderers, as we have been accused in this House by honorable members sitting on the opposite side.

I have been very often asked how I could forgive the malignant aspersions which have been thrown against me by those who have initiated the Riel agitation. I have put to myself very often the same question, and I have had only one answer. I could not believe in the insincerity of a number of them; I could not believe that such an outburst of passion, that such a violent disruption of social and friendly associations, that such a rupture of party political ties could have been nothing but the unprincipled result of political apostacy; I could not believe that our friends who left us on the 16th of November on this question were not sincere; and it is because I believed in their sincerity that I appealed to

them, without threats of violence, without promises of favor; it is because I believed in their sincerity that I have resented the insult contained in the insinuation which was cast in their faces by the member for West Huron [M. Cameron], and the member for Iberville [M. Béchard]. It was because I believed in the sincerity of my friends, that I was appealing to their better informed judgment, that I hoped that their better judgment would come at last to their rescue, that I was not willing to distrust their honesty of purpose.

I know that my honorable friends can have no political sympathy with honorable gentlemen opposite. After this question is disposed of, none of the numerous matters which remain, as the program of the party, can reconcile their views and their convictions with those of members sitting on the other side of the House. I have appealed to them, and if my appeal is in vain, I hope I shall not be found fault with for having believed in them.

I cannot, I must say, give the same testimony of sincerity to the honorable gentlemen whom I see in the immediate following of the honorable member who leads the Opposition. I should not be telling the truth if I were to say that I can reconcile sincerity with the action which the honorable leader himself has taken upon this question; but I must hasten to say, at the same time, that I cannot blame him, knowing, as I think I do, the motive of his action on this occasion. The honorable member for Quebec-East, carried like so many others by the popular cyclone which overran the Province of Quebec, on the 16th of November, on the Champ-de-Mars, in Montreal, had committed one of those mistakes which outlive the political existence of a man.

He had made then the declaration, that if he had been living on the shores of the Saskatchewan, he would have been

ready to shoulder his musket against the government of her Majesty. His declaration had resounded throughout the Dominion like a bugle call to arms for a civil war, and had been resented by the whole of the volunteer force of Canada as a condemnation and insult. The English Liberal party in the Province of Quebec—and I must give them that testimony that their loyalty is above suspicion—had risen in a solemn protest, and the Reformers of Ontario had joined in the repudiation of a declaration bordering on treason in the mouth of a Privy Councillor. It is a secret to no one that an excuse had to be found to prevent the honorable ex-Minister from having an unpleasant reception in Toronto, and his former popularity, his much admired eloquence, would not have saved him from popular reprobation had he ventured to go before an English audience even in Montreal at the time. His star was waning—*son étoile pâlissait*—as was said at the time, and for a moment his downfall was imminent. None of the meetings which followed the Champ-de-Mars gathering had the benefit of his eloquence.

In the meantime the leader of the Reform party had landed in New York; a mysterious conclave took place there, we are told, in the house of an ex-Minister living in that city. The tidings which were brought from that mysterious interview were not of a consoling character to the agitators of the Province of Quebec. The leader went to Toronto and a few days afterwards the speech of London came. But then the word uttered there was the word of a sphinx. The press say that a still more mysterious interview took place here, in the capital, between the leader of the Reform party and the young chief of the Liberals in the Province of Quebec.

Since that day the attitude of the honorable member for West Durham was an enigma for the public. We have had

the explanation of that enigma by his speech the other night. What was it? The young and impetuous leader of the Quebec Liberal party was not to be dethroned; on the contrary he was to be supported, and he was to be applauded, a great blow was to be struck to arouse the sympathies of the party in his favor. His declaration on the Champ-de-Mars had been a bold one. His declaration in the House of Commons was to be an audacious one, and he had to be supported and applauded here. Hence the speech of last Wednesday.

I must say, Mr. Speaker, that the honorable gentleman has done it bravely, to say the least. Audacious in its affirmations, polished in its diction, brilliant in its delivery, the speech of the honorable member for Quebec-East, if it was not a model of sound logic, was, at least, a splendid effort to rally around his banner the wavering sympathies of his friends in Lower Canada.

But that was not sufficient to restore confidence in him, to bring back the former sympathy, and the honorable leader of the Opposition chivalrously came to his rescue. He lent to the fervid eloquence of his neighbor the assistance of his vast erudition, his powerful dialectics, his most ingenious argumentation, for five hours. The leader has risked his own popularity to save his first lieutenant. There are officers for the sake of whom a general will defy danger. It may not be according to the art of war, but it shows courage, and courage challenges admiration.

However, Mr. Speaker, we say everyone in this House could see the laborious effort, the most ungrateful labor, which the honorable member for West Durham was performing. That great master of the language was uneasy in the work of propping with carefully shaped arguments, of covering with his most elaborate periods what he felt his great talent could not

force into the minds of his followers. Overwhelmed by the weight he was carrying, at one moment he was obliged to confess that the vote he would give in this case was "an inexpedient vote." Yes, Mr. Speaker, it will be an inexpedient vote, not only an inexpedient, but a useless vote, inexplicable and indefensible. In Ontario, in the Maritime Provinces, it will be received with hostility; in the Province of Quebec it will be received with suspicion. [An honorable member: Hear, hear.]

If the honorable gentleman opposite, who says "hear, hear," listened to his own intimate feelings, he would say that it is preposterous to think that the loyalty of the Dominion will accept, however eloquent it may have been, a plea in favor of that revolt such as was claimed by the honorable member for Quebec-East. That plea will not be accepted. The Dominion of Canada cannot accept it. I regret to be forced to say that the honorable gentleman, by the course he has taken has not "caused the House of Commons to speak with a voice and in a sense which posterity, after these heats have cooled and these mists have cleared, shall ratify and confirm."

If the vote of the honorable member for West Durham, if his voice, if the sympathy he has been attempting to raise, received, even in the Province of Quebec, the answer he has invited, I would say that then, contrary to his own protestations, he would have the sad glory of having built a political platform on the scaffold of Regina, that he had cemented party ties with the blood of the condemned man, and he would be one of those who had dared

"To attempt the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key."

That would be his success. But I hold that this design will be frustrated by the desire in the Province from which I

come to combine—using the words of the honorable gentleman—the affirmation of one's rights with forbearance in favor of other people's rights, to secure that common citizenship to all which will make of Canada a great and glorious country, inhabited by a united and happy people.

I hope that what the honorable gentleman himself has said will prove true, and that the people of Quebec will believe that to create the harmony which is necessary for the good of the country, we must not act in the way which those who have begun this agitation would like us to act. It is with that desire of unity and peace that I have followed my course with the people of our Province; it is with that desire that I appeal to my honorable friends whose sympathies have been surprised and whose scrupulous sense of honor has been unduly stimulated for fear of their old party fidelity. To them I appeal, with confidence, not to be carried away by a mere popular cry, not to give countenance to a movement, the final issues of which might be disastrous to the party, to the nationality, to the country.

Mr. Speaker, a last word, and I address it to those in this House who belong to the same nationality as myself.

Let them beware. This hour is one of the greatest importance. Upon them a vast responsibility rests in respect to the vote which they will give to-night upon this question. The future condition of the Province of Quebec will largely depend on the vote which honorable members are about to give. I have already warned honorable members of the inexpedient attempt which was made to create a so-called political union of all French-Canadians throughout the Dominion, and I have said that this was a most unpatriotic step to be taken, that it was one fraught with danger to the Dominion, and fraught with special danger to those who, being a mi-

nority in the Dominion, are asked to work together as a unit without considering questions of opinion.

I have often repeated that opinion to my fellow countrymen. I have often said it, though never so appropriately or so feelingly as I do to-day. In the whole of this agitation, I have tried to be true to my country as well as to my duty. I have not followed the dictates of anyone, I have not been biased in my appreciation of facts and things; I have not perhaps followed the path which would be in my own private interest.

I have been offered—I would not say it if it had not been stated by the leader of the French-Canadian party in the Province of Quebec himself, that he had charged one of the honorable members of this House to come and give me his message about it—I was offered the leadership of all my fellow countrymen in that unpatriotic mission of collecting together all French-Canadians in the Dominion, to make of them a kind of political association. I refused the offer. I refused it because I thought the proposal was fraught with danger to my own fellow countrymen.

A Canadian writer who understands this question has said that the structure of the French-Canadian nationality in this Dominion had been laid, stone by stone, by the hands of men in whom were concentrated the most consummate wisdom, allied with the greatest prudence. That writer also stated that the only danger to the French nationality was the hour in which the people allowed themselves to be carried away by faction and by passion, and ally themselves together as a faction.

It is true, if we look at the history of this country, that the French-Canadians have achieved what has not been achieved in almost any other country. We know from the

lessons of history how difficult is it for a minority, in a conquered country especially, to escape encroachments, to escape absorption by the majority, however well disposed the majority may be.

In this country, we have prospered, we have grown, we have increased our wealth without any sacrifice of our liberty. We, the minority, have achieved something more. We have, even when the cry of race and religion was raised by a part of our population, succeeded in impressing on the majority a system of laws peculiar to ourselves—I speak of the introduction of the civil laws of Lower Canada into the Eastern Townships with the concurrence of the majority.

We have achieved more than that. We the minority have secured the good will, the esteem, the respect, the sympathy of the majority in the work of protecting our own peculiar institutions. We have done this, and it is true what the writer I have quoted has said that the structure of the French-Canadian nationality in Canada must have been the work of consummate wisdom allied to the greatest prudence. But at the same time his words were prophetic: "Do not allow yourselves to be led away by faction and passion. Do not become a faction in the country because although you are strong with your allies you will be weak as a faction, however strong a faction it might be."

It has been stated in public meetings by men who have been led away by their passions, that the French-Canadian should become a party similar to the Irish party in the Imperial Parliament under the guidance of Mr. Parnell. I have not to judge the issue of that Parliament. I say if the Irish people in their struggles for liberty have been obliged to do what they are doing and to unite themselves under one leader, it is a course they have been obliged to take because

they do not enjoy the freedom, respect, and sympathy we possess in this country. Ask Mr. Parnell if he would not resign the leadership of his faction in the Parliament of England if he could have the leadership of the French-Canadians, where they enjoy the freedom and liberty such as we enjoy in this Canada of ours.

No; the great danger with us is that we shall make a faction of the minority in this country, that we shall make what is called a close political alliance amongst ourselves, but in reality one which would be most unpatriotic and disastrous to the French-Canadians.

I ask honorable members, therefore, to look at this question as it should be viewed, to look at the laws as they exist, to look at the difficulty of the position in which the Minister of Justice and the government were placed, to judge not from feeling nor from the relations of blood or creed or nationality. It is natural with men of one Province or of one blood to feel more warmly in regard to the cause of men of their own Province, of their own blood and religion. But we must not judge of this matter in that light.

These have been my sentiments during the last four months. I have not changed my mind to suit men and circumstances; I have relied upon the reward given to men who do not flinch before the cries of the multitude, and who do not seek their political fortune in the success of the moment. I have walked straight before me in what I thought was the right path as a citizen of Canada. I have followed that conduct, I have not been biassed, and in the whole of what I have done, in the whole of what I have said through that painful crisis, I trust I have not lost the sympathies of my friends, the respect of my enemies, nor the confidence of the country.

"CAPTAIN MACKAY"

WILLIAM FRANCIS LOMASNEY, better known as "CAPTAIN MACKAY," an Irish-American patriot, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1841. His great-grandfather suffered death for his fidelity to the cause of Ireland in 1798, and his father was a zealous worker in behalf of Irish independence. In 1865 the young man persuaded his father to let him go to Ireland and take part in the contemplated insurrection. He led a band of men to the attack on the Ballyknockane police barracks and captured it. In December, 1867, he took the Martello tower at Foaty on the Cork River, and four days later he rifled a gunshop in Cork. His name was on all lips, but he managed to remain a mysterious element in the political commotion of the time until early in February, 1868, when he was captured by the police. In the *mêlée* his pistol was discharged, fatally wounding one of the constables. He was arraigned on the charge of murder and treason. Acquitted on the first count, he was convicted on the second and condemned to twelve years' penal servitude.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF INNOCENCE

SPEECH DELIVERED FROM THE DOCK IN DUBLIN, MARCH 21, 1868

MY LORD,—What I said last evening I think calls for a little explanation. I then said I was fully satisfied with the verdict—that it was a fair and just one.

I say so still, but I wish to state that I consider it only so in accordance with British law, and that it is not in accordance with my ideas of right and justice. I feel that with the strong evidence there was against me, according to British law, the jury could not, as conscientious men, do otherwise. I feel that. I thank them again for their recommendation to mercy, which, I have no doubt, was prompted by a good intention toward me and a desire to mitigate what they considered would be a long and painful imprisonment.

Still, I will say, with all respect, that I feel the utmost indifference to it. I do so for this reason—I am now in that position that I must rely entirely upon the goodness of God, and I feel confident that he will so dispose events that I will not remain a prisoner so long as your lordship may be pleased to decree. The jury having now found me guilty, it only remains for your lordship to give effect to their verdict. The eloquence, the ability, the clear reasoning, and the really splendid arguments of my counsel, failed, as I knew they would, to affect the jury.

I feel, therefore, that with my poor talents it would be utterly vain and useless for me to attempt to stay that sentence which it now becomes your lordship's duty to pronounce. I believe, my lord, from what I have seen of your lordship, and what I have heard of you, it will be to you a painful duty to inflict the sentence upon me. To one clinging so much to the world and its joys, to its fond ties and pleasant associations, as I naturally do, retirement into banishment is seldom—very seldom—welcome.

Of that, however, I do not complain. But to any man whose heart glows with the warmest inpulses and the most intense love of freedom; strongly attached to kind friends, affectionate parents, loving brother and sisters, and a devotedly fond and loving wife, the contemplation of a long period of imprisonment must appear most terrible and appalling. To me, however, viewing it from a purely personal point of view, and considering the cause for which I am about to suffer, far from being dismayed—far from it discouraging me—it proves to me rather a source of joy and comfort. True, it is a position not to be sought—not to be looked for—it is one which for many, very many, reasons there is no occasion for me now to explain, may be thought to involve disgrace or discredit.

But, so far from viewing it in that light, I do not shrink from it, but accept it readily, feeling proud and glad that it affords me an opportunity of proving the sincerity of those soul-elevating principles of freedom which a good old patriotic father instilled into my mind from my earliest years, and which I still entertain with a strong love, whose fervor and intensity are second only to the sacred homage which we owe to God. If, having lost that freedom, I am to be deprived of all those blessings—those glad and joyous years I should have spent among my loving friends—I shall not complain, I shall not murmur, but with calm resignation and cheerful expectation I shall joyfully submit to God's blessed will, feeling confident that he will open the strongly locked and barred doors of British prisons.

Till that glad time arrives it is consolation and reward enough for me to know that I have the fervent prayers, the sympathy and loving blessings of Ireland's truly noble and generous people, and far easier, more soothing, and more comforting to me will it be to go back to my cheerless cell than it would be to live in slavish ease and luxury, a witness to the cruel sufferings and terrible miseries of this down-trodden people. Condemn me, then, my lord—condemn me to a felon's doom. To-night I will sleep in a prison cell; to-morrow I will wear a convict's dress; but to me it will be a far nobler garb than the richest dress of slavery. Coward slaves they be who think the countless sufferings and degradation of prison life disgraces a man.

I feel otherwise. It is as impossible to subdue the soul animated with freedom as it will be for England to crush the resolute will of this nation, determined as it is to be free or to perish in the attempt. According to the British law, those acts proved against me—fairly proved against me, I acknowl-

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Orations—Volume twenty-four

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edge—may be crimes, but morally, in the eyes of freemen and the sight of God, they are more ennobling than disgraceful. Shame is only a connection with guilt.

It is surely not a crime to obey God's law, or to assist our fellow man to acquire those God-given rights which no men, no nation, can justly deprive them of. If love of freedom, and a desire to extend its unspeakable blessings to all God's creatures, irrespective of race, creed, or color, be a crime; if devotion to Ireland and love of its faithful, its honest, its kindly people be a crime,—then, I say, I proudly and gladly acknowledge my guilt. If it is a disgrace, all I can say is, I glory in such shame and dishonor; and, with all respect for the court, I hold in thorough and utmost contempt the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon me, so far as it is intended to deprive me of this feeling and degrade me in the eyes of my fellow men.

Oh, no, it is impossible, my lord; the freeman's soul can never be dismayed. England will most miserably fail if she expects by force and oppression to crush out—to stamp out, as the "Times" exclaimed—this glorious longing for national life and independence which now fills the breasts of millions of Irishmen, and which only requires a little patience and the opportunity to effect its purpose. Much has been said on these trials, on the objects and intentions of Fenianism.

I feel confidently, my lord, as to my own motives. I shall not be guilty of the egotism of saying whether they are pure or otherwise. I shall leave that to others to judge. I am not qualified to judge that myself; but I know in my soul that the motives which prompted me were pure, patriotic, and unselfish. I know the motives that actuate the most active members of the Fenian organization; and I know that very

few persons, except such contemptible wretches as Corydon, have profited by their connection with Fenianism. My best friends lost all they ever possessed by it. Talbot and Corydon, I believe, have sworn on previous trials that it was the intention of the Fenians to have divided the lands of Ireland among themselves in the event of success.

Though an humble member of the organization, I have the honor and satisfaction of being acquainted with the great majority of the leaders of Fenianism on both sides of the Atlantic, and I never knew one of them to have exhibited a desire other than to have the proud satisfaction of freeing Ireland, which was the only reward they ever yearned for—the only object that ever animated them.

As to myself, I can truly say that I entered into this movement without any idea of personal aggrandizement. When, in 1865, I bade my loving friends and parents good-bye in America, and came to Ireland, I was fully satisfied with the thought that I was coming to assist in the liberation of an enslaved nation; and I knew that the greatest sacrifices must be endured on our parts before the country could be raised to that proud position which is so beautifully described by the national poet as—

> "Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

Well, it was with that only wish and that only desire I came to Ireland, feeling that to realize it were to an honest man a greater reward than all the honors and riches and power this world could bestow. I cannot boast of learning, my lord; I have not had much opportunity of cultivating those talents with which Providence may have blessed me. Still I have read sufficient of the world's history to know that no people ever acquired their liberty without enormous sacrifices—with-

out losing, always, I may say, some of the purest, bravest, and best of their children. Liberty, if worth possessing, is surely worth struggling and fighting for, and in this struggle—of which, although the Crown lawyers and the government of England think they have seen the end, but of which I tell them they have not yet seen the commencement—I feel that enormous sacrifices must be made.

Therefore, my lord, looking straight before me now, I say I was determined and was quite ready to sacrifice my life if necessary to acquire that liberty; and I am not now going to be so mean-spirited, so cowardly, or so contemptible as to shrink from my portion of the general suffering. I am ready, then, for the sentence of the court, satisfied that I have acted right, confident that I have committed no wrong, outrage, or crime whatever, and that I have cast no disgrace upon my parents, my friends, upon my devoted wife, or upon myself. I am, with God's assistance, ready to meet my fate. I rest in the calm resignation of a man whose only ambition through life has been to benefit and free, not to injure, his fellow men, and whose only desire this moment is to obtain their prayers and blessings, with the approval of my own conscience, above all hoping for the forgiveness of God for anything I may have done to displease him, and relying upon his self-sustaining grace to enable me to bear any punishment, no matter how severe, so long as it is for glorious old Ireland.

I had intended, my lord, to refer to my notes, which I took at the trial; but I feel that was so ably done by my counsel it would be a mere waste of time for me to do so, but I just wish to make an explanation. Sir C. O'Loghlen made a statement—unintentionally, I am sure it was, on his part—which may or may not affect me. He said I sent a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant praying to be released from custody. I wish

to say I sent no such thing. The facts of the matter are these: I was liberated in this court because in reality the Crown could not make out a case against me at the time; and as I could, at the same time, be kept in prison until the next assizes, I, on consultation with my friends and with my fellow captive, Captain M'Afferty, consented, as soon as I should receive a remittance from my friends in America, to return there.

On these conditions I was set at liberty, understanding, at the same time, that if found in the country by next assizes, I would be brought up for trial. I did not want to give annoyance, and I said I would go to America. I honestly intended to do so then—not, however, as giving up my principles, but because I saw there was no hope of an immediate rising in Ireland. While agreeing to those conditions I went to Dublin and there met M'Afferty, and it was on that occasion I made the acquaintance of Corydon. I met him purely accidentally. He afterward stated that he saw me in Liverpool, but he did not see me there. I went over with an object, and while there I was arrested by anticipation, before the habeas corpus act was really suspended. I defy the government to prove I had any connection with Fenianism from the time I was released from Cork jail until February, 1867.

I was afterward removed to Mountjoy prison, and while there Mr. West came to me and said he understood I was an American citizen, and asked why I did not make that known. I said I had a double reason—first, because I expected the Crown would see they had broken their pledge with me in having been so soon arrested; and also that I expected my government would make a general demand for all its citizens. By Mr. West's desire I put that statement in writing; and I do not think that there is a word in it that can be construed

into a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant. One of the directors of the prison came to me and asked me was I content to comply with the former conditions, and I said I was. I was liberated upon those conditions and complied with them; but there was no condition whatever named that I was never to return to Ireland nor to fight for Irish independence. At that time I would sooner have remained in prison than enter into any such compact. Now, with reference to Corydon's information. He states he met me in Liverpool after the rising, and I stated to him that somebody "sold the pass" upon us—to use the Irish phrase.

Now, it is a strange thing, my lord, that he got some information that was true, and I really was in Liverpool, but not with the informer. The fact is, the month previous to that, I knew, and so did M'Afferty, that Corydon had sold us. We left instructions at Liverpool to have him watched, but, owing to circumstances it is needless now to refer to, that was not attended to, and he came afterward to Ireland and passed as a Fenian, and the parties here, not knowing he had betrayed them, still believed in him.

But I knew very well that Corydon had betrayed that Chester affair, and so did Captain M'Afferty; and if I had met him at that time in Liverpool I don't think it would be him I would inform of our plans. I only want to show, my lord, how easily an informer can concoct a scene. I never in my life attended that meeting that Corydon swore to. All his depositions with respect to me are false. I did meet him twice in Dublin, but not on the occasions he states. I wish to show how an informer can concoct a story that it will be entirely out of the power of the prisoner to contradict. With reference to the witness Curtin, whom I asked to have produced—and the Crown did produce all the witnesses I asked

for—your lordship seemed to be under the impression that I did not produce him because he might not be able to say I was not in the house that night.

Now, the fact is that, as my attorney learned the moment Mr. Curtin was brought to town, he knew nothing whatever about the circumstances, as he was not in his own tavern that night at all. That was why I did not produce the evidence. But I solemnly declare I never was in Curtin's public-house in my life till last summer, when I went in with a friend on two or three occasions, and then for the first time. That must have been in June or July, after the trials were over in Dublin. So that everything Corydon said in connection with my being there that night was absolutely false. I solemnly declare I was never there till some time last summer, when I went in under the circumstances I have stated. In conclusion, my lord, though it may not be exactly in accordance with the rules of the court, I wish to return your lordship my most sincere thanks for your fair and impartial conduct during this trial. If there was anything that was not impartial in it at all, I consider it was only in my favor, and not in favor of the Crown. This I consider is the duty of a judge, and what every judge should do—because the prisoner is always on the weak side and cannot say many things he would wish, while the Crown, on the other hand, have all the power and influence that the law and a full exchequer can give them. I must also return my sincere and heartfelt thanks to my able and distinguished counsel, who spoke so eloquently in my favor.

As for Mr. Collins, I feel I can never sufficiently thank him. He served me on my trial at a great sacrifice of time and money, with noble zeal and devotion, such as might be more readily expected from a friend than a solicitor. There

are many more I would like to thank individually, but as this may not be the proper time and place to do so, I can only thank all my friends from the bottom of my heart. I may mention the name at least of Mr. Joyce, who, in the jail, showed a great deal of kind feeling and attention.

And now, my lord, as I have already stated, I am ready for my sentence. I feel rather out of place in this dock. It is a place a man is very seldom placed in, and even if he is a good speaker he might be put out by the circumstance of having to utter his remarks from this place. But speaking at all is not my *forte;* and there are such emotions filling my breast at this moment that I may be pardoned for not saying all I would wish. My heart is filled with thoughts of kind friends—near at hand and far away—of father and mother, brothers and sisters, and my dear wife. Thoughts of these fill my breast at this moment and check my utterance. But I will say to them that I am firmly convinced I will yet live to see, and that God will be graciously pleased in his own good time to order, the prosperity and freedom of this glorious country.

I would only repeat the powerful, touching, and simple words of Michael Larkin, the martyr of Manchester, who in parting from his friends, said, "God be with you, Irish men and Irish women," and the burning words of my old friend, Edward O'Mara Condon, which are known throughout Ireland and the world, "God save Ireland!" And I, too, would say, "God be with you, Irish men and women; God save you; God bless Ireland; and God grant me strength to bear my task for Ireland as becomes a man. Farewell!"

My lord, if I display any emotion at this moment, I trust it will not be construed into anything resembling a feeling of despair, for no such feeling animates me. I feel, as I

have already said, confidence in God. I feel that I will not be long in imprisonment; therefore, I am just as ready to meet my fate now as I was six weeks ago, or as I was six months ago. I feel confident that there is a glorious future in store for Ireland, and that, with a little patience, a little organization, and a full trust in God on the part of the Irish people, they will be enabled to obtain it at no distant date.

CUMMINGS

AMOS JAY CUMMINGS, an American journalist and politician, was born at Conkling, New York, May 15, 1841, where his father was a printer. At the age of twelve he began to learn the same trade and continued at it until he joined the army at the time of the Civil War, retiring as sergeant-major from the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Infantry. He then engaged in journalism and filled editorial positions on the New York "Tribune" and "Sun." In 1887 he was elected member of Congress from the Tenth New York District and has served continuously since that time. He has written several books, among which may be mentioned "Sayings of Uncle Rufus," and "The Ziska Letters."

ON THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1900

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I would be untrue to myself if I did not congratulate the gentleman from Illinois who has just taken his seat upon the masterful showing which he has made in his report, and upon the conclusion of the arduous labors in committee that have accompanied the birth of this bill. That the committee itself did not come to a unanimous agreement is to me a matter of regret. I myself agree in some things with the minority and agree in others with the majority. But I believed it to be my duty, if I had any fight to make, to make it upon the floor of this House, as I have heretofore done, and I declined to sign the minority report.

Mr. Chairman, the past shows that a powerful navy for the American nation is a vital necessity. Without it we may become the prey of the robber nations of the earth; without a great navy, I will undertake to say, we to-day might be at

war with Great Britain over the Alaska boundary. Her rapacity toward the Boers is due to her greed for gold; and there is as much gold in Alaska as in the Transvaal. It is the fact that we are prepared for war that saves us from trouble with the powers of Europe. From the days of the battle of Salamis down to the present a strong navy has been the safety of a maritime nation. It was the battle of Salamis that drove Xerxes from Greece, not the fight at the pass of Thermopylæ. It was the battle in the bay that sent him whirling back across the Hellespont into Asia, where he belonged.

When Hannibal invaded Italy and maintained himself there for seventeen years without re-enforcement, it was not the Roman legions that drove him to Africa; it was the Roman ships which conveyed Scipio's army there and forced Hannibal to follow it in a vain effort to defend Carthage. It was the navy that made Venice the supreme mistress of the commerce of the world for centuries. The Mediterranean Sea was practically a Venetian lake because of the Venetian navy.

It was her navy that afterward made Holland the mistress of the sea. And it was not until the English navy had been built to proper proportions that Van Tromp was compelled to pull down his broom and acknowledge its supremacy.

It was our navy that won the most brilliant victory in the Revolution. Admiral Paul Jones, in his fight with the "Serapis" and the "Countess of Scarborough" gave the Revolution an impetus that put behind our forefathers not only the sympathy of Europe, but substantial aid in the way of dollars and of French battle-ships.

Paul Jones, an American admiral, was the only man in either army or navy who had invaded England since the days

of the battle of Hastings. The whole British coast was in alarm. He landed at different places and drew in plunder the same as the English themselves drew it in when they sacked the city of Pekin.

It was by the aid of the French navy that we achieved the final triumph of the American Revolution—the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Without the activity of the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, Cornwallis would have escaped. A British fleet was hastening to his succor; but when its commander learned that a French fleet of superior force was already in the Chesapeake, it turned back to New York.

It was Nelson, and not Wellington, who was the leading factor in the downfall of Napoleon. The victories of the British navy at Aboukir, Copenhagen, Cape St. Vincent, and Trafalgar destroyed all his hopes. France was practically cut off from the rest of the world. Her commerce was utterly ruined, and she was compelled to feed upon herself until her resources were exhausted.

It was the American navy that gave us peace in the treaty of Ghent in the war of 1812. Hull had surrendered an American army at Detroit. Commodore Perry, within one hundred miles of that city, demolished a British fleet—the first time that American vessels had met an English fleet—and sent to Washington the immortal despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Scott had been driven back at Niagara and Lundy's Lane; Wilkinson had made a fiasco on the northern border; but the guns of the American navy were heard on Lake Champlain, where Commodore McDonough sent the English fleet to the bottom.

Washington, your own proud capital, had been captured by the British, and this building burned, our monuments de-

faced, the White House destroyed, your President became a fugitive in the forests of Virginia; but the victories of Decatur, of Commodore Stewart, of Bainbridge, and of old Isaac Hull in the "Constitution" were a sufficient recompense for the destruction of the city of Washington.

In only one instance in that war did the army achieve a victory, and that was at the Saranac, for the battle of New Orleans, it will be remembered, was fought long after the treaty of peace was signed.

The total destruction of the Turkish navy by the allied fleets at Navarino rescued Greece from the clutches of the followers of the Prophet and restored to her her freedom.

It was the American navy that gave us the victory in the war with Mexico. Taylor had marched across the Nueces, across the Colorado, across the Rio Grande; he had taken Monterey; he had reached the plains of Buena Vista and wiped out Santa Anna's army; but it was Scott who went to the city of Mexico through the aid of the American navy, which bombarded the castle of San Juan de Ulloa and gave him a landing place at Vera Cruz.

It was the American navy that sounded the knell of doom for the Confederacy when gallant old Farragut broke the iron barrier, passed the forts of Jackson and St. Philip, and captured the city of New Orleans. And it was all done before McClellan left the Peninsula. The Confederacy was split in twain when the Mississippi was opened. The fate of the Confederacy was sealed the instant the ports of the South were declared under blockade by President Lincoln. If the Confederacy had had a navy, and if things had been more equal both on sea and on land, we should have had two nations in existence to-day where there is only one.

It was the navy, I may add, that won the Spanish war. I

believe that if Schley and Sampson had been left to their own inspiration, or had received the orders that Dewey received, they would have gone into Santiago harbor without sending an army down there to storm San Juan and El Caney.

It was the navy, under Dewey, that destroyed the Spanish fleet and won the empire in the East; and it was the navy that finally brought proud Spain to her knees with her hands held upward, acknowledging her subjugation.

So, Mr. Chairman, I say that the navy is a vital necessity to the United States as well as to all other maritime nations. This vital necessity is recognized by the people of the country—north and south, east and west. The people to-day are clamoring for an increase of the navy because they know its usefulness, because they know it is a never-failing defender, because they know it is a never-failing aggressor, when war breaks out. In a multiplicity of ships there is safety.

Now, what have we done, and what are we doing, to carry out the wishes of the people? We have three battle-ships on the stocks, and no method of procuring armor for them. We have three more battle-ships and three armored cruisers authorized, and a string attached to each in the shape of a provision that they shall not be even contracted for unless the best armor manufactured can be obtained at $300 a ton. We propose to authorize in this bill the building of two more battle-ships, three more armored cruisers, and three protected cruisers. Shall there be a string attached to them also? Can men face their constituents after authorizing the construction of these battle-ships and cruisers, and then refusing to provide the money for furnishing the armor for them? Why, sir, it seems to me like voting for a declaration of war and refusing the funds necessary to carry on the war. I believe that the

people demand to-day, not only the prompt construction of the ships already authorized, but also the construction of as many more vessels.

For nearly five years have some of these ships remained without armor. I well remember speeches on this floor in which we were told that we could get armor for $200 a ton. Very well; we tried it. No ships were built. The man wanted a twenty-year contract, with a pledge that a fleet of ships should be built each year, and went back on his promise; he could not furnish armor at $200 a ton. Then we reached a point where, after authorizing the construction of ships, we attached a string to the authorization in another manner—this was June 10, 1896:

Provided, That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby directed to examine into the actual cost of armor plate and the price for the same which should be equitably paid, and shall report the result of his investigation to Congress at its next session, at a date not later than January 1, 1897; and no contract for armor plate for the vessels authorized by this act shall be made until such report is made to Congress.

That was the condition then, and a similar condition exists to-day. The ships are authorized by you, and then you attach a string and by pulling it get no ships at all. The ships are still unbuilt. We have gone through a war since then, and not one of these ships was built before war was declared, and not one was available during the war. . . .

Mr. Chairman, at the next session of Congress you provided that the price should not exceed $400 per ton for armor inferior to the Krupp armor, but at the last session of Congress you provided that superior armor should not be obtained unless it could be had at $300 a ton—an impossible price. If you pay $400 a ton for the old harveyized armor,

certainly the new Krupp armor is worth at least as much, and yet you limited the price to $300 a ton. In other words, you provide that the best armor shall be furnished at $100 per ton less than the sum you have expressed yourselves willing to pay for inferior armor. You practically determined, as I said before, that you would authorize the ships, but you took special care to prevent the building of them. . . .

I think that it is time, Mr. Chairman, that this country understood that the lives of its sailors, its marines, and others connected with the naval service have been endangered and menaced when this government found itself involved in war by the action of Congress in regard to this question of armor plate. I say that the men who fought with Dewey at Manila and with Schley at Santiago are entitled to the best protection the government can give, by placing the best armor on its battle-ships that can be made, by metallic furniture, and by all other life-saving devices.

We authorize two battle-ships here to-day, and six cruisers, and here is the same old story and the same old string over and over again. We will not contract for them, gentlemen say, until we build an armor-plate factory and can manufacture the armor for them ourselves. We will delay the construction three years more, taking in the three battle-ships and three cruisers authorized in the last session, and the three battle-ships under contract, authorized in the first session of the Fifty-fifth Congress, thus making a total delay of eight years in the construction of some of these ships. On the score of alleged economy you are opposing expenditure that the world recognizes as an absolute necessity. . . .

Now, Mr. Chairman, I disagreed with the policy of the Naval Committee in some respects, but I propose to stand by it as far as my conscience will allow. I disagreed with the

committee when they refused to provide for the building of gunboats. The Secretary of the Navy had asked for the construction of thirteen gunboats. When Admiral Dewey came before the committee he testified that he thought he would rather have battle-ships than gunboats. We had captured four Spanish gunboats when Manila was taken—that is, Dewey had raised the wrecks. Since then we have bought a lot of little gunboats—some not as large as canal-boats—from the Spanish government. Admiral Dewey, while before the committee, said he thought we did not want any more gunboats, and he would take two or three battle-ships in the place of them. Well, the committee gave him two battle-ships, although the Secretary had not asked for them; but while Secretary Long was before the committee he said he would have asked for them if he had thought he could get them.

Now, I believe in gunboats. I think that boats the size of the "Helena" and vessels of that class are the very thing that the nation needs. We must continue a protectorate over Cuba at least until they form a government, and it looks to me now as though they would not be able to form one for the next five years, and we must have ships for service on the coast of Porto Rico and among the islands of Hawaii. There is nothing so useful in such waters as gunboats. We certainly need them for the Philippines. Those bought and captured from the Spaniards may suffice for the present, as Admiral Dewey suggests. I am in favor of keeping these gunboats in the Philippines just as long as there is a rebel in arms in those islands.

When the islands are conquered, I am in favor of treating them exactly as we treat Cuba. They were both in rebellion against Spain, and of the two possibly the Filipinos were a

little more gallant in fighting the Spaniards—at least fully as gallant as were the Cubans—and they are entitled to the same treatment. Sure it is that Aguinaldo and his Tagals supported Dewey's attack on Manila as heartily as did Garcia the assault of Shafter and Wheeler on Santiago. Gunboats are needed there, and are certainly needed elsewhere. I think it unwise to lop them off entirely in view of the recommendation of Secretary Long. We ought at least to split the difference with him and give him half of what he asked for.

I differed with the committee on the question of sheathed ships. While they took Dewey's word with regard to the battle-ships and gunboats, they refused to take his word as to sheathed ships. He said that a sheathed ship would run two years and maintain her speed without docking, whereas an unsheathed ship had to be docked at least once in every nine months. He acknowledged that the "Charleston" was lost on a sunken reef in the Philippine Islands because she was not sheathed. When asked whether, in his opinion, she could have been saved if she had been sheathed, he replied that at that same time a British war-vessel ran upon an unknown reef and was pulled off in safety because she was sheathed. That seemed to me conclusive evidence that the battle-ships which we were authorizing in this bill should be sheathed.

But I compromised. We agreed to leave the matter to the Secretary of the Navy, and if the Secretary thinks it best to have them in the docks once in nine months instead of once every two years he may sit down upon the project. I am willing to trust John D. Long, and I believe the people are willing to do so. . . .

Now, Mr. Chairman, the committee was unable to agree as to the question of building ships at the navy-yards. Well, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question.

I thought that with three battle-ships and three armored cruisers not contracted for, and with two more battle-ships and six more cruisers, armored and protected, but not contracted for, we could afford at least to again try the experiment of building them in the navy-yards. It is a favorable time for doing so.

The Secretary of the Navy, however, is opposed to it. He says they will cost twice as much as vessels built elsewhere and take twice the time for construction. He also thought the yards would be more or less susceptible to political influences.

Possibly he is right. He undoubtedly knows far more about that than I do. I have no doubt that it will cost more to build these ships in the navy-yards than it would to build them under contract, and for this reason: The work of the government is done under the eight-hour system; the contractors work their men from nine to ten, eleven to twelve hours. So that of necessity it must cost more to build the ships in the navy-yards than it would under contract. But I took occasion to get a statement from Captain Sigsbee concerning the construction of vessels in the English, the French, and the German navy-yards. The period covered is approximately five years for France and Germany, and a little less for England, but in all cases the period for dockyard and private construction is the same. The rate of wages was comparatively the same in both the government and private yards. It took much longer to construct the vessels in the government than in the private yards. . . .

My friend from Illinois referred to the German navy. That navy is to-day within 2,700 tons of the strength of the American navy, and that is what made Admiral Diedrich so cocky in the Bay of Manila.

The Emperor of Germany is "some pumpkins;" he "feels his oats." For two years he has been struggling to surpass this country in the size of its navy, and to-day in the German Riechstag a bill is pending, which will undoubtedly pass, doubling the size of the German navy—increasing her tonnage over 400,000 tons. I think that is a strong argument in favor of our building the ships we have already authorized as soon as possible, and of authorizing the building of as many others as we afford to pay for.

I was not unsusceptible to the inquiry made by the chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations, while my friend from Illinois was occupying the floor. He is one of the men who hold the purse-strings of the nation. He takes account of stock in every session of Congress, and in view of the great volume of appropriations made at each session he wants to cut his cloth according to its length. He wants to know where "he is at," and he received the desired information, and in the same breath told you he was not opposed to your bill.

Nor are the people opposed to it. They will tolerate no more delay in this armor-plate matter. You can not take up a newspaper from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande or from Puget Sound to Key Biscayne Bay without finding paragraphs advocating the prompt increase of the navy. They recognize the fact that the bombardment of New York by an enemy would entail treble the cost of our entire navy.

I have always advocated its increase. No man in this House rejoiced more than I rejoiced when men from the South dominated the committee, and Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, was made its chairman. Talk about politics! You should have been here in the Fifty-third Congress, when the leader of the minority, the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Boutelle], used

two hours of the time of the committee in general debate, taking in forty minutes of my time, using it in denunciation of the South, charging you with being inimical to the navy. In the twenty minutes left I demonstrated the secret of your former enmity and prophesied a great change. . . .

If we are to have an increased navy it is time to stop talking and begin work. Authorizing it will not build it; you must provide armor and do it promptly. Either do this or stop the authorization of vessels. Do one thing or the other. I believe that the people of the country, ten to one, demand a decrease in the army and an increase in the navy; and as long as I remain in this House I intend to voice that demand.

LAURIER

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, a brilliant Canadian statesman and orator, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, was born at St. Lin, November 20, 1841, and was educated at L'Assomption College. In 1860 he began the study of law in Montreal, following the law course at McGill University, and was called to the bar in 1864. He went to L'Avenir, in the Eastern Township, where he assumed the editorship of "Le Défricheur," a Reform journal. He soon opened a law office at St. Christophe—now Arthabaskaville—which had been made the *chef lieu* of the new judicial district of Drummond and Arthabaska. There he continued to reside up to his removal to Ottawa as Prime Minister of Canada in 1896. He was a powerful and skilful counsel in both civil and criminal cases. In recognition of his professional eminence he was created a queen's counsel by the Marquis of Lorne in 1880. His first laurels as a speaker were won in the halls of the Institute Canadien, Montreal, of which body he was elected a vice-president. He entered active public life in 1871, being then returned to the Quebec Assembly for Drummond and Arthabaska. His début in the legislature is said to have produced a sensation by the finished grace of his oratorical abilities and by the boldness and authority with which he handled the deepest political problems. The effect of "his fluent, cultivated, and charming discourse" is described by Frechette, the poet, as magical. At the general election of 1874 he resigned his seat in the legislature and was returned by the same constituency to the House of Commons. When Parliament met he was selected to second the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, the late Chief-Justice Moss being the mover. His speech on that occasion, it has been said, marked him for early appointment to the Cabinet. Indeed, David not long afterward pronounced him "the most remarkable parliamentary orator now possessed by Lower Canada." In November, 1876, he entered the Mackenzie administration as Minister of Internal Revenue. On returning to his constituents for re-election he met with defeat, but he was at once returned for Quebec-East, which constituency has ever since remained his political foster-mother. At the last general election he was returned for both Quebec-East and Saskatchewan, and elected to sit for his old constituency. When the Mackenzie government was defeated at the polls in 1878, he had been for some years the acknowledged leader of the Liberal party in the Province of Quebec. He accompanied his friends into Opposition, and there for eighteen years awaited the change in political sentiment which was to restore the reins of power to the hands of the Liberal party. The change came at the general election in 1896, Mr. Laurier having then been leader of the Opposition at Ottawa for a period of nine years. In the month of June he left for England on the invitation of her Majesty's government, to take part in the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. He was sworn of the Privy Council, was appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and was received in audience by the Sovereign. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred honorary degrees upon him, and the Cobden Club admitted him to honorary membership and

awarded him its gold medal. Proceeding to France, he visited President Faure at Havre, and was appointed by his Excellency a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. Later he was received at the Vatican by his Holiness the Pope. As an orator Sir Wilfrid took a first place everywhere, the London "Daily Mail" comparing him with some of the foremost British statesmen, and expressing a wish that it were possible to place him side by side with them in the Imperial Parliament. While in England he succeeded in having the commercial treaties between Britain and Germany and Belgium denounced, with a view to freeing Canada from the restraint placed upon her by those treaties, which prevented her from granting to Great Britain any trade favors denied to the treaty Powers. On his return to Canada in September Sir Wilfrid received from Toronto University, and from Queen's University, Kingston, the honorary degree of LL.D. He was also elected an honorary life member of the National Liberal Club, London, England. While in Opposition Mr. Laurier was engaged for some years in writing a history of Canada from the Union of 1841, but this has not yet been published. A collection of his principal speeches appeared under the editorship of Ulric Barthe in 1890.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 4, 1898

THE Jubilee celebration was remarkable chiefly for two distinct and characteristic features. In the first place it was above all things a tribute of devotion and personal attachment to the Sovereign, to the noble woman who, during the course of a long life in the most exalted station, has ever displayed those qualities which grace her sex, gentleness and generosity, and who at the same time has shown that she was possessed of those sterner attributes which made her the model of sovereigns, as she was already the model of women, and which have so much endeared her to so many millions of subjects.

Of all the touching scenes which were witnessed on Jubilee Day, none was more touching than the singularly warm, singularly sincere expressions of devotion, of love, and of affection, which spontaneously went forth to her Majesty from her subjects in the poorer quarters of the great metropolis.

From another point of view the Jubilee celebration was as suggestive as it was impressive. It was a revelation of the wonderful development which has been attained by the British Empire, a revelation of its strength, of its extension, of its cohesion. Those who saw the Jubilee procession from Buckingham Palace to the cathedral of St. Paul's could not but have their minds carried back to the ancient days of Rome, to those famous pageants where the victorious general ascended the Via Sacra in a blaze of glory and triumph.

It was a triumph, indeed, was that procession from Buckingham Palace to the cathedral of St. Paul's; but it was a triumph how different, how widely different, from the triumphs of ancient Rome. Here was not a warrior coming after a campaign, laden with the gory spoils of many provinces or many kingdoms, or with thousands of slaves and prisoners fettered to his chariot—the triumphant in this case was a woman, a woman no longer in the flower of youth, but already marked by the hand of time, and in her cortège were the men of many lands and of many religions—men from the black races of Africa, men from the yellow races of Asia—men from the mixed races of the West Indies—Christians, Mahommedans, Buddhists—but free men all.

Free men all, some of them wearing the uniform of the British army and proudly marching to the strain of England's martial airs. And when in front of the noble temple, under the canopy of heaven, the vast throng reverently invoked the blessing of Almighty God for the aged Sovereign and her vast dominions, a thrill passed over every one present, and each felt in his heart the conviction that, as the Roman Empire had been built up by force and violence, so it had been destroyed by force and violence; but that the British

Empire lived, and could live ever, upon the eternal laws of freedom and justice.

And as it is for the British Empire as a whole, so it is for every component part of that Empire. That is the inspiration which shall ever guide us in the discharge of the duty which the Canadian people have entrusted to our care, and it is with this resolve that we on this day meet the Commons of Canada.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 8, 1901

MR. SPEAKER,—I rise to move the resolution of which I gave notice yesterday, which seems to be eminently called for by the fatal occurrence under which we have met. We have met under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. In these words there is no exaggeration; they are the literal truth. There is mourning in the United Kingdom, in the colonies, and in the many islands and continents which form the great empire over which which extend the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. There is mourning deep, sincere, heartfelt in the mansions of the great, and of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor and lowly; for to all her subjects, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, the Queen, in her long reign had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unaffected regret in all of the nations of Europe, for all the nations of Europe had learned to appreciate, to admire, and to envy the many qualities of Queen

Victoria, those many public and domestic virtues which were the pride of her subjects.

There is genuine grief in the neighboring nation of seventy-five million inhabitants, the kinsmen of her own people, by whom at all times and under all circumstances her name was held in high reverence, and where, in the darkest days of the Civil War, when the relations of the two countries were strained almost to the point of snapping, the poet Whittier well expressed the feeling of his countrymen when he exclaimed:

> "We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
> To England's Queen, God bless her."

There is wailing and lamentation among the savage and barbarian peoples of her vast empire, in the wigwams of our own Indian tribes, in the huts of the colored races of Africa and of India, to whom she was at all times the Great Mother, the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence. Aye, and there is mourning also, genuine and unaffected, in the farm-houses of South Africa, which have been lately and still are devastated by war, for it is a fact that above the clang of arms, above the many angers engendered by the war, the name of Queen Victoria was always held in high respect, even by those who are fighting her troops, as a symbol of justice, and perhaps her kind hand was much relied upon when the supreme hour of reconciliation should come.

Undoubtedly we may find in history instances where death has caused perhaps more passionate outbursts of grief, but it is impossible to find instances where death has caused so universal, so sincere, so heartfelt an expression of sorrow. In the presence of these many evidences of grief which come not only from her own dominions, but from all parts of the globe; in the presence of so many tokens of admiration,

where it is not possible to find a single discordant note; in the presence of the immeasurable void caused by the death of Queen Victoria, it is not too much to say that the grave has just closed upon one of the great characters of history.

What is greatness? We are accustomed to call great those exceptional beings upon whom heaven has bestowed some of its choicest gifts, which astonish and dazzle the world by the splendor of faculties, phenomenally developed, even when these faculties are much marred by defects and weaknesses which make them nugatory of good.

But this is not, in my estimation at least, the highest conception of greatness. The equipoise of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being as the possession of the more dazzling though less solid qualities. And when these high qualities are found in a ruler of men, combined with purity of soul, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, elevation of purpose, and devotion to duty, this is what seems to me to be the highest conception of greatness, greatness which will be abundantly productive of happiness and glory to the people under such a sovereign. If I mistake not, such was the character of Queen Victoria, and such were the results of her rule. It has been our privilege to live under her reign, and it must be admitted that her reign was of the grandest in history, rivalling in length and more than rivalling in glory the long reign of Louis XIV, and, more than the reign of Louis XIV, likely to project its lustre into future ages.

If we cast our glance back over the sixty-four years into which was encompassed the reign of Queen Victoria, we stand astonished, however familiar we may be with the facts,

at the development of civilization which has taken place during that period. We stand astonished at the advance of culture, of wealth, of legislation, of education, of literature, of the arts and sciences, of locomotion by land and by sea, and of almost every department of human activity.

The age of Queen Victoria must be held to be on a par with the most famous within the memory of man. Of course, of many facts and occurrences which has contributed to make the reign of Queen Victoria what it was, to give it the splendor which has created such an impression upon her own country, and which has shed such a luminous trail all over the world, many took place apart and away from her influence. Many events took place in relation to which the most partial panegyrists would, no doubt, have to say, that they were simply the happy circumstance of the time in which she lived. Science, for instance, might have obtained the same degree of development under another monarch.

It is also possible that literature might have flourished under another monarch, but I believe that the contention can be advanced, and advanced truly, that the literature of the Victorian age to a large extent reflected the influence of the Queen. To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria be it said, that it was pure and absolutely free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages, and which still unhappily is the shame of the literature of other countries. Happy indeed is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle; that it can be placed by the mother in the hands of her daughter with abundant assurance that while the mind is improved the heart is not polluted. Such is the literature of the Victorian age. For this blessing, in my

judgment, no small credit is due to the example and influence of our departed Queen. It is a fact well known in history, that in England as in other countries, the influence of the sovereign was always reflected upon the literature of the reign. In former ages, when the court was impure, the literature of the nation was impure, but in the age of Queen Victoria, where the life of the court was pure, the literature of the age was pure also. If it be true that there is a real connection between the high moral standard of the court of the sovereign and the literature of the age, then I can say without hesitation that Queen Victoria has conferred, not only upon her own people, but upon mankind at large, a gift for which we can never have sufficient appreciation.

But there are features of the reign of Queen Victoria which are directly traceable to her influence, and if I were to give my own appreciation of events as they have made their impression upon my judgment, I would say that in three particulars has the reign of Queen Victoria been most beneficent.

It has been stated more than once that she was a model constitutional sovereign. She was more than that. She was not only a model constitutional sovereign, but she was undoubtedly the first constitutional sovereign the world ever saw—she was the first absolutely constitutional sovereign which England ever had, and England we know has been in advance of the world in constitutional parliamentary government.

It may be said without exaggeration, that up to the time of the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne, the history of England was a record of a continuous contest between the sovereign and the parliament for supremacy. That contest was of many centuries' duration, and it was not terminated

by the Revolution of 1688, for although after that revolution the contest never took a violent form, still it continued for many reigns in court intrigues and plots; the struggle on the part of the sovereign being to rule according to his own views; the struggle on the part of parliament being to rule according to the views of the people.

Queen Victoria was the first of all sovereigns who was absolutely impersonal — impersonal politically I mean. Whether the question at issue was the abolition of the Corn Laws, or the war in the Crimea, or the extension of the suffrage, or the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or Home Rule in Ireland, the Queen never gave any information of what her views were upon any of these great political issues. Her subjects never knew what were her personal views, though views she had, because she was a woman of strong intellect, and we know that she followed public events with great eagerness. We can presume, indeed we know, that whenever a new policy was presented to her by her Prime Minister she discussed that policy with him, and sometimes approved or sometimes, perhaps, dissented.

But whether she approved or disapproved no one ever knew what her views were, and she left the praise or the blame to those who were responsible to the people. That wise policy upon the part of our late sovereign early bore fruit, and in ever-increasing abundance. The reward to the Queen was not only in the gratitude and affection of her people, but in the security of her throne and dynasty. When the terrible year of 1848 came; when all the nations of Europe were convulsed by revolution; when thrones were battered by the infuriated billows of popular passions, England, England alone, was absolutely calm and peaceful. Thrones crumbled to pieces like steeples in an earthquake,

but the throne of the sovereign Queen of England was never disturbed; it was firm in the affection of her subjects.

As the reign advanced, it became the pride of her subjects that there was more freedom in monarchic England than under any democratic or republican form of government in existence. That being true, the Queen rendered her people a very great service indeed. She saved them from socialistic agitation, and so the great prosperity of England to-day is due not only to wise and economic laws, but due also to the personality of the Queen, and to her prudent conduct all through the sixty years of her reign.

But that is not all. The most remarkable event in the reign of Queen Victoria—an event which took place in silence and unobserved—the most remarkable event in the reign of the late Queen was the marvellous progress in colonial development, development which, based upon local autonomy, ended in colonial expansion.

Let us remember that in the first year of the Queen's reign, there was rebellion in this very country. There was rebellion in the then foremost colony of Great Britain; rebellion in Lower Canada, rebellion in Upper Canada; rebellion—let me say it at once, because it is only the truth to say it—rebellion, not against the authority of the young Queen, but rebellion against the pernicious system of government which then prevailed. This rebellion was put down by force, and if the question had then been put: "What shall be the condition of these colonies at the end of Victoria's reign," the universal answer would have been: "Let the end of the reign be near or let it be remote, when that end comes these rebellious colonies shall have wrenched their independence, or they shall be, sullen and discontented, kept down by force."

If, on the contrary, some one had there said: "You are all mistaken; when the reign comes to an end, these colonies shall not be rebellious; they shall not have claimed their independence; they shall have grown into a nation, covering one half of this continent; they shall have become to all intents and purposes one independent nation under the flag of England, and that flag shall not be maintained by force, but shall be maintained by the affection and gratitude of the people."

If such a prophecy had been made, it would have been considered as the hallucination of a visionary dreamer—but, sir, to-day that dream is a reality, that prophecy has come true. To-day the rebellious colonies of 1837 are the nation of Canada—I use the word "nation" advisedly—to-day the rebellious colonies of 1837 are the nation of Canada, acknowledging the supremacy of the Crown of England, maintaining that supremacy, not by force of arms, but simply by their own affection, with only one garrison in Canada at this present moment, and that garrison manned by Canadian volunteers.

What has been the cause of that marvellous change? The cause is primarily the personality of Queen Victoria. Of course the visible and chief cause of all is the bold policy inaugurated many years ago of introducing parliamentary constitutional government, and allowing the colonies to govern themselves.

But, sir, it is manifest that self-government could never have been truly effective in Canada had it not been that there was a wise sovereign reigning in England, who had herself given the fullest measure of constitutional government to her own people. If the people of England had not been ruled by a wise Queen; if they had not themselves possessed parlia-

mentary government in the truest sense of the term; if the British Parliament had been as it had been under former kings in open contention with the sovereign, then it is quite manifest that Canada could not have enjoyed the development of constitutional government which she enjoys to-day. It is quite manifest that if the people of England had not possessed constitutional government in the fullest degree at home, they could not have given it to the colonies; and thus the action of the Queen in giving constitutional government to England has strengthened the throne, not only in England, but in the colonies as well.

There is another feature of the Queen's reign which is but little taken notice of to-day, but which, in my judgment, has an importance which we have not yet fully realized, and perhaps the term of which we have not yet seen. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, all the colonies of England in America, with the single exception of the French colony of Quebec, claimed their independence, and obtained it by the force of arms. The contest was a long and arduous one. It left in the breast of the new nation which was then born a feeling of—shall I say the word?—yes, a feeling of hatred, which continued from generation to generation, and which extended into our own time.

Happily we can say at this moment that this feeling of hatred has largely abated. I would not say that it has altogether disappeared. Perhaps we can still find traces of it here and there; but that feeling has so largely abated, that there is to-day between England and the United States of America an ever-growing friendship. What are the factors which have made this possible? Of all the factors which have made reconciliation possible, the personality of the Queen is doubtless the foremost. It is a matter of history

that from the day of her accession to the throne, the Queen exhibited, under all available circumstances, an abounding and lasting friendship toward that country which but for the fault of a vicious government would still have formed part of her dominions—a friendship which could not fail to touch the minds and hearts of a sensitive people. This was manifest in times of peace, but still more in time of war, and especially in the supreme hour of trial of the United States during the Civil War.

In the early months of the Civil War, as perhaps few now remember, an event took place which almost led to hostilities between Great Britain and the United States. An American man-of-war stopped a British merchant ship on the high seas, and forcibly abducted from it two envoys of the Confederate government on their way to Europe.

That act was a violation of the territory of England, because England has always held the decks of her ships to be part of her territory. It not only caused excitement in England, but it caused excitement of a different kind in the United States. The action of the commander of the war-vessel in making the abduction aroused a great deal of enthusiasm among the people of the United States, which was reflected even on the floor of Congress, and evoked many meetings and resolutions of commendation. Lord Palmerston was at that time the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and he was not the man to brook such an affront. He had a despatch prepared by the Foreign Minister, who, if I remember rightly, was at that time Lord Russell, peremptorily demanding the return of the prisoners and an apology.

The despatch which had been prepared was submitted to the Queen; and then was revealed the good sense and the kind heart of the wise and good woman at the head of the

British nation. She sent back the despatch, remarking that it was couched in too harsh terms, and that it ought to be modified to make possible the surrender of the prisoners without any surrender of dignity on the part of the United States. This wise counsel was followed; the despatch was modified accordingly; the prisoners were released, and the danger of war was averted. That act on the part of the Queen made a most favorable impression on the minds of the people of the United States.

But that was not all. Three years, or a little more afterward, at the close of the Civil War, when the union of the United States had been confirmed, when slavery had been abolished, when rebellion had been put down, the civilized world was shocked to hear of the foul assassination of the wise and good man who had carried his country through that ordeal. Then the good heart and sound judgment of the Queen were again manifested. She sent a letter to the widow of the martyred president—not as the Queen of Great Britain to the widow of the President of the United States; but she sent a letter of sympathy from a widow to a widow, herself being then in the first years of her own bereavement. That action on her part made a very deep impression upon the minds of the American people; it touched not only the heart of the widowed wife, but the heart of the widowed nation; it stirred the souls of strong men; it caused tears to course down the cheeks of veterans who had courted death during the previous four years on a thousand battlefields.

I do not say that it brought about reconciliation, but it made reconciliation possible. It was the first rift in the clouds; and to-day, in the time of England's mourning, the American people flock to their churches, pouring their blessings upon the memory of Britain's Queen. I do not hope,

I do not believe it possible, that the two countries which were severed in the eighteenth century, can ever be again united politically; but perhaps it is not too much to hope that the friendship thus inaugurated by the hand of the Queen may continue to grow until the two nations are united again, not by legal bonds, but by ties of affection as strong, perhaps, as if sanctioned by all the majesty of the laws of the two countries; and if such an event were ever to take place, the credit of it would be due to the wise and noble woman who thus would have proved herself to be one of the greatest of statesmen simply by following the instincts of her heart.

Sir, in a life in which there is so much to be admired, perhaps the one thing most to be admired is that naturalness, that simplicity in the character of the Queen which showed itself in such actions as I have just described. From the first day of her reign to the last, she conquered and kept the affections of her people, simply because under all circumstances, and on all occasions, whether important or trivial, she did the one thing that ought to be done, and did it in the way most natural and simple.

Thus, on the day of her accession to the throne, when she had to hold her first Council of State, when she had to meet veterans of the army and dignitaries of the church and the state, she performed all her duties in such a way as at once to win the hearts of all present. The Duke of Wellington expressed his gratification in the blunt language of an old soldier by remarking that if she had been his own daughter he could not have expected her to have done better. So it was on the first day, so it was every day, so it was on the last day of her reign.

She was a queen, she was also a wife and a mother. She had her full share of the joys and sorrows of life. She loved,

she suffered. Perhaps, though a queen, she had a larger share of the sorrows than of the joys of life, for, as Chateaubriand somewhere says, we have come to know how much there is of tears in the eyes of queens. Her married life was one of the noblest that could be conceived. It can be summed up in one word: it was happy. But death prematurely placed her cold hand upon her happiness by the removal of the noble companion of her life at an early age. From that moment she never was exactly the same. To the end of her life she mourned like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be consoled. After the lapse of forty years time may have assuaged but it did not remove her grief; we can apply to her the beautiful language of the French poet:

"Dans sa première larme elle noya son cœur." [1]

She is now no more—no more? Nay, I boldly say she lives—lives in the hearts of her subjects; lives in the pages of history. And as the ages revolve, as her pure profile stands more marked against the horizon of time, the verdict of posterity will ratify the judgment of those who were her subjects. She ennobled mankind; she exalted royalty—the world is better for her life.

Sir, the Queen is no more, let us with one heart say, Long live the King!

I propose to the House that we should unite in a resolution to his Majesty the King, to convey to him the expression of our sorrow at the loss he has suffered—a loss which, we may say with every respect, is ours also.

I propose that we should unite in conveying to the King the expression of the loyalty of his Canadian subjects.

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[1] "In her first tear she drowned her heart."

Only a few days ago his Majesty sent a message to his broad dominions across the sea, in which he said it would be his aim in life to follow in the footsteps of his great and noble mother. Sir, we did not want that assurance on the part of his Majesty to know that the wise policy and the wise conduct of the great Queen whom he has succeeded on the throne would be his guide. We have believed from the first that he who was a wise prince would be a wise king, that the policy which has made the British Empire so great under his predecessor would also be his policy, and that the reign of King Edward the Seventh would be simply a continuation of the reign of Queen Victoria.

On our part let us offer to his Majesty the King the expression of our loyalty—a loyalty which does not spring from any sycophancy or fetichism— but from grateful hearts, who duly appreciate the blessing of living under British institutions. Let us wish him godspeed, and let us hope that his reign may be as fruitful of good as was that of his wise predecessor.

THE BRITISH POLICY IN AFRICA

[Speech delivered in the Canadian Parliament, March 12, 1901, in reply to the pro-Boer speech of Henri Bourassa.]

I MUST confess, Mr. Speaker, that it is with a great deal of regret and with some surprise that I have seen my honorable friend persist in his determination to move the motion of which he gave notice some few days ago, and which he has now placed in your hands.

Well remembering the uncompromising hostility which he showed to our policy, nearly two years ago, of sending contingents to South Africa, well knowing from a long acquaint-

ance and a long friendship the logical mind of my honorable friend, remembering also that he had on more than one occasion announced himself as entirely opposed to what he called "imperialism," remembering also that he had somewhat ostentatiously and most persistently refused assent to the policy we advocated of sending to South Africa for the prosecution of the war, I must say I was little prepared for the present attitude of my honorable friend. I would have supposed that he would be a stalwart to the end, and that, having refused to send troops to South Africa, he would not ask us to send advice to England, but he has taken an attitude altogether different from that.

He would not allow us to offer troops; he now wants to send advice. He would not fight for the cause of England, but he is willing to sit at the council board in discussing the cause of England to-day. If this conduct is in keeping with his former well-known views it is a problem as to which I shall offer no opinion of my own, but which I shall leave for his own pondering.

As to the right on our part, asserted in this motion, of making representations to the Imperial authorities on all questions that may affect the British Empire in whole or in part, this is a right which is no longer in question. We asserted it now nearly thirty years ago, when, on the 20th of April, 1882, we passed a resolution in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. We asserted it again a few days ago, when we passed a resolution on the Coronation declaration.

The fact that we sent contingents to South Africa almost two years ago does not in any way affect our right in this respect. It is to-day what it was before. It has not been altered in any way. It is no larger and not smaller than it was. We have a perfect right to offer advice, and we claim

we have the privilege of making representations to the Imperial authorities. Therefore we can approach the question submitted on its merits and on its merits alone. The question which we have before us is not so much the speech of my honorable friend, which has no bearing on the motion which he has presented, but upon the motion itself. Shall we adopt this motion, or shall we not?

Before I approach this subject let me say that I care not to go into the long speech which my honorable friend has made to us. Eloquent, as all his speeches are, it yet has no relevancy to the question placed before the House, I care not to go into the question of the significance of the late election. I care not as to the attitude of any portion of the community, and certainly it is not fair nor right to judge any of the issues which have been involved in the last election simply by the comments of isolated newspapers. Why, my honorable friend himself has given us an idea of the little value which we must attach to the comments of interested newspapers on one side or the other as when he told us at the very outset of his speech that he has been misrepresented on both sides of the question—that on the very motion which he has now brought before us in which on one side he was represented as a demagogue and on the other as an imperialist. That being the case, he will permit me to say we can dismiss all the arguments he has brought forward to prove a thesis which he has not brought before the House.

The question before the House is: Should we adopt this motion? The conclusions of it are to be found in the last two paragraphs.

[Sir Wilfrid read these and continued:]

As to the first conclusion of this proposition, that there is no necessity for sending Canadian troops to South Africa, I

must say I altogether agree with him; not for the same reasons that have prompted him, but for the reason that the war is at an end. There may be still some guerilla warfare, there may be still some brigandage under the name of war, but the war is not longer at issue. Though he pretends to be very much in doubt as to the issue of the war, for my part, I am ready to leave the issue in the hands of the men who have it in hand now, and to say, with my honorable friend, that there is no necessity for sending Canadian troops to South Africa.

As to the other portion of the conclusion, that enlistment of recruits for the constabulary should not be allowed to take place in Canada, I ask him what reason can there be why the enlistment of men for this force should be put an end to in Canada? If there are men in Canada—I care not for what motive, whether high or low, whether dignified or undignified, whether because they desire to get a living, or from a spirit of adventure, or from the nobler impulse of fighting for their Sovereign—who wished to take service in the South African constabulary, on what principle should a Canadian government interfere and prevent their liberty being so exercised?

My honorable friend has spoken well and eloquently upon the cause of liberty, of which he has constituted himself the champion in this House, and almost alone. But I must ask him what kind of liberty is it which will not permit a British subject, if he so chooses, to offer his King to serve him, no matter what the capacity? I am a Liberal, as my honorable friend declares himself to be, but my idea of liberty does not agree with one that will not allow that freedom to every British subject in Canada.

But, sir, the gist of the motion is in the last paragraph but one, which reads in this way:

"This House, therefore, expresses the hope and desire that his Majesty's government will endeavor to conclude in South Africa an honorable peace founded in the law questions, which guarantees independence to all civilized people, and upon the true British traditions of respect to all national and religious convictions and to the spirit of colonial autonomy."

If this means anything it means that we are to invite the British authorities to restore the two republics, the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, to their independence. My honorable friend will not deny that this is the meaning that he has in his mind, but, strange to say, he never said a word as to that proposition.

I would have expected him to deal at length with this point which, after all, was a noble, worthy subject to consider, and which, after all, might invite discussion. I would have expected him to give his reasons and arguments why the British authorities should be invited by the Canadian Parliament to undo what they have done and to restore to the two republics the independence which they forfeited on the 9th of October, 1899. My honorable friend did not speak a word upon that subject, and, sir, perhaps I might sit down and not utter another syllable upon this subject, and I would do so and not utter another syllable upon the subject, were it not for the fact that my honorable friend in some of his arguments has been so unjust, so unfair, to the British government that I feel constrained to place before the House the other side of the question.

If he means anything, he means this: that the two republics, the republic of South Africa and the republic of the State of Orange, should be restored to their independence, should be restored to the position they occupied on the 9th of October, 1899, that the supreme arbitrament of war which

they themselves invoked should be satisfied; that all the blood which had been shed should count for nothing; that all the suffering which has been endured should be forgotten, and that Mr. Kruger and Mr. Steyn should be restored to the position of which they made such an abuse.

My honorable friend spoke eloquently of the miseries of war, of the destruction of farms, of the burning of houses, and I agree with him. I take no exception to what he said in that respect. Miserable, indeed, is the condition to-day of the once proud South African Republic; miserable by reason of its ruined farms, its closed mines, its cities arrested in their growth, its people impoverished, and its aged president a fugitive in Europe, a fugitive from the misery which he brought upon his own country. Miserable, indeed, is the condition of the once happy State of Orange, which had no quarrel with Great Britain, but which was precipitated into the horrors of war and of invasion by the man to whom it had entrusted its destinies, himself to-day a self-constituted outlaw in his own country.

These men appealed to the God of battles, and the God of battles has pronounced against them. They invaded British territory, their territory was invaded in turn, and it was annexed to the British domain in consequence of the terrible logic of war. If I understand him aright to-day, he would have the government and Parliament of Great Britain undo what has been done and bring the rebellious Boers back to the position which they occupied on the 9th of October, 1899, and which they had forfeited.

My answer is a very simple one. Whether he will agree with me or not, I am sure everybody else will agree that in the terrible uncertainties of war, in the series of successes and reverses which generally make up the history of war, the

leader of the defeated people has no right to complain if he receives from his victorious opponent the same treatment which he had previously applied to his opponent in the hour of victory.

Now he knows very well that when Lord Roberts invaded the State of Orange and raised the British flag in Bloemfontein, and when subsequently he invaded the Transvaal and again raised the British flag in Pretoria, and when he annexed the State of Orange and the Transvaal to the British Dominions, he knows very well that Lord Roberts then and there applied to the vanquished the very same law which had been proclaimed as a law of war by the Boers in the first stages of that war.

Sir, he is aware that the following day the State of Orange, which had no quarrel with England, joined hands with the Transvaal Republic, and that President Steyn called upon the Free State burghers to stand shoulder to shoulder against what he called the oppressor. My honorable friend is aware that that very same day the Boers invaded the British Colony at Natal; that within the following week they invaded several other places, they invaded Newcastle, Laing's Nek, and Honing Spruit.

He is aware also that within a week of that time the Free State burghers invaded the British colony of the Cape, that they occupied no less important a place than the district of Kimberly; and that by a series of proclamations, which I have here, from the commandants of the invading army, they annexed the district of Kimberly and the State of Orange.

Well, sir, these things took place in the beginning of the war. He pities to-day and laments the condition of the Dutch citizens. Sir, I have here in my hand the evidence of British subjects in the district of Kimberly, who were forced

to serve in the Dutch army, and when they appealed to President Kruger, were told that the district of Kimberly henceforth would be part of the State of Orange.

I will quote for the information of the House upon this subject a most suggestive affidavit which has appeared in the last bluebook of this subject and which I think he will agree with me affords a justification to the British government for all that they have done.

Well, sir, those were the first stages of the war. But the tide turned. The Boers who invaded British territory were repulsed and their own territory was invaded and annexed to the British territory. They again invaded British territory and were again repulsed. Now, I ask what injustice can the Boers urge against the British government when the British government treated them exactly as they had treated British subjects and British territory? What injustice can they urge in receiving exactly the same treatment as they had meted out to their opponents when they were in the ascendant? Mr. Speaker, I believe that there was logic in the method followed by the burghers. In the opening stages of the war they laid down the principle that South Africa has to be either Dutch or British, and the verdict of the God of armies has been that it should not be Dutch, but that it should be British. I could go on multiplying these examples.

Let me give another argument. If I understood him aright, and I think I did, in that respect, he would like the British government to go back to the policy of Mr. Gladstone in 1881. Mr. Gladstone was magnanimous toward the Boers in 1881, magnanimous, perhaps, to a fault. When he had the Boers in his power he treated them with the greatest generosity, expecting that when they had British subjects in their power they would treat them with the same generos-

ity. That was a mistake. He measured the men with whom he had to deal with the measure of his own great soul. If magnanimity be a fault, and if that was a fault with Mr. Gladstone, everybody must admit that magnanimity has never been a fault of Mr. Kruger.

If Mr. Kruger had had the slightest amount of the magnanimity of Mr. Gladstone there would have been no war. If Mr. Kruger had shown toward British subjects the principles of justice, there would have been no war. If Mr. Kruger had simply kept his pledge toward Mr. Gladstone and his commissioner there would have been no war.

What are the facts upon this question? They must be recalled in the face of the speech we have heard to-day from the member for Labelle. In 1881, when the Boers had gone to war against England, and, after their ephemeral success at Majuba Hill, the government of Mr. Gladstone filled the country with British troops. Lord Roberts was ready to take the field, and the issue could not have been in doubt, but Mr. Gladstone, in his great soul, resolved to give the Boers another chance, to give them their independence, retaining only for the British Crown suzerainty. Commissioners were appointed to settle the terms of peace.

The commissioners were Sir Hercules Robinson, Chief Justice de Villiers, a Boer of French descent. Like my friend and myself, he is of Huguenot descent. The third commissioner was Sir Evelyn Wood. This commission had to settle the terms of peace, and the terms of peace implied the independence of the Transvaal, and the independence of the Transvaal implied that there were British subjects who would become Dutch citizens. Naturally the commissioners were anxious as to what should be the position of these British subjects under the new régime. And naturally the

British commissioners negotiated upon this point. There were negotiations and Mr. Kruger was questioned as to what would be the fate of the British subjects who then became Dutch citizens, and here is the answer which was given by Mr. Kruger:

Sir Hercules Robinson, addressing himself to Mr. Kruger, said: "Before annexation, had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal? Were they on the same footing as citizens of the Transvaal?"

Mr. Kruger. "They were on the same footing as the burghers; there was not the slightest difference, in accordance with the Sand River Convention."

Sir Hercules Robinson. "I presume, you will not object to that continuing?"

Mr. Kruger. "We make no difference as far as burgher rights are concerned. There may, perhaps, be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has just come into the country."

That was on the 10th of May, 1881, and a few days later, on the 26th of May, Dr. Jorissen explained what was meant by a young person: "According to our law, a newcomer has not his burgher rights immediately. The words 'young person' do not refer to age, but to the time of residence in the republic. According to our old Grondwet, you had to reside a year in the country."

There, you see, all the rights of citizenship were reserved for British subjects and a residence of one year was enough to entitle them to these rights. But he knows that this pledge given by Mr. Kruger was not kept, that the rights of British subjects were abridged, that the period of probation which prevailed at that time was extended from one year to five years. Naturally this caused a great deal of comment and of complaint on the part of the men who had gone into the Transvaal, at the instance, afterward, of Mr. Kruger, to de-

velop the country, who were taxed mercilessly, who founded cities over which they had no control whatever, and who, when they asked for the privileges of citizenship, were told that they would not have any. It is no wonder that the best men in the Transvaal and in South Africa protested against that treatment.

My honorable friend has laid the blame of the war upon Mr. Chamberlain and the British government. It is not part of my duty to defend Mr. Chamberlain, who has shown that he can take care of himself upon every occasion. It is not part of my duty to defend the British government, but I may say to my honorable friend with all frankness—and he knows the great friendship that I have for him—that, notwithstanding that friendship, the attitude which he has taken is so unfair and unjust to the British government that I deem it my duty to place the facts which he had left to oblivion when he brought that question up before the House.

Who is responsible for the war, I deplore it as much as he does, but I ask him again: Who is responsible for the war? Is it the government of Great Britain? Sir, the man who is responsible for the war is Mr. Kruger himself. He was the President of the South African Republic. A great deal of light has been shed upon the Transvaal question by the correspondence found at Pretoria after its occupation by Lord Roberts. Among the ablest men in South Africa to-day is Sir Henry de Villiers, chief justice of Cape Colony. Amongst this correspondence letters written by Sir Henry de Villiers proved that in the summer of 1899, when negotiations were going on between Mr. Kruger and Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry de Villiers went almost on his knees to Mr. Kruger to induce him to make concessions to the Outlanders.

This is a letter which he wrote on the 21st of May, 1899,

addressed to Mr. Steyn, President of the Orange Free State. He goes on to say, and I call the attention of the House to this part of Sir Henry de Villiers's letters:

"I am quite certain that if in 1881, it had been known to my fellow commissioners that the President would adopt his retrogressive policy, neither President Brand (Orange Free State) nor I would have induced them to consent to sign the convention. They would have advised the secretary of state to let matters revert to the condition in which they were before peace was concluded; in other words to recommence the war."

I ask the honorable member for Labelle to-day: Is not the conduct of the British government justified when Chief Justice de Villiers, himself a Boer, told President Steyn in 1899 that if he had conceived, when he was acting as peace commissioner in 1881, that Mr. Kruger would so abuse the power vested in him, that, instead of advising the independence of the Transvaal, he would have advised the British government to go to war again? There never was a greater justification of the policy maintained by the British government than this letter of Chief Justice de Villiers.

I could go on multiplying these letters. There are four or five published in the same book, which I have now in my hands. But I will give simply the letters of a man who is a friend of the Boers, Mr. Merriman, a member of the government of Mr. Schreiner, himself an Afrikander of extreme views. In 1888 Mr. Merriman wrote to President Steyn in these words:—

"I sometimes despair of the peace of South Africa when I see how irritating and unjust the press is on the one side and how stubborn the Transvaal government is on the other. On my recent visit to Pretoria, I did not visit the President, as I considered it hopeless to think of making any impression

on him, but I saw Reitz, Smuts, and Schalkburgher, who, no doubt, would be amenable to argument, but I fear that either my advice had no effect on them, or else their opinion had no weight with the President. I urged upon them to advise the President to open the Volksraad with promises of a liberal franchise and drastic reforms. It would have been so much better if they had come voluntarily from the government instead of being gradually forced from them. In the former case they would rally the greater number of the malcontents around them; in the latter case no gratitude will be felt to the Republic for any concessions made by it. Besides there can be no doubt that as the alien population increases, as it undoubtedly will, their demands will increase with their discontent and ultimately a great deal more will have to be conceded than will now satisfy them. The franchise proposal made by the President seems to be simply ridiculous.

"One cannot conceal the fact that the great danger to the future lies in the attitude of President Kruger, and his vain hope of building up a state on a foundation of a narrow, unenlightened minority and his obstinate rejection of all prospects of using the materials which lie ready to his hand, to establish a true republic on a broad, liberal basis. The report of recent discussions in the Volksraad on his finances and their mismanagement fill one with apprehension. Such a state of affairs cannot last; it must break down from inherent rottenness, and it will be well if the fault does not sweep away the freedom of all of us."

If the Republics had not made the fatal mistake of sending the ultimatum when they did, things would have gone differently; but it is no use going back on what might have been. There was the mistake. It was the sending of this fatal ultimatum which brought all these calamities upon the Boers, which Mr. Bourassa deplores now. Let me tell him that the responsibility for this does not lie upon any other head than on the head of the President of the Transvaal Republic, who has been the first victim of his own doings. And notwith-

standing all his faults, and notwithstanding that he has brought all this on his own head, considering his great age, I cannot help feeling for Mr. Kruger a great deal of sympathy.

Mr. Bourassa deprecates the war. I do not deprecate it as much as he does, but I believe, perhaps, it is the greatest calamity which has befallen England within the last forty years or so, because it places on England the burden and the duty of governing South Africa with its two races estranged, perhaps for generations, by the cruel memories of war.

The problem of South Africa is this:—That you have in that country two races so mixed and so intermingled that it is not possible to separate them. These two races must be governed by the same power and the same authority and that power has either to be the power of England or the power of the Dutch. It has either to be the liberal and enlightened civilization of England of to-day, or the old bigoted and narrow civilization of the Dutch of two hundred years ago.

Let Mr. Bourassa forget for a moment that he and I are British subjects: and in the name of civilization, in the name of humanity, I ask him which is the power that ought to govern in that distant land? Is it the enlightened power of England or is it the semi-barbarous civilization of the Dutch?

There is but one future for the Dutch. They have been conquered, but I pledge my reputation and name as a British subject that if they have lost their independence they have not lost their freedom.

There is but one future for South Africa and that future is a grand confederation on the pattern of the Canadian confederation. It is a federation in which Cape Colony and Natal and the Orange Free State and the Transvaal and

Rhodesia shall be united together under a federal constitution, under the British flag and under the sovereignty of England.

Mr. Bourassa will agree with me that when they have the British flag over South Africa they shall have that which has been found everywhere during the last sixty years under the British flag, liberty for all, equality for all, justice and civil rights for English and for Dutch alike.

For these reasons, I have to ask the House that they shall not agree to this motion, but shall vote it down.

PARKHURST

CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST, a noted American clergyman, prominent as a social reformer, was born at Framingham, Massachusetts, April 17, 1842, and educated at Amherst College. He studied theology abroad, at Halle, 1869-70, and Leipzig, 1872-3, and in 1874 was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, Massachusets, where he remained for six years. He was called to the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York city in 1880 and retained it for more than twenty years. He took an active interest in social and municipal questions, becoming president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime in 1891. In the exercise of his duty in this capacity he discovered so much evidence of corruption in the police department of New York city that he publicly asserted the existence of complicity between the department and the criminal classes. This led to an investigation of the metropolitan police department in 1894 by a committee of the State senate, with the result that his statement was sustained by the facts ascertained. He has published "Forms of the Latin Verb Illustrated by the Sanskrit" (1870); "What Would the World Be Without Religion?" (1882); "The Blind Man's Creed" (1883); "Three Gates on a Side" (1891); "The Swiss Guide"; "Our Fight with Tammany" (1896); "Talks to Young Men" (1897); "Talks to Young Women" (1897).

SERMON ON GARFIELD

DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 25, 1881

"Almost all things are by the law purged with blood."—Hebrews ix, 22.

EVERYTHING that is great and good has to be paid for. There is hardly anything in life that is pure gratuity. Life is toilsome, and if we are upon a path of ascent almost every step has to be taken irksomely and with pain. It is so arranged. The cross and then the crown.

That is God's thought, and so we find it wrought everywhere into the structure of life, individual and associate. In the market of the finer spiritual as well as in that of the

coarser material commodities everything is stamped with its cost-mark.

Our prayers are sometimes only an attempt to obtain God's benefits at special rates, or to evade payment altogether. We court the health which the cup can give, but pray to be spared the cup: "Let this cup pass from me."

We want to be clothed in robes of white, but pray to be spared that tribulation out from which the white-robed saints of apocalyptic vision were come: purged (we ask to be), but by something other than blood. But "almost all things are by the law purged with blood."

That is one of those far-reaching thoughts of God, lodged away back in the old altar-ritual of the Hebrews, finer and truer than either priest or layman knew. Nowhere so true, of course, as upon Calvary: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." But the world is full of its little Calvaries. Every good thing is obtained by purchase, and every best thing is paid for in blood. Almost all things are purged with blood, and the pathway of life and the highway of history leads continuously over a new Golgotha.

There are qualities of character, individual and national, that are not wrought out by prosperity. Even "the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings." "Before I was afflicted I went astray."

Life gets continually broken in upon, therefore invaded, startled. Nothing ought so little to surprise us as a surprise. It keeps men's thoughts at a tension, and makes hearts plastic. Said Jeremiah: "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." "Hath settled on his lees."

It is a part of the holy discipline of God, then, to trespass

upon the quiet of individual life and the serenity of national life. It makes men think, think deeply, think seriously; and serious thought easily becomes devout, and devout thought is redemption. It is not often that a joy reaches so deep a place in men's hearts as a sorrow does; defeat touches men in a way that victory does not. More heart, for some reason, gets put into a devout sigh than into a doxology. "Sorrow is better than laughter," said the Preacher, "for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

That is the meaning of tribulation; that is the deep philosophy underlying the event around which our thoughts cluster tearfully and prayerfully this morning. "Tearfully and prayerfully:" you see how easy and natural the sequence. Of course, we can do but a little in the way of understanding what in particular God means by this or by any other of his afflictive dispensations.

God is his own interpreter, not you or I. Each event has references forward and backward too reticent for us to detect or trace. We do not want to belittle the event or the holy author of it by translating it all out into the terms of our common thinking. We love to think of the sea as sloping down into the globe without trying to picture the deep, mysterious bottom upon which it rests; and of the mountains as spiring up into the everlasting blue without attempting to delineate that utmost finial of rock where the nether firmament passes into the upper.

And so of this great mountainous sorrow, for which our hearts, even more than our streets and churches, are craped: we want to lay no profane hands upon its vastness, nor to make the event small by trying to make it near and intelligible.

An event, so vast that under the shadow of it the whole

civilized and Christianized world to-day stands tearful and devout, is one whose truest meaning it lies beyond the scope of our ken either to detect or suspect. It lies deeply locked in the counsels of God. We do not understand it. "God is his own interpreter and he will make it plain." "*Will* make it plain." Not now, but then and there. And so we are content to leave it unexplained, inscrutable. We yield ourselves to the mystery of it, to be softened and chastened by it.

And yet the chastening, in order to be chastening, must lie along side of the thought of the divineness of this strange tragedy. A human and bad element there was in it certainly. But to have a holy discipline wrought in us by it, we shall have to recognize with exactly the same distinctness a divine and righteous element. We have got to feel that in it God teaches us, and stand face to face with him in the transaction. If it is explained as the pure outcome of impersonal historic forces, it fails to touch that spot in us when we cherish the sanctities.

Equally so if we treat it only as the fruitage of Guiteau's crazed brain or depraved heart. This is for us an infamous tragedy because man was in it, but a holy tragedy because God was in it. And our hearts cannot be sufficiently grateful that it is in this latter character, more than in the former, that men are feeling it and contemplating it, now in just these plaintive days through which we are moving; that the sense that God's hand was in the act has sweetened our hearts from all the bitterness incident to the remembrance that Guiteau's hand was in it.

And if, when the turf has begun to grow green over the dust of the dear and honored dead, if then with seriousness, but without show of malignity or of spite, and by quiet process of law, wisely applied and soberly executed, the

criminal shall suffer what he shall then be adjudged to deserve, it will be the consummating touch put to a picture which in point of grandeur and moral sublimity is unmatched in the history of this or of any people. And so we have brought this matter in our hearts and in our discourse into the House of God this morning, for the reason that God is in the event and we want to find and feel him there.

Such a visitation as this, as we have seen, is the means by which God works in men tenderness of heart, and so opens the way for the cleansing and strengthening of character, individual and national. The months that have elapsed since the 2d of July have been long ones and tender. They have been strange months. They have worked strangely.

I do not know how to explain the temper of mind that prevails to-day, here, elsewhere. I looked, that waiting Monday afternoon, upon the cottage at Elberon without understanding why I was unmanned by it. I have read the sad story from day to day, gathering as it has each morning a new burden of pathos, without understanding the unbidden tears.

And it is so everywhere. Men are full of heart: their thoughts work quietly and deeply. I do not think there have been any two months in history that quite parallel them. Feelings have greatly fluctuated; and so our spirits have been strangely limbered, mellowed by them. We have become less and less embittered, but more and more burdened and stricken. Each new aspect of the case seems only to have been shaped in a way to let the blade down a little farther into the quick: no feature but what has given a little added tension to the strained chords of our sympathy.

For almost three months God has been steadily holding us all against the grinding-stone of a grave and anxious un-

certainty. Mr. Garfield and his wife and children have somehow slipped, each of them, into a dear sort of membership in our own families. The sick-bed has been set up in each household.

We have also watched with him. In his affliction we have been afflicted. Our spirits have stood under his, trying to buoy it up. These months have in this way wrought in us a tenderness that only the eloquence of an event could have availed to do.

And now, friends, this singular mellowness of mind into which the tearful persuasiveness of the weeks has been gently leading us is capacity for all kinds of beautiful outgrowth. When, to-morrow afternoon, the world turns back once more from the newly-made grave in Lakeview the critical question will be What will the world do with its sorrow?

What is going to become of its sorrow? Nothing dries sooner than a tear. Of course, the sorrow cannot remain sorrow. It is not in the nature of things. The heart could not bear it. Even nature is wise enough to dress in green its crumbling tenements of vegetable and stone. The decaying trunk converts itself into moss, and so frames life out of death and beauty out of despair.

And decayed hopes ought certainly to do as much. The sorrow cannot remain sorrow, but it can pass over into shapes that shall be fixed, and crystallize into jewels of high resolve and firm loyalty that shall be a permanent possession and a perpetual joy. And the vast possibilities of our sorrow are evidenced by certain practical results that the sorrow has already yielded. For our encouragement I want to notice two or three of these.

These last years have been a season in which irreligion and unfaith have been displaying themselves with rather more

than usual resoluteness and bravado. Christian scholarship has taxed itself to the utmost to dislodge this unfaith. You have seen, perhaps, what is sometimes called a cloud-banner: a little pennon of mist that in certain conditions of the atmosphere will gather above a mountain summit, and cling there in the face of the boldest attempts of the sun to dissolve it or of the winds to dislodge it. It will not be brushed away. Shadowy and almost impalpable it maintains itself on its bleak watch-tower with a pertinacity at once grim and defiant.

But by-and-by subtle and invisible influences begin to pervade the sky: the wind shifts, perhaps, or the temper of the air is in some silent and stealthy way modified; and now the shapes of floating vapor soften their edges, their borders are combed out into a fleecy fringe, the cloud-banner is noiselessly furled, and the bare mountain peak stands out under the sunshine and the blue.

That is the very sublimity of gentleness. And it is in that way that God works, and has been working all about among us during these disciplinary months. He has not met scepticism with theism, as we do in our arguing; but the climate that was in men, and that by its very nature condensed into unfaith and unreligion, he gently displaced by another climate, in which unfaith just as easily dissolved.

And so by the breath of his spirit and the baptism of an event, he has accomplished by a persuasion aimed at the heart what Christian scholars have not availed to do with their noisier logic addressed to the head. "Man's necessity has been God's opportunity."

And so in the hour of their sad exigency, at the bidding of the government, at the instigation of the press, secular as well as religious, but most of all at the impulse of a holy and devout longing for God's deliverance, men slipped into the

churches—even those to whom the church was an unwonted place—or in a still and unostentatious way cried "O God!" in the solitary sanctuary of their own spirits. And that is what the boasted atheism of the nineteenth century does! Cries up to God that he would save the sick man by the sea! There is gladness enough in that fact, of a nation bowed in prayer before our Christian God, almost to turn our Requiem into a Te Deum, and to make of our churches temples of thanksgiving, even though sable with the trappings of our woe.

Nor (most significant of all) has God's refusal to answer the nation according to the specific form of its request chilled by one degree the religious fervor with which the request was presented. If we can accord any confidence to the countenances that men are wearing, to the words they are speaking, to the thoughts to which they are giving expression through the medium of the press, home and foreign, the bitter cup has only chastened men into profounder devoutness, and, so far from embittering them toward God and belief in God, has only strengthened the texture of their faith and drawn them yet further beneath the shadow of the divine wing.

As it seems to me, it was one of the most thrilling passages in the whole dramatic story, that holy hush in the thronged streets of Washington, as the funeral cortège was moving toward the Capitol, when the Marine Band began slowly to play, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" And we shall turn away from the grave to-morrow, reflecting how blessed and profound is even the unconscious Christianity of the American people.

And then there are other results that have been already wrought that only show how the sweetest of flowers may unfold from the bitterest of buds. It has been an immensely

have been reminded that cathedral, synagogue, and church all build down into the same soil, and all spin up into the same heaven.

The continents, too, have been made nearer. The bells on both sides of the Atlantic are tolling one requiem to-day, and the American and the English heart are drawing near to God in one prayer and one psalm. We lament sometimes the slow extension of the Kingdom of Christ, but when we contemplate the relations subsisting between nations, as a matter of course, in the old savage centuries, we are made to realize something of the achievements of the Gospel of Peace, that the subjects of one realm can with cordial tears supplicate the Throne of Grace in behalf of another realm, foreign to it, and rival with it.

And then this stress of mind, too, has been working within us deep and holy contempt for all kinds of political impurity. These months have been to us, in our political relations and ambitions, months of schooling. The country had been staggering under the burden of an army of office-seekers, scrambling for preferment. The shot fired in the depot at Washington was God's voice calling the nation to order. It was recognized as such, recognized abroad and recognized at home.

Business has gone on as usual since the 2d of July, but there has been very little politics. The people are not in a mood to bear it. The people have had a revelation; they have heard a voice. We have learned to recognize that the 2d of July was the legitimate outcome of what was just as actually existent before the 2d of July, only without having come yet to its final and loathsome demonstration. We have only been eating the fruit. It is bitter, and in that fruit we have learned to understand the essential quality of the tree.

There are some things that do not advertise their essential badness till they have come to their growth.

Guiteau is simply the naked, filthy incarnation of political place-seeking. His case simply publishes the possibilities of evil that lurk in every man that has a mind to make country servant to his private interest. The air has been cleared. Eyes have been opened. We see in Guiteau the untinseled deformity of this whole breed of political cormorants. In him the fact has been shown to us without its disguises, and the fact has been burned into the heart of the American people by eighty days of waiting and weeping. "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood." The precious blood has been shed, may it be applied by us to the end that we may be cleansed.

And may this tenderness of the general heart go on issuing—as it has already begun to do—go on issuing in completer consecration to country and to God, prompting us to regard our civil obligations in the light of Christian duties, to controvert every kind of political evil with Christian bravery and resoluteness, to range ourselves with Christian alacrity on the side of every force that makes for national righteousness, to carry the interests of our country in tender and devout hearts; especially to accord our hearty fellowship and to yield our warmest sympathies to our new Executive in the position of delicacy and difficulty in which he now finds himself placed—these months have disciplined him just as they have disciplined us all—and to prayerfully expect from him great and good things, and to stand by him cordially in every effort of his to administer this country justly and in the fear of God.

Above all, to hold ourselves in the mighty hand of God; to recognize that above the catastrophies of life and empire

God abides in the quietness and strength of his unfaltering purpose of wisdom and of grace, that clouds may darken the earth but throw no shadow against the sky, and that enthroned above earthly vicissitudes and human administration, "the Lord reigneth."

Standing in imagination at the grave of the nation's dead, may we come more deeply than ever into the intimacies of God, and even while drinking the bitter cup have power and grace given unto us to say: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

McKINLEY

WILLIAM McKINLEY was born at Niles, Ohio, January 29, 1843. On the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the army, although only eighteen years of age, and rose to the rank of Major. After the close of the contest he was admitted to the bar in his native State, and soon rose to eminence. From 1869 to 1871 he was the District-Attorney of Stark County, Ohio, after which he was elected to the House of Representatives, wherein, with the exception of a brief interval, he served until 1891. During the last two years of his service in Congress, he was Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which reported the Tariff bill known by his name. Deprived of his seat in Congress in 1890, he was nominated by the Republicans of Ohio in the following year for Governor of the State, and was elected. Two years later he was re-elected by a large plurality, and his nomination and election to the Presidency followed in 1896. He was renominated in 1900 for the Chief Magistracy of the United States, and again elected.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM[1]

Soldiers and Sailors of Cuyahoga County, My Comrades, and Fellow Citizens:

I WISH the whole world might have witnessed the sight we have just seen and have heard the song we have just listened to from the school children of the city of Cleveland. With patriotism in our hearts and with the flag of our country in our hands, there is no danger of anarchy and there is no danger to the American Union.

The place, the day, and the occasion upon which we

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[1] Delivered at the Dedication of the Cuyahoga County Soldiers and Sailors Monument at Cleveland, Ohio, July 4, 1894. By permission from the "History of the Cuyahoga County Soldiers and Sailors Monument." Copyright by William J. Gleason.

assemble, fill us with patriotic emotion. They are happily and appropriately united. The old Monumental Square is filled with hallowed memories. This day registers the birthday of the Declaration of Independence; and this monument that we dedicate to-day attests that every promise of that Declaration has been kept and performed. Standing in this presence, I am reminded that this public square has witnessed many interesting and memorable events. The first that I recall was on the tenth day of September, 1860, when the monument to Commodore Perry was unveiled on this square. It was a deeply interesting occasion. An immense crowd thronged this city as it throngs it to-day. Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, with his staff and State officers, and the members of the Legislature of that State, and the Providence Light Infantry, participated in the interesting ceremony. Governor Dennison, the first war governor Ohio ever had, delivered the address of welcome. General J. W. Fitch, remembered by the older citizens of Cleveland, was the Grand Marshal of the day, and General Barnett, whose distinguished services in the war are yet fresh in the memory of the people, and who now participates in these ceremonies, was in command of the Cleveland Light Artillery Regiment. The great historian, George Bancroft, delivered the principal address of the day. It was probably, my fellow citizens, the greatest celebration that Cuyahoga County had seen up to that time. It was on this ground, too, that the Soldiers and Sailors Aid Society of Northern Ohio, aye, of the whole country, was organized, and some of the noble mothers who were at the birth of that organization are seated upon this platform to-day. These noble women gave unselfish devotion to the country, and money from all this section of the State poured

into the coffers of that association for the relief of the men at the front who were sustaining the flag. It was in this square, too, that the remains of the martyred Lincoln, the great emancipator, rested as they journeyed to his Western home. It was on this very spot, almost where we stand to-day, that the whole population of Ohio viewed for the last time him who had been captain of all our armies under the Constitution, and whose death was a sacrifice to the great cause of freedom and the Union.

Here, too, my fellow citizens, on this very spot, the remains of the immortal Garfield lay in state, attended by the Congress of the United States, by the supreme judiciary of the Nation, by the officers of the Army and the Navy of the United States, by the governors and legislators of all the surrounding States. The steady tread of a mourning State and Nation was uninterrupted through the entire night. It was here that the people looked upon his face for the last time forever.

Interesting, my fellow citizens, and patriotic, as the scenes witnessed in the past have been, I venture to say that none of them has stirred so many memories, or quickened such patriotic feeling as the services we perform to-day in the dedication of this beautiful structure to the memory of the loyal soldiers and sailors who contributed their lives to save the government from dissolution. Cuyahoga County can well be proud of this great memorial. It is a fitting tribute to the soldiers living and the soldiers dead. Cuyahoga's sons were represented in nearly every branch of the military service. Almost every Ohio regiment received some contribution from Cuyahoga County, whether in the infantry, cavalry, artillery, on land or on sea. Whether among white troops or colored troops, Cuyahoga County's

sons were to be found, they were always found at the post of greatest danger.

Nothing has so impressed me in the programme to-day as the organization of the old soldiers, carrying with them their tattered flags, which they bore a third of a century ago upon the fields of war. More than sixty of the old regimental flags will be carried by the survivors of their respective regiments, and the flag room at the capitol at Columbus could not supply the men of Cuyahoga County all the flags which they are entitled to bear. Is it any wonder that these old soldiers love to carry the flags under which they fought, and for which their brave comrades gave up their lives?

Is it any wonder that the old soldier loves the flag under whose folds he fought and for which his comrades shed so much blood? He loves it for what it is and for what it represents. It embodies the purposes and history of the government itself. It records the achievements of its defenders upon land and sea. It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever. It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic. It has been sanctified by the blood of our best and our bravest. It records the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln. It has been bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people. It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom-loving people, not only at home but in every part of the world. Our flag expresses more than any other flag; it means more than any other national emblem. It expresses the will of a free people, and proclaims that they are supreme and that they acknowledge no earthly sovereign but

themselves. It never was assaulted that thousands did not rise up to smite the assailant. Glorious old banner!

When the Stars and Stripes were hauled down on Sumter, flags without number were raised above every fireside in the land; and all the glorious achievements which that flag represented, with all its hallowed memories, glowed with burning fervor in the heart of every lover of liberty and the Union. The mad assault which was made upon the flag at that time aroused its defenders and kindled a patriotism which could not be quenched until it had extinguished the unholy cause which assaulted our holy banner.

What more beautiful conception than that which prompted Abra Kohn, of Chicago, in February, 1861, to send to Mr. Lincoln, on the eve of his starting to Washington to take the office of President to which he had been elected, a flag of our country, bearing upon its silken folds these words from the fifth and ninth verses of the first chapter of Joshua: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord our God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. There shall no man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses, so shall I be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Could anything have given Mr. Lincoln more cheer or been better calculated to sustain his courage or strengthen his faith in the mighty work before him? Thus commanded, thus assured, Mr. Lincoln journeyed to the capital, where he took the oath of office and registered in heaven an oath to save the Union; and "the Lord our God" was with him and did not fail nor forsake him until every obligation of oath and duty was sacredly kept and honored. Not any man was able to stand before him.

Liberty was enthroned, the Union was saved, and the flag which he carried floated in triumph and glory upon every flagstaff of the Republic.

What does this monument mean? It means the immortal principle of patriotism. It means love of country. It means sacrifices for the country we love. It means, not only love of country, but love of liberty! This alone could have inspired over two million eight hundred thousand Union soldiers to leave home and family and to offer to die if need be for our imperilled institutions. Love of country alone could have inspired three hundred thousand men to die for the Union. Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have sustained one hundred and seventy-five thousand brave men, who suffered and starved and died in Rebel prisons. Nor could anything else have given comfort to the five hundred thousand maimed and diseased who escaped immediate death in siege and battle to end in torment the remainder of their patriot lives. It is a noble patriotism and it impels you, my fellow countrymen, to erect this magnificent monument to their honor and memory. And similar love of country will inspire your remotest descendants to do homage to their valor and bravery forever.

This is what the monument means. The lesson it conveys to the present and all future generations. It means that the cause in which they died was a righteous one, and it means that the cause which triumphed through their valor shall be perpetuated for all time.

Charles Sumner said that President Lincoln was put to death by the enemies of the Declaration of Independence; but, said Sumner, though dead, he would always continue to guard that title-deed of the human race. So that it does

seem to me that every time we erect a new monument to the memory of the Union soldiers and sailors we are cementing the very foundations of the government itself. We are doing that which will strengthen our devotion to free institutions and insure their permanency for the remotest posterity. We are not only rendering immortal the fame of the men who participated in the war by these magnificent structures, but we are doing better than that. We are making immortal the principles for which they contended and the Union for which they died.

Their erection may be a matter of comparatively little importance or concern to the Union soldiers who are still living, but no one can accurately foretell the value and importance of their influence upon the young men and the young women from whom the Republic must draw her future defenders. Every time we erect a monument, every time we do honor to the soldiers of the Republic, we reaffirm our devotion to the country, to the glorious flag, to the immortal principles of liberty, equality, and justice, which have made the United States unrivalled among the nations of the world. The union of these States must be perpetual. That is what our brave boys died for. That is what this monument must mean; and such monuments as this are evidences that the people intend to take care that the great decrees of war shall be unquestioned and supreme.

The unity of the Republic is secure so long as we continue to honor the memory of the men who died by the tens of thousands to preserve it. The dissolution of the Union is impossible so long as we continue to inculcate lessons of fraternity, unity, and patriotism, and erect monuments to perpetuate these sentiments.

Such monuments as these have another meaning, which is one dear to the hearts of many who stand by me. It is, as Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation's later birth of freedom and the people's gain of their own sovereignty shall not perish from the earth. That is what this monument means. That is the lesson of true patriotism, that what was won in war shall be worn in peace.

But we must not forget, my fellow countrymen, that the Union which these brave men preserved, and the liberties which they secured, places upon us, the living, the gravest responsibility. We are the freest government on the face of the earth. Our strength rests in our patriotism. Anarchy flees before patriotism. Peace and order and security and liberty are safe so long as love of country burns in the hearts of the people. It should not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our own laws does not give us license to break them. Liberty to make our own laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others within their jurisdiction. Liberty, my fellow citizens, is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law and for the law and by the law.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 27, 1897

Fellow Citizens:

A GREAT life, dedicated to the welfare of the Nation, here finds its earthly coronation. Even if this day lacked the impressiveness of ceremony and was devoid of pageantry, it would still be memorable, because it is the anniversary of the birth of one of the most famous and best-loved of American soldiers.

Architecture has paid high tribute to the leaders of mankind, but never was a memorial more worthily bestowed or more gratefully accepted by a free people than the beautiful structure before which we are gathered.

In marking the successful completion of this work, we have as witnesses and participants representatives of all branches of our government, the resident officials of foreign nations, the governors of States, and the sovereign people from every section of our common country, who join in this august tribute to the soldier, patriot, and citizen.

Almost twelve years have passed since the heroic vigil ended and the brave spirit of Ulysses S. Grant fearlessly took its flight. Lincoln and Stanton had preceded him, but of the mighty captains of the war Grant was the first to be called. Sherman and Sheridan survived him, but have since joined him on the other shore.

The great heroes of the civil strife on land and sea are for the most part now no more. Thomas and Hancock, Logan and McPherson, Farragut, Dupont, and Porter, and

a host of others, have passed forever from human sight. Those remaining grow dearer to us, and from them and the memory of those who have departed generations yet unborn will draw their inspiration and gather strength for patriotic purpose.

A great life never dies. Great deeds are imperishable; great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the cornerstone of free government and integrity of life the guarantee of good citizenship.

Faithful and fearless as a volunteer soldier, intrepid and invincible as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Union, calm and confident as President of a reunited and strengthened nation which his genius had been instrumental in achieving, he has our homage and that of the world; but brilliant as was his public character, we love him all the more for his home life and homely virtues. His individuality, his bearing and speech, his simple ways, had a flavor of rare and unique distinction, and his Americanism was so true and uncompromising that his name will stand for all time as the embodiment of liberty, loyalty, and national unity.

Victorious in the work which under Divine Providence he was called upon to do; clothed with almost limitless power; he was yet one of the people—patient, patriotic, and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of duty. Great as he was in war, he loved peace, and told the world that honorable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization.

With Washington and Lincoln, Grant has an exalted

place in history and the affections of the people. To-day his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace. The veteran leaders of the Blue and the Gray here meet, not only to honor the name of the departed Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit which has triumphed over the differences of the past and transcends the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion, which we pray God to speed, will be the nation's greatest glory.

It is right, then, that General Grant should have a memorial commensurate with his greatness and that his last resting-place should be the city of his choice, to which he was so attached in life and of whose ties he was not forgetful even in death. Fitting, too, is it that the great soldier should sleep beside the noble river on whose banks he first learned the art of war and of which he became master and leader without a rival.

But let us not forget the glorious distinction with which the metropolis among the fair sisterhood of American cities has honored his life and memory. With all that riches and sculpture can do to render the edifice worthy of the man, upon a site unsurpassed for magnificence, has this monument been reared by New York as a perpetual record of his illustrious deeds, in the certainty that as time passes around it will assemble with gratitude and reverence and veneration men of all climes, races, and nationalities.

New York holds in its keeping the precious dust of the silent soldier; but his achievements—what he and his brave comrades wrought for mankind—are in the keeping of seventy millions of American citizens, who will guard the sacred heritage forever and for evermore.

THE NATION'S DUTIES AND OPPORTUNITIES

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1899

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN,—I have been deeply and profoundly moved by this manifestation of your good will and confidence and impressed by the expressions of good will from the governor of your great Commonwealth, as well as from the chief executive of the capital city of your State. No one stands in this magnificent presence, listening to the patriotic strains from choir and band, without knowing what this great audience was thinking about. It was thinking, it is thinking this moment, of country, because they love it and have faith in themselves and in its future. I thank the Governor of Massachusetts, I thank the Mayor of the city of Boston, for their warm and generous words of welcome offered in behalf of this people to me in your presence to-night.

The years go quickly. It seems not so long, but it is in fact six years since it was my honor to be a guest of the Home Market Club. Much has happened in the intervening time. Issues which were then engaging us have been settled or put aside for larger and more absorbing ones. Domestic conditions have improved and are generally satisfactory.

We have made progress in industry and have realized the prosperity for which we have been striving. We had four long years of adversity, which taught us some lessons which will never be unlearned and which will be valuable in guiding our future action. We have not only been successful in our financial and business affairs, but have been successful in a

war with a foreign Power, which has added great glory to American arms and a new chapter to American history.

I do not know why in the year 1899 this republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet. They have come and are here, and they could not be kept away. Many who were impatient for the conflict a year ago, apparently heedless of its larger results, are the first to cry out against the far-reaching consequences of their own act. Those of us who dreaded war most and whose every effort was directed to prevent it, had fears of new and grave problems which might follow its inauguration.

The evolution of events which no man could control has brought these problems upon us. Certain it is that they have not come through any fault on our own part, but as a high obligation, and we meet them with clear conscience and unselfish purpose, and with good heart resolve to undertake their solution.

War was declared in April, 1898, with practical unanimity by the Congress, and, once upon us, was sustained by like unanimity among the people. There had been many who had tried to avert it, as, on the other hand, there were many who would have precipitated it at an early date. In its prosecution and conclusion the great majority of our countrymen of every section believed they were fighting in a just cause, and at home or at sea or in the field they had part in its glorious triumphs. It was the war of an undivided nation. Every great act in its progress, from Manila to Santiago, from Guam to Porto Rico, met universal and hearty commendation. The protocol commanded the practically unanimous approval of the American people. It was welcomed by every lover of peace beneath the flag.

The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were entrusted

to our hands by the war, and to that great trust, under the providence of God and in the name of human progress and civilization, we are committed. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch. The American people will hold up the hands of their servants at home to whom they commit its execution, while Dewey and Otis and the brave men whom they command will have the support of the country in upholding our flag where it now floats, the symbol and assurance of liberty and justice.

What nation was ever able to write an accurate programme of the war upon which it was entering, much less decree in advance the scope of its results? Congress can declare war, but a Higher Power decrees its bounds and fixes its relations and responsibilities. The President can direct the movements of soldiers on the field and fleets upon the sea, but he cannot foresee the close of such movements or prescribe their limits. He cannot anticipate or avoid the consequences, but he must meet them. No accurate map of nations engaged in war can be traced until the war is over, nor can the measure of responsibility be fixed till the last gun is fired and the verdict embodied in the stipulations of peace.

We hear no complaint of the relations created by the war between this government and the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. There are some, however, who regard the Philippines as in a different relation; but whatever variety of views there may be on this phase of the question, there is universal agreement that the Philippines shall not be turned back to Spain. No true American consents to that. Even if unwilling to accept them ourselves, it would have been a weak evasion of manly duty to require Spain to transfer them to some other Power or Powers, and thus shirk our own responsibility.

Even if we had had, as we did not have, the power to compel such a transfer, it could not have been made without the most serious international complications. Such a course could not be thought of. And yet had we refused to accept the cession of them we should have had no power over them, even for their own good. We could not discharge the responsibilities upon us until these islands became ours either by conquest or treaty. There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines. The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations; or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all—were too shameful to be considered.

The treaty gave them to the United States. Could we have required less and done our duty?

Could we, after freeing the Filipinos from the domination of Spain, have left them without government and without power to protect life or property or to perform the international obligations essential to an independent State? Could we have left them in a state of anarchy and justified ourselves in our own consciences or before the tribunal of mankind? Could we have done that in the sight of God or man?

Our concern was not for territory or trade or empire, but for the people whose interests and destiny, without our willing it, had been put in our hands. It was with this feeling that from the first day to the last not one word or line went from the Executive in Washington to our military and naval commanders at Manila or to our Peace Commissioners at Paris, that did not put as the sole purpose to be kept in mind, first after the success of our arms and the maintenance of our own honor, the welfare and happiness and the rights of the inhabitants of the Philippine islands.

Did we need their consent to perform a great act for humanity? We had it in every aspiration of their minds, in every hope of their hearts. Was it necessary to ask their consent to capture Manila, the capital of their islands? Did we ask their consent to liberate them from Spanish sovereignty or to enter Manila Bay and destroy the Spanish sea-power there? We did not ask these; we were obeying a higher moral obligation which rested on us and which did not require anybody's consent. We were doing our duty by them, as God gave us the light to see our duty, with the consent of our own consciences and with the approval of civilization.

Every present obligation has been met and fulfilled in the expulsion of Spanish sovereignty from their islands, and while the war that destroyed it was in progress we could not ask their views. Nor can we now ask their consent. Indeed, can anyone tell me in what form it could be marshaled and ascertained until peace and order, so necessary to the reign of reason, shall be secured and established? A reign of terror is not the kind of rule under which right action and deliberate judgment are possible. It is not a good time for the liberator to submit important questions concerning liberty and government to the liberated while they are engaged in shooting down their rescuers.

We have now ended the war with Spain. The treaty has been ratified by the votes of more than two thirds of the Senate of the United States and by the judgment of nine tenths of its people. No nation was ever more fortunate in war or more honorable in its negotiations in peace. Spain is now eliminated from the problem. It remains to ask what we shall now do. I do not intrude upon the duties of Congress or seek to anticipate or forestall its action. I only say that the treaty of peace, honorably secured, having been

ratified by the United States, and, as we confidently expect, shortly to be ratified in Spain, Congress will have the power, and I am sure the purpose, to do what in good morals is right and just and humane for these peoples in distant seas.

It is sometimes hard to determine what is best to do, and the best thing to do is oftentimes the hardest. The prophet of evil would do nothing because he flinches at sacrifice and effort, and to do nothing is easiest and involves the least cost. On those who have things to do there rests a responsibility which is not on those who have no obligations as doers. If the doubters were in a majority, there would, it is true, be no labor, no sacrifice, no anxiety and no burden raised or carried; no contribution from our ease and purse and comfort to the welfare of others, or even to the extension of our resources to the welfare of ourselves. There would be ease, but alas! there would be nothing done.

But grave problems come in the life of a nation, however much men may seek to avoid them. They come without our seeking; why, we do not know, and it is not always given us to know; but the generation on which they are forced cannot avoid the responsibility of honestly striving for their solution. We may not know precisely how to solve them, but we can make an honest effort to that end, and if made in conscience, justice and honor it will not be in vain.

The future of the Philippine Islands is now in the hands of the American people. Until the treaty was ratified or rejected the Executive department of this government could only preserve the peace and protect life and property. That treaty now commits the free and enfranchised Filipinos to the guiding hand and the liberalizing influences, the generous sympathies, the uplifting education, not of their American masters, but of their American emancipators. No one can

tell to-day what is best for them or for us. I know no one at this hour who is wise enough or sufficiently informed to determine what form of government will best subserve their interests and our interests, their and our well-being.

If we knew everything by intuition—and I sometimes think that there are those who believe that if we do not, they do—we should not need information; but, unfortunately, most of us are not in that happy state. This whole subject is now with Congress; and Congress is the voice, the conscience, and the judgment of the American people. Upon their judgment and conscience can we not rely? I believe in them. I trust them. I know of no better or safer human tribunal than the people.

Until Congress shall direct otherwise, it will be the duty of the Executive to possess and hold the Philippines, giving to the people thereof peace and order and beneficent government, affording them every opportunity to prosecute their lawful pursuits, encouraging them in thrift and industry, making them feel and know that we are their friends, not their enemies, that their good is our aim, that their welfare is our welfare, but that neither their aspirations nor ours can be realized until our authority is acknowledged and unquestioned.

That the inhabitants of the Philippines will be benefited by this Republic is my unshaken belief. That they will have a kindlier government under our guidance and that they will be aided in every possible way to be a self-respecting and self-governing people is as true as that the American people love liberty and have an abiding faith in their own government and in their own institutions. No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no

change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. They are wrought in every one of its sacred folds and are inextinguishable in its shining stars.

> "Why read ye not the changeless truth,
> The free can conquer but to save."

If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety; always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all absorbing to me, but I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just passed, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas; a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education, and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.

LAST SPEECH

DELIVERED AT BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 5th, THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS ASSASSINATED

President Milburn, Director-General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I AM glad to again be in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose goodwill I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the Republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational and, as such, instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the in-

spiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves, or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less in the future.

Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted.

Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now. We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army

on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instanter of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capitol, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbi-

tration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect, nor of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvellous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening

the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of goodwill and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between

the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This Exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear;

this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition?

Gentlemen: Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

DILKE

CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, an eminent English author and politician was born in Chelsea, September 4, 1843, and was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge University. After being called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1866 he devoted the next two years to extended travel in the United States and the English colonies, the results of which journeying appeared in 1868 in his book, "Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries During 1866-67." The work achieved a great success, four editions being called for in England in one year, and a number of editions appearing in the United States. In 1868 he entered Parliament as member for Chelsea, and in the earliest days of his parliamentary career addressed the House mainly on foreign, Indian, and colonial topics. In 1869 he succeeded his father in a baronetcy created in 1862. His public expression of a preference for a republic instead of a constitutional monarchy was the cause of much opposition to his re-election in 1874; his opponent was nevertheless defeated. Prior to 1880 Dilke was instrumental in securing the municipal suffrage for women, the abolition of the barbarous penalty of drawing and quartering, and the extension of polling hours at metropolitan elections, by what was known as Dilke's Act. In 1880 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and while in office was chairman of the Royal Commission which arranged a commercial treaty with France in 1882. In the same year he became president of the Local Government Board, and in 1884 chairman of the Commission on Housing the Working Classes. He failed of re-election to Parliament in 1886, but in 1892 re-entered the House of Commons as member for the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire. Like his father and grandfather before him, he owns the "Athenæum" and is also proprietor of the "Gardener's Chronicle" and "Notes and Queries." Besides the volume already mentioned, and many contributions to reviews and other periodicals, he has published "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco," a clever political satire (1874); "The Eastern Question" (1878); "Parliamentary Reform" (1879); "The Present Position of European Politics" (1887); "The British Army" (1888); "Problems of Greater Britain" (1890); "Imperial Defence" (1891); "The British Empire" (1899).

COST OF THE CROWN

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, NOVEMBER 6, 1871

I AM announced, I see, to speak to-night on "Representation and Royalty," and if I say more of Royalty than I do of Representation it will be for two good reasons. The one is that I believe that many of you have seen a report

of a speech I delivered the other day at Manchester upon Representation, and that you know something of my views upon that subject. The other is that I hear that you are exercised in your minds about Royalty and want to compare notes with me upon that serious subject.

As to representation I intend next session to ask the House of Commons to declare that an attempt ought to be made, and made soon, to give equal weight to the votes of electors in whatever part of the country they reside, and that the scandal of 13,000 electors in Newcastle (and 40,000 in Hackney) having only two members, while 136 in Portarlington have a member to themselves, should cease.

I showed that divisions often took place when the minority represented more voters than the majority. I showed that in the division upon the election expenses, we who voted with the government and were beaten by 96 represented nevertheless more voters than the majority, who voted for excluding poor men from Parliament.

I showed, too, that certain tiny minorities, when examined from this point of view, often revealed the fact that, although very few in number, the members who voted in them represented all the populous and intelligent towns. The vote against the annuity to Prince Arthur is one of those which show a far greater real support when examined in this way than when counted roughly by the number of members; and this is indeed so markedly the case that I may be perhaps excused if I wander somewhat into a defence of those who took that course. The 53 who voted with Mr. Dixon for reduction represented 766,000 voters, and the 11 who voted root and branch against having these grants at all were mostly members for large towns.

It has been attempted to show that the question was one

not worth raising, and as it has even been put by some, one which it was shabby to raise. The first statement rests upon the belief that the whole cost of the Royal Family is £385,000 a year, and the second upon an idea that there was an arrangement at the beginning of the reign by which such annuities and dowries as have been lately applied for should fall upon the Consolidated Fund.

Now, as I believe both these statements to be erroneous, but as both ideas are at the same time widely spread, it would not be altogether out of place if I were to show that those who in the large constituencies objected to this grant seem to have had strong arguments on their side.

In the first place, let us consider what in this country Royalty may be supposed to cost; and, when we have done that, then let us turn to the arrangement which it is believed was made and by which we are said to be morally bound. We have first to deal with the sum of £372,000 a year expended upon the Privy Purse and upon the Household, to which I add the Royal Bounty and Royal Alms, which amount to £13,000, making up the sum to £385,000. We next have £131,000 of annuities of a similar kind to that which we lately had to consider; the income of the Duchy of Lancaster, £32,000; that of Cornwall, £63,000; the interest on lump sums which have been paid to the various members of the Family still living, of about £10,000,—making up £621,000.

Steam packets, insignia, presents (such as those given by Prince Alfred in India and Australia), pensions to royal servants, rangerships of parks not borne upon the Civil List, make £7,000 more; and military and naval pay to various members of the Family about another £20,000. The palaces, omitting Hampton Court, which is a public show-place, are £47,000 more.

I speak now only of the yearly charge on us, but sometimes sums which should by rights have come to the nation have been swallowed up in the palaces,—for instance, in 1849, £53,000 obtained by the sale of the Pavilion at Brighton was sunk in Buckingham Palace, as vast sums had previously been sunk by George IV. On Windsor Park there is a deficit in the Woods and Forests' account, and that deficit, of £12,000, about represents the cost of the keepers, game, and other royal as contrasted with public expenses in reference to the park. This makes £707,000, which is the end of the figures that are of a certain and very tangible character.

Beyond this we have two large sums, as to one of which we can be fairly accurate; as to the other of which we can give nothing but a guess. The first of them is the cost of the Guards. It would be totally unfair to set down anything like the whole cost of these regiments to the account of Royalty; because the infantry are good troops and are available as part of the regular army.

I regret that it is not in my power to say as much for the cavalry of the Guards—the Life Guards and Horse Guards, as they are called. I do not speak of the stampede of their horses when the geese sounded the alarm at Chobham, but their cumbersomeness and unsuitability to modern war were amply demonstrated in my presence on several occasions during the Hampshire campaign, and especially in the first battle, at Seale.

I calculate that the cost of the Guards, over and above the cost of an equal number of the Line, including an increased expenditure caused by the expensive nature of their barracks in the immediate neighborhood of royal palaces, would be about £100,000. I believe that it is not easy to overrate

the evil effect upon any army of the existence of privileged corps.

The first act of the French Republic, after the demoralized Empire was upset—no, not the first—the first was the abolition of the Senate, the French House of Lords—but the second, was the abolition of the privileges of the Imperial Guard and its fusion with the regular army.

At Sédan they had painful experience of the value of *corps d'élite*, and things had come to such a pass that the troops used to hiss when the *Cent Garde* went by. Even the royal warrant on promotion in the army, issued last week, contains traces of the evil of which I speak.

The Guards are excepted from the warrant, and the pages of honor to the Queen are carefully allowed, by special favor, to enter the army without that examination to which less-favored mortals have to submit.

You have been told that the army has been "bought back from the officers" at a cost of eight or ten millions: that purchase has been abolished: that it is of vital importance that entrance to the army should be by open competition, and then you have at once an exception made in favor of these young gentlemen which destroys the whole moral value of your rule.

The other of the sums is, as I believe, the largest of all the separate items of expenditure connected with the Royal Family, and that is the cost of the royal yachts. We all of us have heard the stories of the harm done to the naval service at the time of the Crimean war—both actual and incidental harm of a moral nature—by the diverting of the service of men who ought to have been employed upon our warships to the finishing for the Queen of one of the royal yachts,—the "Victoria and Albert," I believe.

But few of us are aware of the vast expenditure which

still and at all times goes on upon royal yachts—expenditure for building, for repairs, for coals, for seamen's wages, for pensions to the late officers and seamen of the yachts—an expenditure which at the least cannot be less than another £100,000 a year, and which, having taken great pains to ascertain the facts, I believe very largely to exceed that sum.

Several able-bodied men I found employed all the year round at painting the ornamented fire-buckets for these yachts. This makes the total figure £906,000, and I think that, speaking roughly, you may say that the positive and direct cost of Royalty is about £1,000,000 a year.

The indirect cost,—in the harm, for instance, done to the army by the privileges of the Guards—I of course cannot assess. In addition to the increase that I have mentioned, it is worth remembering that the Royal Family are the only persons in the kingdom who pay no taxes; and even those annuities which we have lately granted are expressly freed from all taxes, assessments, and charges.

It is strange, with regard to the Queen's income, that this should be the case, seeing that Sir Robert Peel stated to the House of Commons, when about to introduce the Income Tax Bill in 1842, that her Majesty, "prompted by those feelings of deep and affectionate interest in the welfare of her people which she had ever manifested, stated to him that if . . . Parliament should . . . subject all incomes to a certain charge, it was her determination that her own income should be subjected to a similar burden."

I need hardly say that all these enormous sums of money are not well spent, and it is almost worth a few minutes' time to see in what kind of manner they do contrive to disappear. The salaries in the Royal Household, which amount to £131,-

000 a year, include a vast number of totally useless officials,—Chamberlains, Comptrollers, Masters of Ceremonies, Marshals of the Household, Grooms of the Robes, Lords-in-Waiting, Grooms-in-Waiting, Gentlemen Ushers, and a few persons who appear to perform services, but who ought to be paid for those services as they perform them, and not be made permanent officials with great titles of honor, such, for instance, as the Historical Painter to the Queen, Portrait-Painter to the Queen, and the Lithographer in Ordinary.

Under the Lord Steward's department, and the department of the Master of the Horse, we have such officers as the Coroner of the Household, and the Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal, whose duties are not of a very burdensome description. Nothing is more singular than the constitution of the medical department. You would hardly credit the number of medical gentlemen who are required for the service of the household, but I am aware that some of them are unpaid. There are three Physicians in Ordinary, three Physicians Extraordinary, one Sergeant-Surgeon Extraordinary, two Serjeant-Surgeons, three Surgeons Extraordinary, one Physician of the Household, one Surgeon-Apothecary, two Chemists of the Establishment in Ordinary, one Surgeon-Oculist, one Surgeon-Dentist, one Dentist in Ordinary, and one other Physician—or twenty-one in all; while the Prince of Wales has for his special benefit three Honorary Physicians, two Physicians in Ordinary, two Surgeons in Ordinary, one Surgeon Extraordinary, one Chemist in Ordinary—or eleven more, making thirty-two doctors in the Family.

I should be almost afraid of tiring anybody who listened to me when I went over the list of strange officers of which the household is made up,—Lord High Almoner, whose duties consist, I believe, in giving away, on certain mysterious days,

silver twopenny pieces, made on purpose for him at the Mint; Sub-Almoner, Hereditary Grand Almoner, Master of the Buckhounds, Clerk of the Check, Clerk of the Closet, Exons in Waiting, and last, but not least, the Hereditary Grand Falconer,—the Duke of St. Albans,—who might perhaps with advantage, if he is to retain his salary of £1,200 a year, be created Hereditary Grand Pigeon-Shooter in Ordinary.

If we turn to the Lord Steward's department we come at once upon a mysterious Board of Green Cloth, as it is called, at the head of which are the Lord Steward, the Treasurer, the Comptroller of the Household, and the Master of the Household, with a perfect army of secretaries and clerks, and with special secretaries, with special offices, and with special salaries, in each of these sections of the department.

In the Kitchen department, we have a Chief Cook and four Master Cooks, receiving salaries of between £2,000 and £3,000 a year between the five; and a host of confederates, some of whom have duties that I cannot even guess at—such, for instances, as the two "Green Office" men. There are whole departments the duties of which cannot be very considerable, one would think, or, at all events, not considerable enough to warrant their being made into departments of the Household—for instance, the Confectionery Department and the Ewer Department, while the duty of table-decking employs no less than five persons, who have salaries of between £500 and £600 a year in all.

Now, I have said already that a great deal of this expenditure brings no benefit in any shape to members of the Royal Family, and that it is largely an expenditure upon mere sinecures, but at the same time the expenditure could be curtailed. No one can doubt but that the Queen might

abolish these offices if she chose, and that if, as I believe, she has no right to abolish them and take over the consequent savings to her own use, Parliamentary powers for the abolition of offices—taking the saving to the public—would gladly be given to the Treasury and the Crown.

Indeed there can be no doubt, as it seems to me, but that it is the duty of those who are the responsible Ministers of the Crown to advise the Queen to abolish them; because many of the chief offices in the Household are notoriously made use of for political purposes, and those members of the Household who have seats in the House of Commons are expected to vote against independent members just as steadily as though they were political members of the Government.

The bad tone, moreover, that is set by the retention of these ridiculous sinecures extends far beyond the limits of the Household, and does much toward continuing the political demoralization in high places which all of us deplore.

To come back, however, to where we were. We have shown an expenditure of nearly £1,000,000 a year upon the Royal Family, and the question with which we started still remains—whether, in the face of so large an expenditure by the nation, it is necessary or even just to ask for more? In considering this question we cannot, I think, put out of sight the fact that, besides the great sums which the Crown draws from Parliament, the present occupant of the throne and her eldest son are both known to be possessed of considerable property.

The Prince of Wales, when he came of age, received, it is said, £750,000, the accumulations of his income during his minority; and the Queen received on one occasion a legacy of two thirds that amount—sums which together ought of

themselves alone to produce an additional income of £50,000 a year.

Besides the Crown lands, which they do not enjoy, the Royal Family are owners of private lands, which are in fact that which the Crown lands are said to be, but in fact are not,—namely, the private property of the Queen, in the sense in which Belvoir Castle is the property of the Duke of Rutland. Of course, if there were a positive understanding that annuities should be granted to the sons as they came of age, and annuities and dowries to the daughters, that understanding might be held to bind those who had consented to it, although it is questionable how far, after a lapse of five-and-thirty years, it would bind those who had become the voters of the country since that time.

But we deny that any such understanding can be found; and I believe that now it is pretty much given up, and that we have heard the last of it, although Mr. Arthur Peel last week at Warwick spoke of it as a "solemn compact." But the argument that is now relied upon is that the Crown lands should be set off against these grants.

This is a large subject to go into, but I will state briefly my reasons for thinking it a pernicious heresy. These lands are not the lands of the King as an individual, but of the King as king—that is, they are public lands. They do not include the lands which various members of the Family or the present Queen have bought with money saved out of the votes of Parliament, or out of the revenues of the Duchies—such as Sandringham and Osborne, lands which in my opinion it is, for political reasons, most undesirable that the Royal Family should possess.

The Crown lands, if ever they were private property at all, have been confiscated ten times over. If they were not

confiscated at the great Rebellion and only conditionally restored at the Restoration, they were thoroughly confiscated at the time of the flight of James the Second.

Hallam, in writing of the first Parliament of Charles the Second, says that, "they provided various resources," of which one branch was the Crown lands, which he classes with the ordinary revenues, such as customs and excise. The fact is that no one who has examined the tenure of these lands can possibly come to any conclusion except that they are lands wholly within the authority and control of Parliament.

If they are private lands of the Crown, and there is a contract lasting only for the reign; if at the end of this reign they are to be given over to the Prince of Wales, then I want to know why these annuities we are granting now are to be made perpetual. If all is true that is said by the Court about these singular arrangements, then I say that these annuities should be granted only up to a demise of the Crown and no further.

If, indeed, all be true that has been said of late about the private character of the interest of the Crown in these lands, then I say that we should be justified in refusing to plant with oak timber any of those lands that are now in our possession; because those trees cannot in the nature of things grow into value before the next settlement of this question comes to be made.

Those of the Crown Lands which are not used either for the public recreation or for purposes of revenue should in some shape be charged to the Crown—for instance, many of those in London and at Windsor; but I shrink before the difficulties of assessing their money value, and merely name the matter in order that it may be seen that I have by no means exhausted the question of expenditure.

So much as I have said up to the present time has been founded upon public documents which are or may be in everybody's hands. But I have now to go somewhat further, and to inquire into the credibility of statements which have lately been made, which are only partly founded upon proof, and which rest in part upon assertion.

In a pamphlet which has been lately published it is clearly shown that the Civil List was carefully allotted by Parliament to various distinct branches of expenditure, and not fixed as a compensation for any revenues that the Crown has given up, but upon a calculation, derived from the expenditure of the last reign, of the probable future amount of the salaries of the Household and of tradesmen's bills.

The Committee of the House of Commons which sat to settle the amount of the Civil List at the beginning of the reign never took into account the revenues of the Crown lands, and, indeed, never seem to have heard of the doctrine with respect to those lands which has lately been laid down by Liberal Ministers. As is shown by the pamphlet to which I refer, and shown, I know, with accuracy, the Committee considered only the actual past expenditure of former kings, and the probable future expenditure of the present Queen. So much is a matter of fact and capable of proof. The House of Commons went further than to fix the amount as a whole. It divided it under the various heads, and fixed the amount in each division; and so careful was the House of Commons as to put these divisions into the schedule of the Act.

A clause in the Act lays it down that the saving in any one class cannot be carried to any other, and the powers given to the Lords of the Treasury to apply savings at the end of the year clearly contemplate only trifling variations

in the expenditure from year to year, its general character for the reign having been immutably fixed by the House of Commons at the beginning of the reign itself. This, again, is a matter of fact and capable of proof.

Now, in answer to a question by Mr. Dixon, Mr. Gladstone stated, not long ago, that some of the sinecure offices in the Household had been abolished. To whom has the saving gone? Is it to the Privy Purse of the Queen? If not, where else? The amounts are not voted. They go straight, under the Act, out of the Consolidated Fund. The saving, therefore, cannot reach the public. All this again is a matter of fact. But what is only a matter of strong suspicion is of a far more serious character, because the amounts in question are much larger: that is, the saving upon menial offices and upon tradesmen's bills.

The £172,000-and-odd a year, for instance, that used to be spent on tradesmen's bills when the Court kept up great splendor,—how much of that is spent now, when there is no Court at all? Where does the £100,000 a year, or whatever may be the amount, saved under this head—where does that go? Does it go to the Queen for her private use?—that is to say, for her private saving, because the money is not and cannot be spent.

And, if so, looking to the fact that the money was allotted by the House of Commons with the distinct object of maintaining that former state, has there not been a diversion of public moneys for which the advisers of the Crown are responsible, almost amounting to a malversion?

Now, that is the question which rests, not upon absolute proof, but only upon very strong suspicion; and, as it has now been stated with great ability in a pamphlet that has been widely circulated, it is about time that some investigation into

the facts should take place. All that I can say is that I have read the pamphlet with care, having already had considerable acquaintance with the subject of which it treats, and that I am able to declare that the writer has made out a prima facie case which requires the most careful and complete answer, if it is not to be held good; and, speaking for myself, I think that he has proved his position, that it was intended that the money allotted by the House of Commons to the Crown should be spent, and that it should not accumulate to form a private fortune for Queen Victoria as an individual.

I think that he has shown that there is the strongest probability, almost amounting to a certainty, that large accumulations have taken place, and that, if so, these accumulations, made by the connivance of the Treasury, are directly in the teeth of the Act of Parliament.

It now becomes my duty to offer to you certain remarks of a more general character, and, indeed, of more moment, as it seems to me, than those to which you have been willing to lend your attention.

It is impossible to discuss this subject without referring to Mr. Disraeli's speech to the inhabitants of the village near his house, made not long ago in proposing the Queen's health. Speaking of the duties of the holder of the Crown, he said that an erroneous impression was prevalent with respect to them. He said that they were "multifarious," that they were "weighty," and that they were "unceasing." Now we know that they were "unceasing," but very few people had any idea that they were "weighty." Weighty means more than laborious.

Mr. Disraeli went on the next moment to call them "laborious," and he never uses two words which mean the same

thing. He explained what he meant by "weighty," and these were his most serious words:

"There is not a despatch received from abroad, nor one sent from this country, which is not submitted to the Queen. The whole internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign-manual; and of our present Sovereign it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purport and of which she did not approve."

Now, I call these most serious words, and I think if you consider them you will say that they are such. They divide themselves into two parts—Foreign and Home—and the statement is much stronger with regard to Home affairs than with regard to Foreign. No despatch received or sent that is not submitted to the Queen! Well, it may be, of course, that this word "submitted" means only here that the Queen is made aware of that which is spoken to the Foreign Minister by Foreign Powers, or by him to them. It may mean this, or is may mean more; but the statement with regard to Home will repeat the words:

"The whole internal administration of the country greatly depends upon the sign-manual, and of our present Sovereign it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not approve."

Now, what does this mean, if it is true, but personal government? I cannot believe that it is true. I do not believe it is a fact. But here is Mr. Disraeli—a man no doubt of fine imagination, and who may perhaps unconsciously color things in stating them—here is Mr. Disraeli saying that nothing in this country can be done without the Queen's sign-manual, and that the Queen signs nothing she does not approve.

What does the Emperor of Russia do more than that? What occurs if the Queen does not approve? You would answer that, the country being under a constitutional monarchy, the Minister resigns, and that the Queen is forced by the constitution to find a Minister who agrees with her before she can carry out her views; that if the late Minister was backed up by the country she would be unable to do this, and that therefore no harm can be done. No doubt this is very true of all great matters, but how about small? When have we ever heard in modern times of a Minister resigning because of the expression by the "Sovereign," to use Mr. Disraeli's favorite word, of a will adverse to his opinion? Never!

Yet he tells us that the Queen never signs anything that she does not approve, and that nothing can be done without her signature. Does, then, the Minister give way when she does not approve? and are things left undone that would otherwise have been done, and things altered that are done, because of the personal will of the monarch? Or, are we to accept the opposite alternative, that, whatever Minister is in office—Conservative, Whig, or Radical—the Queen's political conscience is of such a nature as to admit of her fully approving of everything that he does?

For the life of me I cannot conceive what Mr. Disraeli means. If we adopt the latter alternative it is one little flattering to the intelligence of the Sovereign whose character Mr. Disraeli has described; and if we adopt the former it affords us a view of constitutional monarchy in which it is impossible to distinguish it from the autocracy that all of us condemn.

Let us consider, again, how greatly Mr. Disraeli's theory of our administrative system, if we are to accept it as a cor-

rect one, increases that waste of time and labor which arises from the circumstance that her Majesty, neglecting the palaces which are maintained for her at the public cost, prefers to dwell at her private residences—Osborne and Balmoral.

At one or the other of these distant places a member of the Government has to be constantly in attendance, and thither every despatch, however pressing, must be sent.

To return for a moment to the considerations of cost with which I began this speech: I have shown that it is enormous, and that the expenditure is chiefly not waste, but mischief. What are the two departments, for instance, over which we have not as yet succeeded in establishing a sound parliamentary control? The Army for one, and the Woods and Forests for another. In both of these cases the influence at work which has hitherto proved too strong for the House of Commons is that of the Court.

In the latter instance, we stand still with folded hands before the profligate waste at Windsor; and speechless in the face of the Minister's declaration of adherence to opinions which were obsolete in the times of the Stuarts. In the former—that of the Army—we have a Royal Duke, not necessarily the fittest man, at the head of it by right of birth, and the Prince of Wales, who would never be allowed a command in time of war, put to lead the cavalry division in the autumn manœuvres, thus robbing working officers of the position and of the training which they had a title to expect.

Now, institutions are not good or bad in themselves, so much as good or bad when judged by their working, and we are told that a limited monarchy works well. I set aside, in this speech, the question of whether in this country a republic would work better; but I confess freely that I doubt

whether, if the charges to which I have to-night alluded are well founded, the monarchy should not set its house in order.

There is a widespread belief that a republic here is only a matter of education and of time. It is said that some day a commonwealth will be our government. Now, history and experience show that you cannot have a republic without you possess at the same time the republican virtues; but you answer, Have we not public spirit? have we not the practice of self-government? are we not gaining general education? Well, if you can show me a fair chance that a republic here will be free from the political corruption that hangs about the monarchy, I say, for my part—and I believe that the middle classes in general will say—let it come.

THOMPSON

SIR JOHN THOMPSON, a distinguished Canadian lawyer and statesman, the fourth Premier of the Dominion, was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1844, and early in life was the recognized leader of the bar of that Province. He became a member of the Provincial government and for a short time was Premier. In 1882 he was appointed a judge, but in 1885 he resigned to enter the Federal government, in which he was appointed Minister of Justice. Upon the retirement of Sir John Abbott in 1892 he became Premier of Canada and held the position until his death at the early age of fifty. The circumstances of his death were exceedingly dramatic. During the autumn of 1894 he visited England on public business and was sworn a member of the Imperial Privy Council. He was invited to dine at Windsor Castle with the Queen on the 12th of December, and while sitting at the table he was stricken with syncope of the heart and died instantly. The remains were conveyed by a warship to Halifax. Sir John Thompson was one of the best parliamentary debaters of his time. His speeches are remarkable for beauty and correctness of diction, for the clearness and completeness of the sentences and for the conclusiveness of the arguments advanced.

ON THE DEATH OF HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, M. P., PREMIER OF CANADA

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, APRIL 19, 1892

MR. SPEAKER,—I think that the first duty which the House owes to its own history and to the country, on reassembling after the vacation, is to notice the great loss which the House has sustained, and which Canada has sustained, by the death of the honorable member for East York. If it devolved upon me to-day—if it devolved upon anybody, indeed—to state the great public services, the estimable character and the worth of the late honorable member for East York, I would greatly prefer that that duty should have fallen to some of those among whom he served in public life when he was at his prime, because, when it was

my good fortune and my honor to enter this Parliament the honorable gentleman had ceased to take that active part in public affairs in which for many years he occupied so commanding a position and did himself so much honor and the country such useful, zealous services.

Fortunately, however, for me, Mr. Speaker, the history of the country supplies what is deficient in myself in this regard. The achievements of the late honorable gentleman, his zeal in the public service, the great position which he attained, not only officially in this country in connection with its public affairs, but in the estimation of the people of Canada, are all part of the records of this country now. I can only say, on behalf of gentlemen who are co-operating with me in this Parliament, that I am expressing their sentiments when I state that the services which I have mentioned and the qualities which I have referred to evoked from us the greatest esteem—those of us who were in the House when he was active in political struggles, and those of us who had not then entered on our duties here—and that we feel as deeply as I am sure honorable gentlemen on the other side of the House must feel that a great tribute of respect is due to the memory of the gentleman who devoted his great abilities, great zeal, and great talents disinterestedly to the service of Canada. We feel, therefore, that it is incumbent upon the House, out of respect, not only, as I have said, for its own history, but out of respect for the public feeling in Canada, that, instead of transacting the business which is on the order-paper to-day, we should ask an adjournment, and that the adjournment should take place until Thursday next in order that as many members of the House as feel able to do so may be present at the funeral obsequies which I understand are to take place in Toronto to-morrow.

With these observations, Mr. Speaker, which I am sure but very feebly express the sentiments of the House, but which are very cordially given, not only on my part but upon the part of those of whom I am the humble spokesman, I beg to move that when this House adjourns this day it do stand adjourned until Thursday next, in consequence of the lamented death of the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, late member of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, and out of respect to his memory.

A QUESTION OF SIMPLE JUSTICE

[Extracts from a speech delivered in the Canadian House of Commons, March 27, 1889, on a motion asking for the disallowance of the "Jesuits' Estate Act." [1]]

NOW, let me call the attention of the House to a brief statement with regard to the position of these estates, not for the purpose of showing that this society in the Province of Quebec, whatever its character and merits may have been, had a legal title to the property, but for the purpose of showing that this is not a question which we can decide, but is one which must and ought to have been left to that authority which the constitution makes, not only competent to deal with such questions, but omnipotent in

[1] The Legislature of the Province of Quebec passed an act in 1888 granting $400,000 in full and final settlement of the long-standing dispute between the Jesuits, the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Province of Quebec, arising out of claims for compensation for property confiscated at the expulsion of the Jesuits from Canada, which property had escheated to the Crown and had become the property of the Province. During the following session of the Federal Parliament, Colonel O'Brien, supported by the late D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., and eleven other members, brought up the question in the House, moving for an address, asking the Governor-General to exercise the federal veto and disallow the act of the Quebec legislature. The motion was resisted by the government, whose principal defence was made by Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice.

dealing with them, subject only to control in so far as the rights of the whole Dominion or the policy of the Empire may be involved.

Now, sir, the House will remember that, long before the cession of Canada to the Crown of Great Britain, the Jesuits had labored in the wilderness, and in the schools of Canada, and in the churches of Canada, and that as a reward for their missionary zeal, for their talent as teachers, and for their services to this, one of the great colonies of France, that Order had been erected into an incorporated body under the most solemn acts which the King of France could pass under his hand, had been endowed with these estates by the King of France and by private donors, who wished to place in their hands the means by which the work of Christianity and civilization among the savages could be carried on, and by which the work of education among the youth of the Province of Quebec could be carried.

These were the terms on which they held their lands when the battle was fought on the Plains of Abraham, and the conqueror took possession of Canada under terms which are in the first place set forth in the capitulation of the city of Quebec, and afterward in the capitulation of the city of Montreal, and under terms which are plainly defined by the law of nations, recognized by every civilized country in the world.

What are these terms? By the law of nations, recognized, as I have said, in every civilized country in the world, the conquering power took possession of all the rights, privileges, and property of the conquered monarch in the country, but he took no more. He took the sovereignty of the country, he took the king's fortifications in the country, he took the king's stores of arms and ammunition in the country, he took

the king's lands in the country, he took the king's treasures in the country, but he had no right by the law of nations to lay his hand on the property, movable or immovable, of the humblest subject in the country.

If he had despoiled private property it would have been an outrage which would have disgraced the British arms, and he would have committed an act, let me tell the House, which, irrespective of the law of nations, the conquering general stated in the terms of capitulation begun at Quebec, repeated at Montreal, he would not do. It has been said in the debate that, by the terms of capitulation the Jesuits of the Province of Quebec, and all their property, were placed at the mercy of the conqueror. I do not so read the terms of capitulation. Let me see article 34 of the terms of capitulation of Montreal:

"All the communities [and at that time the Jesuits were in community in the Province of Quebec] and all the priests shall preserve their movables, the property and revenues of the seignories and other estates which they possess in the colony, of what nature soever they be, and the same estates shall be preserved in their privileges, rights, honors, and exemptions."

That was the request made, and the answer given to that request was unequivocal—"Granted." And yet we are told that these estates, which came within the exact words of that provision as to the seignories and property, movable and immovable, of the priests and religious Orders in the Province of Quebec, were reserved to the king's mercy.

It is true that the preceding section 33 was refused until the king's pleasure should be known, and in that there was a distinct reference to the Jesuits, but that article referred, not to the property only of the Jesuits, but asked, in addi-

tion to the provisions as to their property in section 34, that they should have all their constitutions and privileges; that their monasteries should not be entered by troops; that safeguards should be given to them from military intrusion; and that they should preserve their rights to nominate to certain curacies and missions as theretofore. Those privileges, vague and undefined by the terms of the article, were met by the words, "Reserved until the king's pleasure be known," although the response to the article, dealing with the properties of these people, was the unequivocal one—"Granted."

The conquering arms of England were used against the soldiers of France, but not against individuals, either religious or secular, either in France or in Canada. Now, we go a step further, and we read the treaty of peace. The war had gone on, and the treaty was not made until 1763, and let me read to the House a passage from the treaty, because the terms of capitulation are liable to be qualified by the final and definitive treaty at the close of the war. . . .

In the year 1800 the last Jesuit died, and I think that by the law of England, applicable, perhaps at that time to this property in Canada, on the death of the last surviving member of the corporation the property escheated to the Crown, and the Crown could have taken possession of it as escheated lands.

Steps were taken to assert this right on the part of the Crown; but the question had been complicated in the meantime by the fact that the Pope had suppressed the Company of Jesus nearly all over the world. By the terms of that suppression and by the terms of the civil law, which, it is contended, still prevailed in the Province of Quebec, the properties, instead of reverting to the Crown, passed to the ordinaries of the dioceses in which they were situated.

I do not mean to say that that is so: I present that to the House as one of the questions which has been raised, and which tends to make this case anything but a plain one. I will do more, I will admit the honorable member for Simcoe's [D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C.] contention that the common law had in the meantime been introduced, that the civil law had been superseded, and that by the terms of the common law these estates had become escheated to the Crown.

One of the questions, however, which has been constantly agitated ever since in the Province of Quebec is this, that if you are to subject this property to the rigor of the common law you at least ought to give the benefit of that principle of the common law which declares that whenever property of any kind has been escheated to the Crown some consideration should be shown to the persons who are morally entitled to it, and regard should be had to the use to which it was intended to be applied.

By this rule of practice the escheat does not wholly result as an emolument to the Crown or as an augmentation of the revenue, but a liberal proportion is appropriated to the intention of the donors or to those who morally may be considered entitled to it. If that consideration were to prevail to any extent, the clergy, and it may be the Jesuits, on the reinstatement of the Order, would have some kind of moral right to compensation respecting these estates.

But let me call the attention of the House to this fact, which I think has been kept out of view, and which certainly the honorable member for Victoria [Mr. Barron] who addressed the House last night, overlooked in his argument, that the very brief by which these properties were taken possession of on the part of the Crown, when they were eventually seized, does not allege the right of escheat, but

declares the right by which the Crown intended to claim the properties to be the right of conquest,—a right which, as I have said, is repudiated by the law of nations, was repudiated by the Crown officers of Great Britain at the time, and which, after all that has been said in this debate, has not had one word said in favor of it. That was the only title by which Great Britain claimed she had a right to these estates. . . .

I contend that the legislature had supreme authority to decide, and had a perfect right to decide, without veto or controlling authority at Ottawa, even though we thought they had decided erroneously.

Now, sir, having asked the House to bear in mind the situation in which these properties stood in the Province of Quebec, the way in which an attempted sale was met by protest which completely frustrated the sale, let me call the attention of the House to another state of facts as regards the various claimants upon this property. There were the bishops of the Province who said:

"As a result of the suppression of the Society of Jesus in this Province we were vested with all the estates as the Ordinaries of the various dioceses in which these properties were situated."

Nay, more, they said:

" We have inherited their moral claim too, because, when the means were stricken from their hands of carrying on the missionary work and the work of education, we took it up, and, by the sacrifice of our people's labors and treasures, we built up institutions of education all over this country."

The Society of Jesus had in the meantime been reinstated and reorganized in the Province, and upon this point let me call the attention of the House to the argument of my honorable friend from Simcoe [Mr. McCarthy] which was that by

the decree of suppression in France the Order became extinct in Canada. He cited to prove that the decision of the Parliament of Paris, which merely decided that the Jesuits in France were liable for the debts of the Jesuits in Paraguay, because the properties of the two sets of men were held in solidarity. That decision has not the remotest effect upon the status of the Jesuits in Canada, who, themselves, were a body corporate under the most solemn instrument which the King of France could give them to indicate his will in that regard. I have mentioned that the bishops claimed that they represented the moral right, which, as I have said, the legislature thought was worthy of compensation, and the Jesuits claimed it likewise.

Look at this as a business matter. Look at this matter simply as relating to a piece of land in the city of Quebec, and tell me how, under these circumstances, the title was ever to be cleared of this dispute. Obviously not by compensating first one party and then the other, because under those circumstances the legislature would have had to pay twice the value of the claim. It could be settled only by getting the two parties to arbitrate, and to leave it to some person to settle their mutual dispute, or by saying: "You must conform to the decision of some person who has authority over you both."

Let me argue this question throughout, if we can, without feeling that we belong to different religious persuasions, without feeling that the religious question is mixed up with it at all; and therefore let us leave out for the moment any name which might excite the prejudices of some portions of the community. The bishop of Quebec and the other contesting parties who struggled for compensation for this moral claim were all members of the same Church, and by their mem-

bership recognized supreme authority in the head of that Church to settle their disputes, even though the settlement should be against their will.

The head of their Church had that authority, not by any provision of the law of Quebec, mind, not by any provision recognized by English law, mind, but by the consent of the parties who were free to belong to that Church and free to leave it, and, while they did belong to it, were subject to a spiritual superior. He had that power by their choice; he had the right to say to one or to the other, no matter how small or how great the proportion might be that was divided between them: "You must submit; it is a fair settlement between you, and I, as your supreme arbiter, bind you by my decision."

The government of Quebec, therefore, having made up its mind to recognize the moral claim, if for no other purpose, for the purposes of public policy, found that they could not arrive at a solution of the question without some person to act between the claimants and to bind them both. It was only by a method like that, that they could reach a solution, paying once, and once only, the value of this moral claim.

Now, that being so, let me see what was done in pursuance of that method of settlement. The head of that Church so possessed with power to preclude the Jesuits from making any further claim, so possessed with power to preclude the bishops from making any further claim, authorized, in 1884, —and this is an important fact, as the House will see when I proceed a little with the argument,—authorized the archbishop of Quebec to act as his attorney in the negotiations for the settlement. . . .

I go further and say that, within the limits of its authority and subject only to the power of disallowance a Provincial

legislature is as absolute as is the Imperial Parliament itself. The Imperial Parliament is not restricted as to the subjects over which it can legislate, the Provincial legislatures are restricted in regard to the subjects on which they can legislate, but in legislating upon these subjects a Provincial legislature has all the rights which it is possible for the Imperial Parliament to confer. I say more: I say that a Provincial legislature, legislating upon subjects which are given to it by the British North America Act, has the power to repeal an Imperial statute prior to the British North America Act affecting those subjects. It has been urged upon the House these two days that we had no power, and that the Act of 28 & 29 Victoria—called the Colonial Enactments Act—provided that no statute of a colony should have force as against an Imperial statute.

But after the statute of 28 & 29 Victoria the British North America Act was passed, and it gives us, as I have said, a division of powers between the two bodies; but it gives the two bodies, in legislating in their respective spheres, all the powers that the Imperial legislature possessed. . . .

We will all cherish the principle that there should be no Church control over the State in any part of this country, but my honorable friend proposes something worse than that control. He proposes that we shall step into the domain of a Provincial legislature, and shall say that no Provincial legislature shall have the power to vote any money to any institution if it partakes of a religious character. It may profess any other kind of principle. It may profess any objectionable principle, and it is lawful to endow it; but if it professes the Christian character, it is, forsooth, unconstitutional to allow such an Act to go into operation.

I listened to the remarks which the honorable member for

Simcoe [Mr. McCarthy] addressed to the House on the third branch of his argument, as to the objectionable teachings of this Society, with some surprise, though I do not intend to-night to challenge his ample liberty to differ from me as to correctness and propriety of those observations. I hope that in this discussion he and those who will vote with him will not prove themselves any less friends of religious liberty than they have professed to be in the past; but I assume—I think I have a right to assume—that, when the case of the gentlemen who are opposed to the allowance of this Act is placed in the hands of an honorable member who is so able and so skilled in argument as he, we are not to be condemned for not asking his Excellency to disallow this Act, unless the reasons which he urged with such great force this afternoon are reasons which I could use in addressing his Excellency on this subject. Surely I have a right to assume that the honorable gentleman has put forward the best case he could, and I am not to be condemned unless I could avail myself of his reasons in asking his Excellency to disallow the Act. If I could picture myself going to his Excellency, and asking for the disallowance of this Act for the reasons which the honorable gentleman [Mr. McCarthy] presented in the latter part of his address, I would imagine myself just fit to be expelled from his Excellency's presence as quickly as possible.

What would be the reason which I would urge? I am not finding fault now with the strictures that the honorable gentleman made in regard to the Society, but, forsooth, I am to go to his Excellency and ask him to disallow this Act because, in the year 1874, a quarterly review published an article denouncing the Jesuit Society and its teachings. Am I not right in taking the argument and the evidence which he

produces to-day as the argument and the evidence which I should produce to his Excellency?

If I were to go to his Excellency and say that the quarterly review, published in 1874, denounced in language as strong as could be the tenets and teachings of these people, his Excellency might ask me a number of perplexing questions, one of which was levelled at the honorable member from North Simcoe this afternoon without much profit to him. Let me suppose that his Excellency asked me: "Mr. Minister of Justice, who is the author?" My answer would have to be—surely I cannot do better than take the answer of the honorable member from Simcoe—my answer would have to be: "I really do not know who is the author; but, your Excellency, I am sure that nothing would be published in the review which could not stand criticism."

I am afraid that his Excellency might not be satisfied with that answer, and that he might put me another more puzzling question: "Mr. Minister of Justice, are you aware that these able and eloquent but anonymous publications in that review have been refuted time and again until the slanders have been worn threadbare?" I would ask my honorable friend from Simcoe what I should answer to that questions? . . .

If I were to advise his Excellency to disallow the Act on the ground of the expulsion of the Huguenots, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Franco-German war, the expulsion from France in 1818, the expulsion from other countries, I am afraid his Excellency might tell me that all the statements of fact were disputed, and that he might read me a lesson in ancient and modern history of which one of the deductions could be that, in some of these countries, to say that the court was opposed to the Jesuits, or to say that

the court was opposed to the Protestant reformers, was no discredit to either the Protestant reformers or to the Jesuits.

I do not think, sir, that I need dwell on that branch of the subject any longer. I think that whenever we touch these delicate and difficult questions which are in any way connected with the sentiments of religion, or of race, or of education, there are two principles which it is absolutely necessary to maintain, for the sake of the living together of the different members of this Confederation, for the sake of the good will and kindly charity of all our people toward each other, and for the sake of the prospects of making a nation, as we can only do by living in harmony and ignoring those differences which used to be considered fundamental. These two principles surely must prevail, that as regards theological questions the State must have nothing to do with them, and that as regards the control which the federal power can exercise over a Provincial legislature in matters touching the freedom of its people, the religion of its people, the appropriations of its people, or the sentiments of its people, no section of this country, whether it be the great Province of Quebec or the humblest and smallest Province of this country, can be governed on the fashion of three hundred years ago.

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